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OLD WORLD SCENES.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS.

England! with all thy faults, I love thee still.

COWPER.

Whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end above his reach afar,
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,
And strays,—but toward a star.

BULWER.

PITTSBURGH:

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BY CHARLES WILLIAMS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Northern District of Ohio.

JOSEPH A. PIERSON,
† Notary Public, †
NEW BERLIN, - OHIO.

TO MY BELOVED

Father and Brother,

WHOSE TENDER SOLICITUDE FOR MY WELFARE DURING THIS
LITTLE TOUR
WAS OFTEN FEELINGLY EXPRESSED,

This little Book is respectfully inscribed,

IN THE FULLNESS OF
FILIAL AND FRATERNAL LOVE.

JOSEPH A. LEECH,
Notary Public,
NEW BRITAIN, OHIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little book is respectfully offered to the intelligent readers of our country, in the hope that it may have a tendency to awaken an interest in the scenes among which it dwells, or renew an acquaintance with places so often described; as it is ever pleasant to see the same object from different points of view, or through the medium of different minds. The work is designed to be of general interest to both old and young, but is especially directed to those whose hearts are warmed with an intense admiration for the truly GREAT in Literature, in Science, and in Art, which the British Isles and Paris offer to our view.

It may also serve to show how much enjoyment may be extracted from a small amount of money, without the loss of self-respect, or the respect of our fellow men. A supplementary chapter is devoted especially to this object. It is not egotistic. Personal items are generally suppressed.

The present edition will be one dollar per copy. It will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. The usual discount to the trade. It can be had at any time by addressing

CHARLES WILLIAMS,

Salem, Ohio.

E R R A T A .

PAGE 42	4th line from	top,	omit "and."
74	10th	"	" for "Nerbuaha" read "Nerbudha."
77	7th	"	bottom, for "I Chron." read "II Chron."
78	3d	"	top, for last "the" read "he."
84	13th	"	" for "fringes" read "figures."
95	18th	"	bottom, for "Levorrier" read "Leverrier,"
113	7th	"	" for "Kensington" read "Kennington."
122	4th	"	top, no pause after "death."
182	5th	"	" for "owns" read "owes."
230	7th	"	bottom, for "braches" read "branches."
222	3d	"	" "untelligible" read "unintelligible."
224	4th	"	" "minature," read "miniature."



PREFACE.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,

A book's a book—although there's nothing in't —*Byron.*

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf; but some friends having seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to this very conclusion, I consulted them when it could make no confusion.

Fable for Critics.

FRIENDLY READER:

I offer for thy perusal the following narrative of a journey to the vestibule of the Old World. The child of my brain,—my ambition the father,—the mother my fancy—I send it forth with fear and trembling to seek its level in the Republic of Letters.

A name, a name,—is the magic spell that tosses volumes to an eager world;—the herald that announces the advent of a newborn child of Intellect;—the Angel that troubles the waters of the Literary Bethesda, and straightway plunges in the candidate for public favor, to heal it of whatsoever disease it has,—to guard it from the plague-spot of the critic's touch and the blighting breath of public scorn, of general, perhaps unmerited neglect. My little book is totally without this talismanic charm.

My aim has been to supply to the intelligent youth of our land a faithful description,—enlivened with the ebullitions of a fancy somewhat vigorous rather than delicate,—of the great scenes of artistic, of architectural, and historic interest in Great Britain and Paris—a work, the want of which I often and severely felt in my younger days.

I have not descended to the minuter details of my journey; for what reader would care to be involved in the all-absorbing

questions of my personal affairs:—whether I slept well or ill at such a place,—whether I dined on mutton chops or herring,—how often the rain penetrated beyond my overcoat,—or how often my hat went sailing away on the southern breeze, setting at nought all considerations of propriety,—triumphantly asking to be *let alone*, and obstinately defying the coercive powers of the central government.

I am fully aware that a writer's individuality,—one of the greatest charms of our literary travelers,—is often wrapped up in questions of these trivial natures; but such is not my province. My fancy is not sufficiently playful to invest these little matters with that halo of beauty which alone would entitle them to the attention of my readers, if indeed that class of people are found.

But one personal trait I have embodied: one which many, perhaps most, would keep in the background as far as possible—that is, my poverty. I made the journey on less than two hundred and twenty dollars, and have paraded this fact in a supplementary chapter, with a full account of my way of traveling; thus endeavoring to show to our Republican boys that a vast fund of enjoyment lays fully and fairly within their reach, if they will only consent to look at the world without endeavoring to make themselves conspicuous, and fitting themselves out with all the trappings of the traveler's portmanteau: in short, if they will consent to look at the world without expecting the world to look at them.

I feel confident I enjoyed as full, as free access to all the chief places of interest, as if I had laid out twice ten-fold the sum. My descriptions may be relied on as truthful, and the sentiment which will occasionally be found, is that of an ardent lover of the fine arts, an admirer of the beautiful in nature, an enthusiast perhaps amid the scenes of historic fame and the noble ruins of antiquity; whose heart, however, has never been weaned from the love of the star-spangled banner—whose affections never estranged from the glorious institutions of our own America.

SALEM, OHIO, 1st Month, 1863.

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OLD WORLD SCENES.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARKING—FIRST VIEW OF OCEAN—PHOSPHORESCENCE—
MOONLIGHT—SUNRISE—ROUGH WEATHER—HOLYHEAD.

“Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, green mountains and dark caves;
My native land, good night!”—*Byron.*

 VOYAGE across the Atlantic opens up many new scenes of interest to one who has always resided in the remote interior. The change is so complete and thorough, and the points of comparison with former experience so few, that it almost seems like entering upon a new stage of existence.

On a beautiful autumnal morning we embarked from Philadelphia, to try the dangers and the glories of the sea. A rushing crowd of excited passengers and anxious friends thronged the deck and filled the narrow cabins—piles of baggage, continually increasing, encroached on the already crowded space—the bustle of preparation among the seamen and officers had no tendency to allay the confusion—while the novelty of the scene, and the mingled emotions with which we looked forward to our uncertain sojourn on the bounding billows of the ocean, combined to throw a strange enchantment over the whole proceeding.

Meanwhile, the order went forth among the multitude, proclaimed in thunder tones, that all should go ashore who were not bound for the ocean voyage. Then came

the frequent adieu, the fervent blessing, the earnest expression of hope for our safety, and the tearing asunder of ties that had long been a solace to life. The moorings were loosed, and our noble vessel floated out from the shore, amid the cheerings of friends and the excited emotions of the anxious crowds. Parting salutes were repeatedly waved from ship to shore, and the breeze which gently carried us out upon the water, wafted back the answering adieu, and the cordial blessings of friends who remained behind.

The objects on shore now assumed the appearance of a vast moving panorama; the City of Brotherly Love and the shores of the old Keystone State passed in review before us as we glided down the Delaware, till the shades of evening closed around, and the landscape faded for the night. In the morning we were nearing the ocean; the watery waste is widening before us; the land appears like a wisp of vapor just hovering on the distant horizon, and our noble vessel walks gracefully out on the bosom of the eternal deep. I *feel* the grandeur of the view—it is impressive, new, sublime! Standing thus upon the margin of the mighty ocean, I look forward with awe and trembling into its illimitable expanse—its unbounded arena of wonders, and hail the beauties and the glories which are just opening up before me; then turn once more to my native land, and wave a fond adieu.

The ocean is glorious! Scenes of new and varied beauty constantly await you. It is delightful to lean over the bulwarks and watch the vessel ploughing her way through the waters which break in foam around her prow, while the feelings that arise within you as you gaze down into that vast, unfathomable, mysterious profound, must be experienced to be understood. What wild, fantastic caverns, yawning in horrid obscurity, but hung with gems and brilliants; what craggy mountain ranges, rising you know not how near the surface; what wide plains and savannas, covered with luxuriant sea-weed and peopled with monsters of the deep—may lie concealed in the abyss beneath you, is left for the fancy alone to determine—and where all is a fearful mystery, the fancy's range is wide and free.

And the phosphorescence of the ocean is one of Nature's greatest wonders. In a dark, moonless night, when a heavy head wind is baffling you, the vessel seems to be running through a mass of fiery snow. All along the sides of the ship, and far back in the troubled wake, wherever the foam is driven, the water sparkles and glistens with the most brilliant corruscations of light; now a continuous flash runs along the crest of the wave, as though a taper was burning beneath its surface; and now a dazzling sheet of light goes dancing on in the boiling foam, as though a fragment of the moon had fallen to mingle with the glory of the sea; and these again set off the intense whiteness of the foam to the best advantage, while the white-caps that go roaming over the watery waste sparkle with the same mysterious light, as though the waves were tipped with fire, like myriads of glow-worms gleaming in the distance; or, as my wayward fancy continually suggested, as though the sea-nymphs were sporting on the turbulent waters by the light of their diamond lamps—while ever and anon the giant waves come surging up from the blackness of night, and beating heavily against the prow of the vessel, go tumbling off to leeward in an avalanche of fiery foam.

And then the moonlight! It is beautiful on land—on the ocean it is fairy-like! flashing down on the tranquil waters with that mild and gentle radiance which gives them a new and enrapturing beauty as they go dancing along in their brightness and joy, keeping time to the music of the evening breeze as it warbles its anthem of praise; while the phosphorescent fires that are wont to sparkle in our wake, pale their tiny lustre beneath the full effulgence of the lunar day.

Occasionally a glorious sunrise awaited us. One of these was peculiarly fine. A dense bank of clouds broken into separate masses, lay along the eastern sky, and warmed up into life and beauty as the sun approached their borders; deep openings, like rugged chasms, were torn far into their inmost recesses, flashing with all the gorgeous splendors of advancing day, while tint on tint went floating up into the depths of ether, from brightest crimson fading gently

downward to the lovely violet, and mingling with the azure sky in the faintest tinge of purple! These ragged caverns of the sky, lighted up with celestial fires, and glowing with every hue reflected light can give—sometimes piercing the entire stratum of vapor and giving a glimpse of the fathomless sky beyond, seemed like the opening vistas to the realms of life that lie beyond the grave.

Head winds baffled us for many days, and beat us into high northern latitudes, where the short winter days were still further contracted; the sun might almost be said to skim the horizon—the pole star of course riding correspondingly high, while rainbows played around us in the showers of noon, and occasionally formed a perfect circle of the most vivid colors, broken only by the shadow of the ship. In these stormy days it is fearfully sublime to stand on the deck and watch the foam-capped waves as they go rolling and rumbling and roaring on in their wild and unfettered career, tossing the mighty vessel as a bubble on their bosom—or, in the evening, when the moon is pouring down its flood of crystal radiance on the world of waters, to see them come up from the dim and misty distance, foaming with white-caps and raging with spray, and go rolling on into darkness and gloom to leeward; while the terrific force with which they strike our bows sends a quiver from stem to stern, and the spray, borne aloft by the raging winds, dashes over the sails and yards.* The color of the sea in deep water might be described as a jet black, tinged with the deepest indigo, and dashed with the slightest touch of green.

Finally the wind veered round in our favor, and continuing very strong, we bounded forward with

* The waves do not run in those long unbroken swells which landsmen are apt to imagine, but are piled up in irregular masses, like myriads of hay-cocks floating over a meadow, each retaining its separate form and driven at random among its fellows. In the roughest sea we experienced, the second wave was always visible from our deck over the top of the first, or that next the ship. In calm water our deck stood about twenty feet above the surface of the sea. Hence it would seem the waves do not roll as high as is generally supposed; and the term *mountain waves* is a gross exaggeration.

impetuous speed. As we approached the heights of Holyhead, where the conflicting tides were meeting, as they swept around that rugged headland, the scene became grand beyond description. The sea was raging with fearful violence, and giant waves ever and anon came dashing against our stern, and breaking into a torrent of foam, went plunging along by our side, as it were a perfect cataract of snow, raging and roaring with terrific fury, like a traveling Niagara escorting the old Wyoming. The beautiful green of the water, so totally different from that of the deep sea, resembled the vernal tinge of a vast rolling meadow of waving and luxuriant verdure. The ship labored and struggled in the raging waters—now mounting to the top of a giant wave, our horizon expanded far away in the distance—now plunging down to the bottom of the abyss, our sight was contracted to a span; anon, reeling over, she would tumble headlong into the trough of the sea, and again, for a brief period, steady herself for the conflict with a firm and defiant tread. In the midst of this exciting scene, the bald and hoary cliffs of Holyhead, which we had been anxiously looking for, suddenly loomed up to view, dimly visible in the mists and clouds which enveloped us.

What a triumph of mind is here! That our captain should thus guide his bark from the fathomless wilds of the mid-Atlantic—feeling his way across this waste of waters solely by the magic aid of the compass and the quadrant—should enter the English Channel, course along its winding, narrow route, without once seeing land, and in the midst of cloud, and storm, and fog, and sunken, treacherous rocks, thus run directly to the bold and craggy headland which was to be one of our landmarks—was indeed an exhibition of skill and dexterity that might well command our admiration.

We now began to look anxiously for a pilot; but the shades of evening closed around, and no guide made his appearance. A signal light was burned on the forecastle, which flashed up for a few moments in vivid lustre, lighting the deck like a gleam of day, and shedding a radiance far over the boisterous waves. All hands watched

with intense anxiety for a reply. A few moments elapsed, when a glare of brilliant light flashed out in the murky darkness—an answering signal from the watchful guide who had beheld and responded to our call. What a moment of relief was that, when at length the pilot came alongside and climbed to our deck!

The next day the shores of old England became visible in the distance, and as we floated up the Mersey, the town of Liverpool was seen on the horizon, lying in a cloud of fog, through which a forest of masts peered upward, giving one the idea of a vast fleet of ships stranded in a fog-bank. How cordially did we greet the welcome sight! To me it had the double charm of being the harbinger of safety after our weary voyage, and the opening view of that ancient land which had for so many years been the great object of my curiosity; and many fond dreams of my childhood and youth seemed now about to be realized!

Whilst waiting at the custom house to have my baggage examined, a tinge of gloom stole over me. Glad to find my feet once more on firm ground, I said to myself, And I am at last in England; and the question arose with rather startling energy, And for what purpose am I here? But the answer was not so vivid. But meeting with a cordial friend among strangers is an excellent antidote for the blues.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL—A LETTER FROM HOME—ST. GEORGE'S HALL—
NORTH CONCERT ROOM—BIRKENHEAD—ENGLISH AND
AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

"Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coast,"

* * * * * all assaults

Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave."—*Thomson.*

UPON landing in Liverpool, an American feels almost as if he had entered another world. The general air of the town is so totally different from that of our American cities, that he feels as if ranging the

thoroughfares of a city of the olden time, that has survived its appropriate age and lingered among the changes of the present, a relic of antiquity mingling with the refinements of an advancing civilization. The massive grandeur of the buildings, the solemn, quaint, peculiar ornaments, the distinctions in society, all combine to impress him with a feeling of singular isolation, and make him realize that he has entered upon a new phase of life. It is a town of splendor and gaudy show, of exquisite taste and incalculable wealth, of architecture the most massive and durable, with more, however, of majesty than grace—more of grandeur than beauty.

Here I found a letter awaiting me from home. Would you know the full value of a letter? Cut yourself loose from your friends and acquaintances, bid adieu to your native shores, roam over the wastes of ocean for weeks, storm-swept and homeless, and finally land in a crowded city, where myriads of people throng around, but not one familiar face wears a smile for you; and when just recovering from the first touch of home-sickness which will probably steal over you, let a stranger step up and carelessly hand you a letter. You know the hand-writing, a message from a loved one at home. You can not take that letter calmly; in spite of your puny efforts it is seized with a convulsive grasp; you clutch with affectionate violence the mystic hand thus stretched out to you across the howling waste of ocean, and from that time feel new life and vigor darting through your frame; the tie that binds you to your home is not yet wholly severed, but the messages of kind remembrance are wafted to you on the wings of steam, and seek you with unerring certainty amid the countless millions of a foreign land. All hail to our wondrous system of postal arrangements! It makes man ubiquitous. No corner of the civilized world so remote, no hamlet so secluded, but he can send his paper messengers to speak his will, and breathe his thoughts in friendship's private ear.

St. George's Hall is one of the principal buildings of Liverpool. A long colonnade of Corinthian pillars adorns the eastern front, behind which a magnificent portico gives

entrance to the principal hall. In front stretches a spacious yard paved with large flags, and surrounded by an iron chain, with openings here and there for entrance, and four massive lions, on heavy pedestals of stone, looking fiercely on the passing crowds, guard these approaches to the noble building. A pediment at one end, surmounting a heavy colonnade, bears a large bass-relief, emblematic of the power and prosperity of Britain, and forms a magnificent vestibule; while the opposite end of the building projects in a semicircular colonnade supporting a handsome entablature.

The principal hall is a gorgeous apartment. The arched ceiling is richly ornamented by emblazoned shields, deeply sunk panels and gilded stars, and rests on numerous pillars of alternate white and clouded marble, behind which deep recesses form convenient niches for statues of many noted men, and other appropriate decorations. The north concert room is a circular apartment, gorgeous with gilding and panel work. The ceiling is an immense central star, from which rays of different colors radiate to the circumference; the intervening spaces richly set with the national emblems—the lion, the rose, and the royal monograms. From the centre hangs a glass chandelier encircled with several rings of burners, and the base exhibiting a profusion of prisms and globes, pillars, leaves and wreathes, flashing the most brilliant prismatic hues, and glittering with streams and stars of reflected light.

Immediately opposite the hall stands Lime street station, the terminus of the Great Northern Railway. It is a splendid specimen of rail road architecture; a fine Corinthian front rivals that of St. George's Hall itself, and within, a light and graceful roof, self-supported by a complex system of arches, braces and beams, springs in one wide sweep over the entire area. Close by is the Free Library, where the liberality of a private citizen has thrown open to the use of the public a large collection of books, and an extensive museum of art and natural history.

On the opposite side of the Mersey is the town of Birkenhead, where a large park is thrown open to the public; a perfect Eden for retreat from the noise and

clatter of the streets. Lovely lakes, and estuaries from the river, with swans playing upon their waters, agreeably diversify the scene, and the wildness of nature is well imitated by artificial hills and rocky defiles, so perfect as to deceive the eye at a careless view; while thickets of plane wood and evergreens embellish the grounds, and extensive groves are scattered here and there, amid whose branches the birds are twittering cheerily, giving a rural character to the scene that is very refreshing.

When in a foreign country a man always loves to talk of home, and will often find himself watching with no small degree of nervous curiosity, the tone and the manner in which his native land is spoken of, and the feelings which are manifested toward his government. New styles of thought, new forms of expression, new trains of feeling are opened to the stranger's observation; and the basis of attachment to our own country, he soon detects to be different according to the circumstances which surround the human family. While patriotism is, perhaps, a universal sentiment in the mind of man, and the lines of Montgomery—

“There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Seek you that land? Know then, where e'er you roam,
That first, best country, ever is at HOME”—

are applicable to as great a variety of men as any other that can be selected, yet we find the grounds of attachment almost equally various, and often the sarcastic repartees that pass from people to people, through the medium of the press, are based in a failure to recognize in each other the essential ingredients of that sentiment which, in some form, is common to the entire race of man.

Hence it is that the English and Americans can scarcely understand each other's patriotic feelings. They spring from a different class of emotions, and cluster around different parent stems. Patriotism with us, is emphatically a *love* of country. At no remote period our fathers settled this virgin soil; they redeemed it from its native wildness, and clothed it with luxuriant harvests; they checkered the land with innumerable farms, and dotted it with countless

households, where comfort and happiness abide, where a man is supreme lord of his little spot of earth, and enjoys the utmost measure of independence consistent with the well-being of society. They fought and fell, that the blessings of freedom might be transmitted to their posterity, and bequeathed to us a legacy of liberty and honor, of which we may well be proud. We feel that our country is peculiarly our own; and cling to her with all the fond affection of a bridegroom for his youthful bride.

With them the case is different. Their patriotism is rather a *pride* of country. Their history ranges back through centuries of power and glory. Their antique churches, their ruined abbeys, their frowning castles, point backward to a remote antiquity, and form a connecting link between the busy present and the dim and misty past. Their ancestors have lived for ages on the estates of the same line of titled nabobs, and their aristocratic blood flows in unsullied purity through bodies not contaminated with plebeian dross; and the Englishman retires within himself in sullen pride, and looks around on neighboring nations with the stern and haughty grandeur of his patron lion. His ancestors fought under the banner of an Alfred and an Edward—ours under the banner of FREEDOM. They established a crushing system of caste, where talent is superseded by title; we made every man a nobleman, and heir apparent to the throne.

CHAPTER III.

KIRKSTAL ABBEY—CONTRAST OF THE PRESENT AND PAST—
VIEW OF THE RUINS—FOUNTAINS—ABBEY—DISTANT
VIEW—TRIBUTE TO MODERN IMPROVEMENT—THE LOCO-
MOTIVE—EXPRESS TRAIN IN GREECE.

"I do love these ancient ruins ;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."—*Webster.*

"Dark and gloomy shadows fall
O'er the ivied abbey wall."—*Dyer.*

AT the little village of Kirkstal, three miles from Leeds in Yorkshire, stand the ruins of a fine old abbey. It is situated in a beautiful green meadow, and is a magnificent relic of the olden time. These abbeys were formerly the residences of the monks, who wielded an unbounded influence over the human mind, hanging like a nightmare on society, sapping its intellectual power and palsyng all its energies.

When Henry VIII. committed the one good act of his reign—freeing his country from the benumbing influence of the Papal tyranny, and abolishing the monasteries which had degenerated, like other institutions of the Roman hierarchy, into festering dens of pollution—the monks were expelled from their *livings*, and their mighty temples confiscated to the crown and abandoned to solitude and decay. Their leaden roofs were removed, and the mighty walls now rear their giant forms to the winds and rains of heaven ; the massive pillars and the lofty towers lift up their heads to the open sky, a dense foliage of ivy has usurped the place of the tapestry and gilded ornaments of former days, and those cloistered aisles and solemn halls that erewhile resounded with the doleful chantings of the monks, are silent and solitary, save when they echo the tread of the curious traveler, or when the joyous bird flits through their noble portals and pours forth its cheerful song. The day was dark and gloomy, and favorable to contemplation. I chanced to be alone amid these deserted ruins, and for some time could not even find a guide.

While ruminating on this scene of beautiful desolation, admiring the ever varying perspective of the view as I rambled through those ancient halls, I was aroused by the shrill scream of the locomotive; and, looking out through the ruined and mouldering arches of centuries long gone by, I saw the steam chariot gracefully gliding along the grassy plain, the pride and wonder of the present age. The contrast startled me. Verily, thought I, the cunning hand of Time, playing with the complex network of human events, is weaving a motley web; he is mingling the salient points of all ages in beauteous fantastic confusion; the glories of the olden time, the wonders of the stagnant past, are dovetailed into the ever-flowing present, and the growing panorama is ever revealing the mighty achievements, the ceaseless improvements, but not the ultimate capabilities of man.

From the grounds on the south a most beautiful view is obtained. The whole mass of ruins swells out in the finest perspective. A profusion of broken walls and crumbling arches, with the large bulk of the main building in the background, gives a most impressive view of the ravages of time. Ten or twelve large trees are growing in the old apartments of the monks, and toss their giant branches in the breeze, as if to tell at once of the frailty and the durability of these proud works of man. The crumbled walls are again crumbling away, and the piles of rubbish mouldering to dust, over which the beautiful but sombre ivy climbs in graceful wreaths, screening the repulsive features of decay with a mantle of living green, and decking with a mimic tracery of life this mass of ruined ruins ruining. While indulging the thoughts which such a scene would naturally excite, a sudden gleam of sunshine broke from behind a parted cloud and streamed through the broken portals and ragged arch-ways, throwing a flood of golden light over the lofty walls and the ivy-mantled tower, bringing out a most enchanting perspective of light and shade, and revealing a new and enrapturing charm in the mysterious magic of desolation.

Fountain's Abbey, near the city of Ripon, is another

ruin of a similar character. It is situated in a fine park several miles in circuit, through which graveled walks, bordered by shady avenues of trees, lead to places where beautiful views are obtained, and a carriage-way winds around the outskirts of the enclosure, through a treble arbor of fine old English oaks and elms, gnarled and craggy with age, while a crystal stream sparkles along beneath tufts of verdure, and winds among beds of brilliant flowers. The ruins stand at the base of a lofty cliff, from the top of which you look down upon a grass-covered valley beneath and the abbey reposing in its bosom, while the lantern tower, with its naked stone walls in perfect preservation, rises far above you, finely contrasting with the luxuriant green of the plain on which the ruins stand.

Cautiously descending the cliff, you find yourself surrounded by piles of massive masonry, that long centuries ago had fallen into ruin. These colossal relics of a former age, seemingly tottering to their fall, look down upon you with that mystic gaze that inspires a superstitious awe. A sparkling stream runs foaming among the ruins, tumbling over a series of artificial falls, and enlivening the green with its moisture and its music, while the hills on either side are set with trees thickly interspersed with evergreens, and the valley below gradually widens out into a dense grassy sod, till a considerable spur of the hill shoots across its course and sends it sweeping off to the left.

Standing on the ancient altar at the eastern end of the church, the beautiful ruin opens out before you in magnificent proportions—arches swelling over arches, and pillars receding beyond pillars, till the eye is bewildered with the gaze. At your back rises the grand opening of the eastern window; on either side a Gothic arch of lofty height enters the noble transept; before you the whole immense area, divided by two rows of grand old pillars into a central nave and two side aisles, stretches away to the further end of the building, where the splendid arch of the western window gives a glimpse of a beautiful landscape beyond through the ancient stone trellis-work which still retains its place.

My guide took me a long walk down the stream, stop-

ping at intervals to view the landscape; then wound up a hillside, and came to a pretty little house with a double door in front—a thicket of trees on either side totally obscuring the view of the valley below. He bade me stand in a particular place he pointed out, well worn by many feet, then suddenly flinging open the doors, a scene of such enchanting beauty burst upon my view that I involuntarily shouted with wonder. The gray old abbey stood full before me in all its hoary grandeur, mellowed and softened by the distance; and contracted till the eye could take in the whole at a glance, contrasting so finely yet harmonizing so perfectly with the grassy lawn, with the deeper green of the hillsides, and the clear and sparkling stream, that the picture was perfect in every feature, and the whole scene bordered so nearly on enchantment, that I could scarce believe it real.

And here a passing tribute is due to the Genius of modern improvement. A countless throng of inventions, any one of which would serve to illustrate a generation, must be passed over in silence, for ours is emphatically *the* age of progress; improvements and discoveries are crowding upon us with such startling rapidity, that we even stand appalled at the wonders of science and art; and we will choose as their representative the great ultimatum of all, the masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity—the locomotive and his wondrous train of cars. If labor is the destiny of America, as our great Webster has said, most nobly is she fulfilling her mission. Xerxes did not level Mount Athos; but the Irishman's drill, his bar and pickaxe, under the direction of Yankee enterprise, have practically leveled the American continent. That haughty monarch did not hew the mountain into a statue of himself, but the Genius of universal improvement has stamped its impress upon the face of the civilized world. The ancients had their Pegassus, the flying steed of the Muses, but our Fulton, with true Yankee impertinence, captured the fractious deity, and set him to work on our rivers, from whence he was afterward transferred to the land.

Scarcely were the heroes of ancient romance transported

with more celerity from place to place by the will of their fanciful genii, than is the man of business or pleasure of the nineteenth century. We have reduced to practice the extravagances of fiction in which our forefathers indulged. We have realized the magical tales of yore, and the wildest dreams of centuries long gone by. We mount the steam chariot as the sun declines to rest; an invisible power hurries us forward; impenetrable darkness envelops us; we feel a tremor and a slight swaying from side to side, but the eye detects no succession of landscape; and yet when the morning dawns we find that we have been plunging through the night with fearful velocity.

Yes, Pegassus has been caught at last, and partially domesticated: the halter has been thrown over his neck and the bit placed in his mouth, that mortal man may control him in safety. His ethereal limbs have been hampered by material shackles, and while all the fire of his more exalted nature remains, he has been doomed to drudgery and toil. He has been harnessed to Brother Jonathan's pleasure cart, where he is restive and uneasy, yet compelled to submit to his master's bidding till the word of command is given, when he prances off proudly and majestically in his harness, "champing his iron curb," but guided by a steady rein. He thunders rapidly over his iron pathway, ever and anon sending forth his piercing shriek and startling the echoes of the neighboring glens; now plunging precipitately into the bosom of the earth, he pierces the heart of the everlasting hills, and his iron tread is drowned to a subdued and muffled roar—his breath is stifled, and he labors on in his subterranean career; and now, rejoicing in his escape from the regions of darkness and gloom, and fluttering his semi-spiritual pinions, he soars to majestic heights and encircles the brow of the mountain; and anon he descends to the blooming plain in his impatient haste to be gone, speeding rapidly along the awe-stricken valley, and gliding like a fairy being on the margin of the crystal river.

The passage of a rail road train at night is to me a sublimely fearful thought. Familiar as I am with the event, I cannot realize the grandeur of the fact till my ears are

arrested with the thrilling sound. Then the bonds of fancy are broken, and the wildest ideas play at random through my brain, challenging, and yet defying expression ; while the unearthly yell of the steam horse, as it comes crashing on the midnight air, sends a thrill of horror to my heart, and his flashing eye, set in the middle of his forehead, throws a fitful glare in my window that plays for a moment on my paper, and the whole scene reminds me of one of those terrible tales of enchantment that fired the fancy of the middle ages ; or of the advent of that fearful period when all human works shall fall "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

What a thrill of emotion beats in my bosom as this spirit of beauty glides by ! I feel myself proudly identified with the loftiest age of man, and can stretch forth my hand in the majesty of science and art and lay it on what part of the world I choose. But Pegassus is past ; the thunder of his footstep is dying away ; his indignant snort is now scarcely audible ; his fiery breath no longer stifles my struggling lungs ; the majesty of his presence no more oppresses me ; and my thoughts are again sinking to a calm repose.

I have often thought if one of our splendid trains of the present day had dashed screaming and thundering over the blooming fields of Greece on some balmy vernal morning ; had threaded the streets of Athens, and flashed by the columns of the Parthenon ; had sped through the vale of Tempe, and over the flowery plains of Scio ; then fled from the earth for ages, and been only a myth of the past ; what would have been the effect on the Grecian poetry ? How would it have fired the fancy of glorious old Homer ! How would he have strove forever, and yet in vain, to picture to others the sublime conceptions which this Vision of Wonder would have aroused in his mighty mind !

But our modern Pegassus is fast becoming ubiquitous. Wherever Commerce rattles her sounding wheels, there he is ; no longer the Steed of the Muses but the Genius of Civilization. The echoes of his piercing shriek resound through the valley of the Nile ; they climb to the dizzy

peak of the pyramid of Cheops; they are caught in the sombre aisles of the columned halls of Karnak; and they mingle with the murmur of the Memnon at old Thebes. His wanderings extend to the deserts of Arabia, and he is again carrying the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, to the land where the Israelites roamed; while the thunder of his iron footsteps rumbles through the rocky defiles of the sacred mount of Sinai, floats along the shores of the coral sea to the plains of Ezion-Geber, and dies away in a doleful sound on the sands of the desolate Edom.

CHAPTER IV.

YORK MINSTER—INTERIOR—MUSIC—FIVE SISTERS—GREAT HISTORIC WINDOW—VIEW FROM TOWER—PROCESSION OF THE JUDGE OF ASSIZES—CITY WALLS—POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

“How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and pondrous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on the aching sight. * * *
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice:
* * * My own affrights me with its echoes.”—*Congreve*.

THE city of York, in the north of England, contains about forty thousand inhabitants. Its most prominent feature is the glorious Minster*—a Gothic building of the purest type, dim and dingy with age. The walls are braced by flying buttresses, which fall off in successive steps, and terminate in a perfect wilderness of pinnacles rising above the square. Two lofty towers at the western end, and another in the centre constitute, together with the numerous pinnacles, the chief features of the upper outline of the building. The walls are ornamented with a profusion of fanciful statuary of the most grotesque character, occupying niches here

* This wonderful church, five hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and the central tower of which rises two hundred and thirty-six feet high, dates back to the seventh century.

and there, projecting fantastically from the eaves, or glaring down with hideous grin as they start out from the solid wall. They consist of heads of animals and serpents, goblins and griffins, with every conceivable horrid expression; the human countenance distorted with passion and transformed into the most frightful fiends; and the wildest ideals of terror and dread are embodied in the odd and quaint decorations of this noble church. The imposing effect produced by the disposition and proportion of the different parts; the greatness of the design, where the strictest unity is maintained, the noble portals, the trellised window arches, and the general air of antiquity, make it one of the most grand and magnificent buildings in England.

On entering for the first time, the stranger is bewildered with the grandeur of the scene. The giant columns and lofty arches, the gorgeous choir and the resplendent windows flashing with many-tinted glass, almost overpower the mind; while above you swells a misty opening, floating upward in the central tower, as though it would fathom the skies. I sat down amid the crowd and gave full scope to my admiration. While the congregation were sitting in silence, the old church bell on the top of the tower struck the hour of eleven, and the sounds, mellowed and softened by the reverberations, till the strokes were scarcely audible, went floating away through those glorious halls like the music of fairy land. When the organ struck up its swelling notes, and the voices joined in the hymn, the volume of sound went sweeping along till the old church rang again, and the echoes played through the arches and aisles, as the anthem rose and fell, and died away at each measured close, in a sweetly lingering strain.

On every side the most gorgeous windows surrounded me, through whose stained glass of every hue the sunlight streamed in a flood of subdued and softened radiance, filling the interior with that "dim religious light" so perfectly in harmony with the design of a cathedral. One especially, on the south side, called the Five Sisters, a window over fifty feet in height, in five equal divisions,

is decorated with historic scenes in colored glass; and a large circular window over the northern entrance, presenting a complicated system of scroll work, are among the prominent features of this church that impart to it a brilliancy and a glory that well sustain its high reputation.

But the crowning glory of the whole is the magnificent western window, seventy-five feet in height and thirty-two wide; a Gothic arch filled with a most elaborate system of trellis work, in the interstices of which is a complete hieroglyphic history of the church in designs in stained glass, from the creation to the end of the fourteenth century. It is protected on the outside by a screen or strong wire. This is one of the finest windows in existence. But one other equals it—in one of the old cathedrals of the continent.

After the service closed, I lingered long in the beautiful nave, and then climbed to the top of the tower. It was a tedious and tiresome task, but the extensive prospect well repaid the labor. The city of York was clustered close around my feet, a wide expanse of open country stretched far away on every side, over which the rail road trains went speeding their way in every direction, and the rivers Ouse and Foss glittered in the sunlight, as they pursued their winding course to the sea.

The procession of the Supreme Judge of Assize to attend church, according to the ancient forms of the city of York, is an interesting ceremony. For some years thoughts have been entertained of abandoning it as a worn out vestige of the past; but the Queen requested that it be continued on account of its high antiquity, and her request in a case like this, is law to her loving subjects. The procession at this time consisted of first, eleven pikemen dressed in the uniform of the high sheriff of York. The pikes are about seven feet long, and shaped like an Indian tomahawk, except that the poll is pointed and turns backward, and a long blade projects in front. Behind these marched the musicians, with brass instruments, playing the national airs. Then came the judge's carriage drawn by two beautiful dapple brown horses. The carriage was of a brilliant azure blue, richly ornamented; and

coachmen, footmen and pages were in most costly livery. The judge, dressed in his gown and wig, with a sash of red and black silk, entered to the music of the band; the high sheriff and under sheriff accompanied him, and sat uncovered; when the procession moved off to the Minster and the band played while they entered.

But here is another interesting antiquity. York was formerly a "fenced city;" and the walls are still nearly perfect, varying perhaps from eight to twenty feet high, according to the ground. They are about seven feet thick, with a foot-walk on top, the outer edge of the wall projecting high enough, however, to protect a person from the arrows of the attacking force. Loop-holes are frequent, and the triangular capstones are here and there omitted to allow the defenders to shoot without being too much exposed. Watch-houses occur at intervals in the base of the walls, with loop-holes for the lookout. These walls are preserved with great care, as mementoes of a high antiquity.

The population of England is enormous. In area it is but little larger than the State of New York, and it contains about as many inhabitants as all our free States. It would be rather a startling idea to Americans to have an elastic band stretched around all our northern States, including California and Oregon, and then let it contract, keeping all our teeming myriads of people within its diminishing enclosure, till we were all cooped up in the Empire State; yet in this case we would be no more thickly settled than is the little territory of England at the present time. Hence large towns are very numerous; towns which with us would be large cities. In many parts of the country it is nothing uncommon to have two, three, or even four in view at one time. Everywhere the land is cultivated to the highest degree, wherever the nobility condescend to throw it open to the poor, and if Goldsmith's lines relate a historic fact when he says,

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man,"

there could scarcely have been a heavier tax levied on the natural fertility of the soil than is now extracted from it

by the labor of her toiling peasantry. Hence it will readily be conceded that England is not a self-supporting country. Her teeming millions are dependent on foreign labor, and to a very great extent on America, for bread. By a singular defect in her social policy, to which perhaps she was driven by her overflowing population, she is so completely dependent on foreign aid, that were she to become involved in a general war, and her commerce to be temporarily checked, or were her ports effectually blockaded for a single month, starvation would stare her full in the face. Hence with her it is a matter of absolute necessity to maintain her power at sea. It is her only safeguard. Without this her boasted empire would vanish, and her imperious pride would fall.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON—A WORLD IN MINIATURE—MOTLEY • THRONG IN HER STREETS—PUBLIC WORKS—GREAT FEATURES—ARRIVAL—ST. PAUL'S BY LAMPLIGHT—CLASSIC GROUND.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."—*Cowper*.

BUT the glory of England is her capital. Would you form an idea of London? As well might you attempt to grasp the majesty of Mont Blanc. It contains three millions of people. Three millions of people! It is easy to set this down in figures; you can tell it over in words; you can repeat and re-repeat it, with all the marvelous intonations of inflection and emphasis; and every time you dwell upon its mighty sum your ideas will expand, your conceptions will enlarge till you have at last acquired the power of picturing to your fancy a faint image of a great city, and there you must forever stop; you can never mount up to the full grandeur of your theme. I care not how familiar you may be with

her streets, or how long you may have loitered in her halls of science and art; I care not how often you may have surveyed the wondrous scene from the golden ball on the top of St. Paul's, or how often you may have lingered amid the ceaseless throng that hurries over London Bridge; your conceptions of the real grandeur and sublimity of London must forever remain inadequate.

It may assist us a little in forming an approximate idea of this exceeding great city, to reflect that her population is equal to that of Ohio, and if the people of that great State were all crowded together in Cincinnati, they could only reproduce a London. Its compactly built portions and its extensive parks, cover a solid area of more than twenty-five square miles; while a much larger additional space is covered by the suburbs, including some open country and neighboring pleasure grounds, making perhaps as much as thirty-six square miles of solid buildings, including the principal parks and the water surface of the Thames. By the assistance of such statistics as these, the *understanding* may perhaps be enabled to comprehend what the *fancy* will ever vainly endeavor to realize.

London is a world in miniature. Whatever the mind of man admires in the productions of art or the revelations of science, is here presented to his view. Whatever phase human nature assumes in its moral or its intellectual development, is found amid her countless throngs. Here the Alpine peaks of Intellect are gilded by the sunlight of transcendent genius, while at their feet stretch wide Saharas of ignorance and degradation; here the pious and virtuous glory in the light of true religion, and build their faith upon the Rock of Ages, while countless myriads welter in the dark fens of pollution and the murky bogs of profanity; here are found the steppes of a cold and lifeless formality, where rank and riches contend in a ceaseless struggle for precedence and priority; here expand the verdant meadows, and the rolling prairies of the middle ranks of life, where sparkling streams of humor and good fellowship wind among the choicest flowers of intellect, and the blooming gardens of contentment and social equality: and here again is the Dismal Swamp of

Sorrow. The world knows no achievement of art, no refinement of science, which is not at once transmitted to this social centre ; every thought that agitates the mind, every sensation that quivers the nerves of humanity, is at once transmitted to London, as the heart of the civilized world.

Her streets of palaces, where flutter the gilded moths of fashion ; her thronging business marts, where the clang of commerce and the rush of anxious crowds are fearful and incessant ; her narrow, filthy, crooked lanes, where poverty and crime reside ; her stately temples, dedicated to religion or art, to science or legislation ; her expansive parks, where you can almost lose yourself in rural seclusion ; her turbid Thames, where floats the flag of every nation under heaven, are essential elements in a crude conception of LONDON.

Through her streets flows a motley crowd of human life. Here a gay young belle, the pet of pride and fashion, dashes along in her chariot, with a smile of contempt or a frown of scorn for the race of man in general ; here the stately nobleman makes a pompous display of his dignity and his wealth ; the industrious merchant hurries forward, absorbed in his own reflections ; the cool observer leisurely saunters along, surveying the scene with calm but absorbing interest ; the patient laborer plods his weary way with heavy steps, or pursues contentedly his daily toil ; while crowds of hungry beggars assail you, from the lisping child who is thoroughly schooled in crime, to the wretched old crone of three score years and ten, tottering along on her staff, and asking for a ha'-penny, familiarly coupling the Sacred Name with the pitiable and yet impudent petition ; and the guardian genius of society—the ever-present policeman, with his staff of office and his uniform of blue—ever mingles with the surging throng, to protect the peaceful traveler by the ægis of the law, and guide the bewildered stranger through the solitudes of this vast city.

The Public Works of London are on a scale of grandeur and magnificence unequaled in the world. Take one item of her statistics, based upon figures, which, it is said, cannot lie. According to the official reports of the proper author-

ities, the gas companies of this enormous city have twenty-four thousand miles of pipe; hence, in theory, they could supply the whole of New Zealand with light from their present location; could send a jet to Australia, and another to Cape Horn; and the water companies could turn a jet of water on each flame and extinguish it.

And on such a scale are the works of London! Her libraries number millions upon millions of volumes; her scholars acknowledge no superiors; subterranean railways are tunneled for miles under her crowded thoroughfares; Astronomy would lose *absolutely nothing* if every other record in the world were destroyed, if only the vast repositories of Greenwich Observatory were preserved; St. Paul's and the Parliament Houses are among the glories of modern architecture, as Westminster Abbey is of the antique; her wonderful Palace of iron and glass seems like the crystallization of a poet's vision; while in the British Museum are contributions from every department of science, donations from the combined talent of mankind, and treasures from all ages of the world; fragments from Babylon that date back twenty-three centuries before Christ; and mummies, for aught we know, of those who were slain in that fearful night when the dread angel of Death passed through the streets of the rebellious cities, and cut off in his anger all the first-born of Egypt.

It was late in the evening when we landed, and the realities of London life first opened upon me by lamplight, in a dim and misty night. I pressed through the crowd that thronged around the station, and plunged all friendless and alone into that surging tide of human life, that incessantly goes eddying in giddy whirls through Fleet street and the Strand.

And I am at last in London! Its wonders of nature and art are no longer looming up in delusive perspective in the dim and distant Orient. The ideals of beauty that have floated through the master minds of the world, and have sprung into form and substance by their magic touch, are now within my grasp, and the glowing visions of childhood are about to be realized. Having secured lodgings, and finding myself near St. Paul's, I could not

rest without seeing it, but started out again to taste the rapture of a first glimpse of this wondrous temple. Never did I feel myself on classic ground till the long line of Fleet street opened up before me with its stately buildings, its hoards of untold wealth, its giddy whirl of business and pleasure, its sacred memories and historic associations.

Passing down Fleet street and up Ludgate Hill, the giant bulk of St. Paul's rose dim and indistinct like a vast shadowy pyramid in the misty gloom of night. I walked around the mighty fabric, which the feeble glare of the lamps rendered dimly visible, but the mighty dome swelled upward far beyond the reach of the faint illumination, and I gazed up into the blackness of night, vainly endeavoring to catch an outline of its giant proportions.

I then retraced my steps, visited Temple Bar, passed through its ancient arch, and walked the length of the Strand to Charing Cross, where stands a proud monument to Nelson ; then back weary and exhausted to my lodgings. I can scarcely realize that I have walked the length of Fleet street and the Strand ; that I have visited Temple Bar and Charing Cross ; that St. Paul's has blessed my outward vision, as it has long been burned upon my mental eye ; and that Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, and the Crystal Palace, are at last clustered around me, offering a rich reward for my wild and wayward wanderings.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. PAUL'S — EXTERIOR — WREN'S TRIUMPH — INTERIOR — DOME —
 REQUIEM FOR PRINCE ALBERT — WHISPERING GALLERY — VIEW
 FROM GOLDEN GALLERY — IN THE BALL — CRYPT.

* * * "That wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's Temple was a cell."—*Byron*.

ST. PAUL'S is the chief architectural feature of London. This glorious church, with its enormous dome, is the most prominent object in every distant view of the city. It occupies a central position

on somewhat elevated ground, and is seen to great advantage from a distance, rising amid a wilderness of spires, far above every other object; but, unfortunately, hemmed in by buildings encroaching on the surrounding space, so that from no one point can the whole church be seen to advantage.

The walls are ornamented by two series of columns in relief, the lower of the Corinthian, the upper of the Composite order. The entablatures are massive and elegant. A projecting portico, with a heavy colonnade of pillars sweeping around it, stands at the entrance of the south transept. A high arch is thrown over the doorway, on the keystone of which is a phoenix, with the motto in Latin: "I shall rise again." The history of this stone is somewhat singular. St. Paul's was burned in the Great Fire of London in 1666, and while clearing away the rubbish for the foundation of the present structure, one of the master workmen selected a stone to draw a design upon, and on raising it, found it to be a keystone of one of the large arches, inscribed with the above figure and motto. This was reckoned an omen of the glory of the future church, and the stone was reserved to crown the arch of the principal entrance. Two lofty towers rise from the western end of the building, in one of which is the clock, with the great bell weighing five tons, which strikes the hours, and is tolled at the death of a member of the Royal family, or the Archbishop of Canterbury alone. Statues of the Apostles are placed on the western extremity of the roof, with St. Paul on the comb, and numerous pieces of statuary occupy niches in every part of the external walls. A colossal statue of Queen Elizabeth stands in the western yard, and the church is surrounded by a heavy iron palisade.

The present building,* which is of purely Grecian architecture, was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, who

* The church is five hundred feet in length. The dome rises about three hundred and sixty feet, above which four iron pillars support a gilt ball eight feet in diameter, surmounted by a gilt cross fifteen feet high, making the entire height from basement four hundred and four feet. It was finished in 1710.

enjoyed the rare distinction of having planned and completed, from alpha to omega, one of the proudest temples of the world. He lived to see the mighty fabric rise to its perfect form; through thirty-five years of unremitting toil, he saw the wondrous dome swell to its full proportions, all the minutiae of ornament fully developed, and every part harmonizing together in one great and perfect whole; and, having thus realized the brilliant ideals of his prolific mind, he attended the daily services in his church for thirteen years, and died at the age of ninety-one. He lies in his own chosen resting place, under the aisle at the south side of the choir—his tomb a plain marble slab with a simple inscription, also of his own design. Many years after Dr. Johnson wrote his epitaph, remarkable for its simplicity, and for the appropriate tribute which it pays to the memory of the departed: "Beneath your feet lies Sir Christopher Wren. Reader, if you would behold his monument, look around you!"

The interior is glorious! and the first glance of its majesty, its grandeur, and its beauty, is totally overpowering. I stood beneath that mighty dome—the pride and wonder of the modern world, swelling out to such vast proportions, yet floating as light as a bubble in the misty expanse above me—so ethereal, fantastic and airy, with its grand old paintings in fresco, and its ornaments of burnished gold; and as I gazed up into its beautiful orb, my thoughts went roaming back, away through the long vista of years, illumined with the sunny memories of childhood's Elysian dreams, to the familiar scenes of home, where the fires of youthful enthusiasm and boyish wonder burned and glowed within me as I read the enchanting stories of London and St. Paul's.

Massive pillars rise on either hand, from which spring light and graceful Roman arches, supporting the immense weight of the dome. The ceiling is one wide arch spanning the entire nave, and adorned by large circles of gilded wreaths, enclosing elegant ornaments in painting and gold. Many monuments are placed in different parts

of the church, mostly to noted warriors—a very fine statue of Dr. Johnson stands by one of the pillars that support the dome, and two most beautiful angels, reclining their heads against their wings, on either side of one of the entrance doors.

But the dome is the great feature of this proud edifice. The inside diameter of the base is one hundred and forty feet, and the crown of the arch rises two hundred and fifty feet above the floor. It is divided into eight compartments, by borders representing pillars painted on its inner surface, each containing a large painting in fresco, representing a scene in the life of St. Paul—his conversion, his shipwreck, shaking the viper in the fire, preaching at Athens, &c. In the centre a large opening, surrounded by an ornamental railing, lets down a flood of light from the smaller dome or lantern above. The inner surface of this lantern is also elegantly painted and gilded, and wreaths are flung from side to side, which greatly increase the beauty of the scene. Verily the dome of St. Paul's is a master-piece. The perfection of its finish may challenge the closest scrutiny, and the grandeur of its conception leaves nothing to desire.

At the close of the sermon the magnificent organ played a requiem for Prince Albert, and so mournful was the strain, that it seemed to infuse a sadness into every breast; while the low, deep, solemn bass, went rolling through the crypt beneath our feet, like the heavy rumble of distant thunder, and it seemed the very echo of a nation's groans. Then the tune rose to a lighter air, and spoke of religious hope and the life beyond the grave; while still that low, deep bass kept rumbling on, mingling the regrets of mortality with the hopes of the immortal; and ended in a swelling note of praise, and one long, deep, final burst of that mournful tone, that seemed to shake the very foundations of the church, and then went rolling and reverberating through the arches on high, like the lingering notes of woe that rang through the mountains of Jewry, when the curse was pronounced on her favorite city—a requiem fit to be sung for the slain at the battle of Armageddon.

The effect of that solemn bass was wonderful. An

awful peal of the heaviest sound would come bursting forth from the organ pipes, would ring through the lofty ceiling and play from aisle to aisle, and then for a moment was lost ; but the sound was caught in the vaulted dome, and sent crashing down with tremendous force, and the building quivered to its power.

A spiral flight of steps of very gradual ascent leads up to the whispering gallery at the base of the dome. This is merely the smoothly plastered curved surface, which carries the lowest whisper, if uttered with the mouth close to the wall, around the entire circumference, so it can be distinctly heard on the opposite side. Here a walk extends around the dome, protected by a railing, from whence the view is very fine. You look down upon the Mosaic pavement of the church a hundred feet below you, where people, seemingly no larger than children, are passing to and fro, while you are brought nearer to the convex vault above ; the paintings blaze forth in all their splendor, and the subdued light, presenting no strong contrasts of light and shade, yet bringing out every object in distinct relief, perhaps reveals one of the finest views which the genius of man has wrought.

The stone gallery is a walk around the outside of the base of the dome ; but we will not linger here, splendid as is the view it presents : up, up, up we climb to the Golden Gallery around the summit of the main dome, or base of the lantern, and now, as we emerge from the narrow stairway up which we have been laboring, and step out on a fine circular gallery, protected by a stone railing, what a prospect bursts upon the view ! From this dizzy height we look down upon the myriads of people thronging through the streets beneath us, reduced to mere pigmies in size ; we survey the labyrinth of streets branching off from this great centre ; we look down upon the loftiest steeples ; the habitations of millions of human beings are clustered beneath our feet ; the Crystal Palace sparkles on the outskirts of the city like a vision of lovely enchantment ; old father Thames comes sweeping down from beneath a misty cloud, and is again lost in the fogs and vapors of London, like the stream in the vision of Mirza ;

we look down upon London Bridge, over which a ceaseless tide of human life is eternally hurrying on; we survey the old historic Tower, whose walls are dim and dingy with age, but radiant with the glory of the past; and we feel that the scene before us is one on which the greatest of men would be proud to gaze.

But let us clamber up another hundred feet and enter the golden ball on the top of the lantern; we must now climb by ladders, for at this height even the dome of St. Paul's is diminished to a moderate size; they finally become absolutely perpendicular, and at last we must squeeze our way between the iron pillars that support the ball. But we enter the circular apartment, where eight men would find close quarters, and at this sublime height of nearly four hundred feet above the ground, all is darkness and gloom—no windows, no loop-holes for a peep of the landscape; we have the honor for our pains. However, just below the ball a good view is obtained, but we are not so much at our ease, and see but little more than from the Golden Gallery.

In the basement is the crypt, where repose the remains of many great men. Sir Christopher Wren lies under the south side of the choir; at his feet lie the remains of his grand-daughter, who died in 1851, aged ninety-three. At his side, just beyond the iron railing enclosing his grave, lies Benjamin West—a painter-prince of whom America is proud. Sir Joshua Reynolds lies at West's feet, and a little to the left are the graves of Turner and Opie. The Duke of Wellington lies exactly under the centre of the dome, in a splendid marble sarcophagus, and Lord Nelson a short distance from him. The former church was so completely consumed in the great fire that the only relics are eight mutilated antique statues, said to be the father and mother of Sir Francis Bacon, Dr. Donne, and some other notables. The foundations are sunk sixteen feet below the basement floor into the solid earth. It is twenty feet from the basement to the main floor of the church above, and the whole number of steps leading up to the ball is five hundred and thirty-four.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—THE PARK—GEOLOGIC ISLANDS—ENTRANCE
OF THE NAVE—ANCIENT COURTS—COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA—
HALL OF THE ABINCERIGES—VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE
TOWER—VIEW IN THE EVENING TWILIGHT—VIEW BY MOONLIGHT.

“No forest fell
When thou wast built; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls; * * * * a wat'ry light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fall'n
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.”—*Cowper*.

THE Crystal Palace* at Sydenham, a few miles from London Bridge, is fairly entitled to be considered one of the wonders of the world. It stands in a beautiful park on a rising ground, from which a fine view is obtained of Surrey and Kent on the one hand, and on the other of the city of London. The wonderful Palace crowns the summit of the hill. No description can convey an adequate idea of its beauty! Composed entirely of iron and glass, and adorned with the most elaborate decorations of architecture, it must be seen to be realized. The main building, including two wings which project to the south, is over half a mile in length. It is crossed by three transepts, each rising in front in a high Roman arch, from the centre of which the iron stays radiate to the circumference, forming a complicated trellis work. The entire building is an open frame work, or, in

* The following statistics are collected from the guide books: The Park contains 300 acres. Length of main building, 1,608 feet; each wing, 574 feet; colonnade leading from the railway station, 720 feet; total length, 3,476 feet, or only 484 feet less than three-fourths of a mile, covered with glass. Length of central transept, 384 feet—each of the others, 336 feet. The central one is 120 feet wide, and 208 feet high from garden in front. From the floor, 108 feet to the springing of the arch of the central transept, which rises 60 feet high. Nave, 72 feet wide; area of ground floor, 598,396 square feet. Total length of columns, 16½ miles; weight of iron, 9,641 tons; area of glass, 25 acres; length of paves, 242 miles; bolts and rivets, 175 tons; nails, 103 tons; brick base, 15,391 yards, colonnade not included.

domestic language, sash of iron, filled with glass. Near each end of the building rises a circular crystal tower over two hundred feet in height. Conceive an immense bubble, blown up to giant proportions, and bound by innumerable filaments of black into an elongated form, and you have as correct an idea of the Crystal Palace as lies in my power to give you.

The park in which the Palace stands is adorned with the most profuse decorations. In front a wide terrace is laid out in flower beds and gravel walks, interspersed with numerous pieces of statuary, and bordered along its outer limit with an iron railing on a wall which rises from the ground below. From this terrace a noble flight of steps leads down to the general slope of the park, where another large area is occupied with flower beds and gravel walks, fountains and waterfalls, and a profusion of statues, vases and urns. Here are several rosaries and green houses of the lightest and most airy construction; arbors over which creeping plants weave a drapery of Nature's own handiwork; extensive beds blooming with the most brilliant rhododendrons, and comfortable seats disposed along the walks or nestled in shady nooks, where you can sit at ease and enjoy the glories of the wondrous scene.

Farther to the south the ground falls off to a rivulet that winds through the edge of the park, on the steep banks of which are arranged a series of artificial strata representing geologic formations of almost every character, and a lead mine is formed with blocks of rough stone, with the ore arranged in its natural state, through which you can pass beneath a rough, shaggy arch, with barely enough light to render the beautiful formations visible. In another place, on the banks of the stream, and on islands which its waters surround, are sculptures as large as life, of the huge monsters of the pre-Adamite world, arranged as nearly as possible in the natural circumstances of that mystic period.

Upon landing at the Crystal Palace station, we mount a flight of steps, and enter the colonnade which leads up to the western wing. It rises a considerable grade, with frequent flights of steps, and presents nothing but an

empty blank interior till you enter the wing of the main building, which is mostly occupied with refreshment rooms. Gaudy advertisements are flaunted in your face, and you are greeted with the odor of culinary processes; but the grandeur of the structure begins to open upon you—through the crystal walls you catch a nearer and nearer view of the mighty building, stretching away to the right, with its beauteous and airy perspective, till you finally pass through a simple doorway, and are ushered into the wondrous nave, where the glorious prospect bursts upon you with startling effect, and the glowing ideals which you have been picturing to yourself in the fervor of expectation, are now abundantly realized.

In the centre of the nave just before you, is a large screen with plaster figures of all the sovereigns of England, in front of which is a colossal equestrian statue of Victoria, looking on the wonderful prospect. Taking your stand by her side, and looking down the vast expanse, you have perhaps as magnificent a view as the architecture of any age has presented. In front of you a complex net-work of beams, pillars and arches, mingling in intricate figures, as the perspective recedes in the distance, stretches away in bewildering beauty, and an exquisite glass fountain throws out its copious streams in a large marble basin bordered with a forest of tropical plants, among which hundreds of pieces of statuary are standing in quiet recesses, or arranged in picturesque groups, while the beautiful birds that flit from branch to branch, and make the palace ring again with their light and joyous songs, add a charm to this scene of transcendent beauty, which the world of art has not exceeded.

Among the most attractive objects, is a series of courts or apartments, with restorations of the architecture of different ages and nations; the court being fitted up in the general style of the age and place it is intended to represent, and adorned with appropriate ornaments. In the Grecian court, for instance, is a dwelling house of one of the better class of the people, and an apartment of one of their temples; with a public square adorned with casts of Grecian statuary. The Roman and Byzantine

courts are similarly arranged; while in the Egyptian court is the Hall of Columns from the great temple of Karnak, an exact reproduction of the original on a somewhat reduced scale. An Assyrian temple restored by Layard, with the winged bulls and other uncouth ornaments of that singular people; columns whose capitals are the heads and shoulders of two bulls looking in opposite directions, with their fore legs doubled under them, and other grotesque decorations, seem to carry the spectator back beyond the ken of imagination, and place him among the strange realities and the incipient civilization of that early day. In another court is a restoration of a dwelling-house from Pompeii, whilst in front of the Nubian court are two statues of Remeses the Great from his temple at Aboo Simbel, in a sitting posture, sixty-five feet high; exact copies of the original.

But one of the most attractive scenes is a reproduction of several apartments of the Alhambra. The Hall of Justice is most beautifully ornamented with exquisite figures of filigree work, fanciful designs on the walls and ceiling, and large beds of flowers occupying a portion of the area. The Court of Lions is so named from a circular fountain in the centre, supported by eight lions, around which is a bed of flowers. This, however, is surely a pretty free license under the Koran, as a tenet of the Saracen creed forbids the use of images, even of animals. A corridor runs round the court, supported by a number of gilt pillars of light and graceful form.

But the most gorgeous apartment is the Hall of the Abenceriges. This room is perhaps twenty feet square, (two-thirds the size of the original), paved with white marble, with a circular fountain in the centre. The walls are set with alternate diamonds of white and black marble, to the height of five feet, above which a zone of Arabic inscriptions, about six inches wide, encircles the room, and above this the most exquisite filigree work, representing fruits, flowers, vines and leaves, in natural colors, completes the walls. The ceiling or roof is in the form of a high conical tent, hung with stalactites, which are colored with the most brilliant hues, blue, yellow, red, purple and gold.

The only light admitted to this lovely hall, except that which flows through the entrance archways, is by four small circular windows of deeply stained glass, placed near the apex of the cone. The effect is most exceedingly fine. The softened radiance which pours through these narrow openings is caught in that magic cone, and reflected from side to side, playing through the fairy vistas of that rainbow-tinted hall, and catching new glory from each successive reflection, as it imbibes the mingled tints of the numerous stalactites, and is thrown down to the eye of the beholder in a flood of transcendent beauty. Another apartment with a stalactite roof of pure milky white, is singularly chaste and beautiful. If such is the Alhambra, it is glorious !

In one of the transepts stands a fine specimen of the mammoth tree of California—merely the bark stripped from the trunk, and arranged around a frame of the proper size. The section is about one hundred feet high, and twenty-two in diameter at the base, diminishing but little to the top.

From the summit of the eastern tower I had a most delightful view of the extensive gardens and park, with the Geologic Islands in the distance. The gardens were peculiarly beautiful, glowing with innumerable rhododendrons, scattered here and there, or clustered in thick and fragrant beds, intermingled with flowers of every hue and trees of luxuriant verdure. In the distance the great gloomy city of London lay beneath a canopy of its own mists and vapors ; the mighty dome of St. Paul's swelling up above the fog, and the ball and cross glittering in unclouded sunshine ; a hundred steeples rising from the semi-Christian city, and the country blooming with the freshness and verdure of spring.

I descended and strolled again through the winding galleries and along the spacious nave. An apartment is appropriated to tropical plants : here is a forest of palms and bananas and other trees of the torrid zone ; and here the *Victoria Regia* blooms in its native glory. I lingered long in the Court of the Alhambra, and my fancy has clung to the Hall of the Abenceriges, fit to be the hall of

the Fairies—so light, so elegant, so graceful, with its transcendent brilliancy of colors, and the mellowed mingling of different shades, as the most beautiful scene in this gorgeous Palace of a world's wonders.

In the evening twilight, when the glare of the sun was gone, and the fading lights mellowed the contrasts, the airy and gossamer-like effect of the vast labyrinth of lattice-work was beautiful beyond description. The strong shades and brilliant glare of sunlight, melting into the sombre tints and more uniform hues of evening, gradually mingled the varied objects both in color and outline, till the fancy had to come to the aid of the vision to trace the uncertain forms, and the distant parts of the crystal temple were totally lost to the view.

And then the scene by moonlight from the extensive grounds in front of the Palace was near akin to enchantment! The mighty fabric of wire-bound crystal, floating upward in the wavering light like a vision of life to a youthful mind, dim, misty, and evanescent, as though the Fairies were building a Bower of Bliss with the straggling beams of the moon,—seemed a realization of that glorious temple which Ezekiel saw with prophetic eye, or a midnight dream of the Muses' bowers on the top of old Parnassus, that allures us with its delusive forms of fleeting and fantastic beauty, which we half expect will vanish away when the beams of the morning play upon it, or dissolve in the purple-tinctured air, when "a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM—LIBRARIES—MANUSCRIPTS—READING ROOM
—GEOLOGIC OR NORTH GALLERY—HUMMING BIRDS AND BIRDS
OF PARADISE—ZOOLOGICAL MONSTERS—ANTIQUITIES—ELGIN
MARBLES—EGYPTIAN GALLERY—ASSYRIAN GALLERY—A VOICE
FROM THE PAST.

Golconda's wealth is here enshrined ;
The treasury of a world.

"They are the
Registers, the chroniclers of the age
They were made in, and speak the truth of history
Better than a hundred of your printed
Communications."—*Shakerly.*

THE British Museum is one of the crowning glories of London. It is on a most gigantic scale—a wealth of entertainment and instruction, without a rival in the world. The building is of stone, with a heavy Ionic portico, and a magnificent flight of steps leads up to the noble entrance. It is a hollow square, with two exhibition floors, and several rooms in the basement. In the quadrangle in the centre of the building is the new Reading Room, for the convenience of the public in consulting the immense libraries. The Museum is a vast collection of treasures from the wide domain of nature, and the fruitful fountains of science and art, whose riches have been made tributary to this vast magazine of the curious and the wonderful, through whose spacious halls my fancy has restlessly wandered even from the early days of childhood.

Upon entering this noble building, we find ourselves in a spacious vestibule with a lofty ceiling. At our left hand is a splendid stairway leading to the floor above; but we will turn to the right, and passing through a lofty door, beside which stands a statue of Shakspeare in white marble, we enter the great Library, which is contained in the rooms on the ground-floor of the south-eastern portion of the building. Through this series of rooms of hundreds of feet in length, we pass amid thousands of volumes arranged on the shelves, and many of the more interesting

are exhibited in glass cases on centre tables. Amid this vast collection are some works of priceless value. A copy of the Codex Alexandrinus, containing the Greek text of the Holy Scriptures, written on very thin vellum, probably at the commencement of the fifth century, is of course preserved with the most extreme care. It can be examined only by special order from the chief librarian, and one of the attendants invariably sits by to see that no alteration is made in the text, which could easily be done, so as to obscure or change the meaning of particular passages. It is kept in a glass case, where all can see it, but none can handle without permission. There is a large, double roll, eighty-nine feet in length and twenty-six inches wide, containing the Pentateuch, written on goat skins, and mounted on rollers, probably dating back to the fourteenth century; also a copy in seven large volumes of the Koran in Arabic, written throughout in gold, with illuminated frontispiece, dating from 1305-6. These, with many others, are kept in glass cases, open to the view of all, but beyond the reach of any.

The manuscript department is rich in literary curiosities, autographs of the world's great departed, deeds of kingdoms and charters of cities of great antiquity and inestimable value, and fragments of the original manuscripts of works which the *world* has read. Here is the great Magna Charta—the guarantee of the liberties of England against the aggressions of an ambitious sovereign, extorted from King John by the twelve barons at Runnymede, on the 15th of June, 1215. It has been damaged by fire, and is almost illegible. A fragment of the great seal remains attached.

But the manuscript to which perhaps the student looks with the most reverence, is the article of agreement between John Milton and Samuel Symes, for the sale of "a poem entitled *Paradise Lost*," dated 27th of April, 1667. It has the poet's signature, with his seal of arms attached. Here is an autograph of Shakspeare, to an indenture granting a lease of a dwelling-house in Stratford-on-Avon. It was found some years ago among a mass of old waste papers, and was sold at auction. The Museum

bought it for two hundred guineas (\$1,016.00). Here are letters and manuscripts in the hand-writing of Ariosto, Tasso, Luther, Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Scott, Burns and Thomson; a leaf of the last chapter of Lord Macaulay's History of England, written just before his death; a letter of the amiable Cowper, and several passages of the first sketches of Pope's Homer, on the backs of letters addressed to himself; and among the rest, are two old manuscripts, placed in fit proximity to the greatest names of England, on which an American may look with pride and exultation—a letter from George Washington during the Revolution, directing some improvements in the defences of Rhode Island, and one from Benjamin Franklin, while Ambassador to France. Besides these, and many others who have raised themselves to glorious positions in society, is an extensive collection of autographs of the crowned heads and titled dignitaries of Europe.

The Library contains five hundred thousand volumes, and is increasing at the rate of twenty thousand annually. The law requires that a copy of every work published in England shall be deposited here, and arrangements are made for procuring copies of all works printed in foreign countries. Thus a vast amount of useless trash is accumulating, that were it mingled with works of sterling value, would sadly dilute the whole. In a few years sufficient material will accumulate to enable some futuro Saracen to re-enact the tragedy of Alexandria without any serious loss to literature.

The Reading Room is circular, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, with a vaulted roof rising in a dome over a hundred feet high. It is divided into twenty compartments, by moulded ribs of iron, gilded with pure gold, in each of which is a circular headed window. The seats and tables for the accommodation of the readers, are fitted up with every convenience that can be devised; and the superintendent occupies a slightly raised platform in the centre. It is his duty to have a general oversight of the room, and to assist the students in their investigations when they may desire it. The room will accommo-

date over three hundred readers. Admittance is gained by recommendations from two responsible householders, who are liable for any injuries the applicant may cause to the books or other property. Applications must be renewed every six months. Once admitted to the high privilege of a reader in the Museum, a person has any book at his command which he may see proper to call for, except a few of priceless value, which require special orders from the officers, and which, as a general thing, none are allowed to examine save professional men, or those who have made considerable attainments in learning: and he can keep it through the day if he wishes to examine it at his leisure, but on no account whatever can he take it from the room. How great a privilege this is, those can partially appreciate who have seriously felt the want of rare and expensive works for reference, amid our rural districts or in our inland villages.

From the library room we ascend a plain stairway near the north-east angle of the building, and enter the North Gallery, in which is the Geologic Department: a series of rooms, six in number, occupying the northern side of the second floor, and containing fossil and mineral productions of the various strata, so arranged as to form a kind of panoramic history of creation from the earliest dawn of organic life, and even far back in the chaos which preceded that period, down through the untold centuries of the geologic ages, as it is recorded in those wondrous stony volumes, whose leaflets are the various strata, whose hieroglyphics are the casual impressions of animal and vegetable life, whose authority, when understood, is altogether unimpeachable, and whose records are second only in importance to those of Divine revelation.

In the first room are arranged specimens of the primitive formations and the oldest fossil remains; ferns from the coal measures, and monads from the earliest stratified rocks, in endless variety and tasteful arrangement: in the second, the primitive forms of animal life, and vegetation of a more complicated character: in the third, those great uncouth monsters that sported in the waters and ranged the marshes of the carboniferous era, followed in the

remaining rooms by the mastodon and megatherium, and a great variety of their kindred tribes, the mammoth and the elephant of those primitive ages—the forerunners, perhaps, of the monsters of the present day. The whole series converges to, and closes in, the wonderful fossil human skeleton found in the island of Guadaloupe, as the end and final consummation of that mysterious principle of progression which seems to be the connecting link of the various periods of geology; of which all these strange and singular forms of animal life were but the experimental types, so to speak, of the primitive efforts of nature, which gradually approached, and finally attained, their full and complete development in the perfect organization of man—creation's wondrous masterpiece.

Such is the great and sublime lesson taught by geology in connection and in harmony with Divine revelation. Such is an epitome which is here presented in a series of rocky deposits, of the Panorama of Creation, as it arose before the mind of the Shepherd Prophet, in a series of visions of retrospective prophecy, as he tended his flocks upon the plains of Midian, when the fervors of inspiration crept over him, and the mysterious origin of this world of life and beauty was revealed to his enraptured mind.

The Zoological Department contains prepared specimens of almost every form of animal life, from the heavy cumbersome bulk of the hippopotamus to the light and springy antelope; and thousands of birds, from the short thick feathers of the emew and the cassowary to the gossamer down of the cygnets of the Ganges; from the dull gray, sombre covering of the owl, and the raven's robe of uniform mournful black, to the gorgeous pea-fowl, whose starry eyes are resplendent with Nature's inimitable dyes; from the condor and the vulture, to the lovely little humming-bird—the very diamonds of the feathered creation, with their glittering crests and their azure breasts, and their plumage of purple and gold, and their sparkling head-dresses of tufts and top-knots, falling down in a mantle of beauty over their heads and shoulders, resplendent with colors that would rival the rainbow in purity—green, crimson, azure and violet, and countless unnamable hues;

and the glorious Bird of Paradise; what a paragon of perfection!—who can look upon this embodiment of beauty and feel no thrill of rapture trembling in his nerves? and with its long tail feathers, so silken and gossamer like, fringed with an ethereal down of pearly virgin white, or dashed with the daintiest rose and crimson, and its crowning plume of delicate filaments, like the finest down of a thistle, seemingly too light, too fragile, too ethereal, to pass the stern ordeal of a life in the forest wilds!

In striking contrast with these lovely creatures are the awkward, uncouth figures of the reptiles, lizards of indescribable forms, crawling things of horrid aspect, that infest the marshy regions of many lands; serpents of voluminous train; beetles of unimaginable kinds, and butterflies glowing with the brightest hues; forms of sea-life, strange and startling, thrusting their unwelcome visage on the shrinking eye; and creatures that would rival the Centaurs of old, and mock the poet's dream of horror when he saw

“Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,
All kinds of living creatures, new to sight and strange.”

A large proportion of the Zoological Department is occupied with the mammalia, where may be found prepared specimens of almost every animal that roams the woods and plains of any portion of the world. Here is the Gorilla—a wild, savage, powerful looking animal, approaching even nearer to the human form than the Ouran-Outang.

The Botanical Department contains a large collection of woods from every clime: from Syria, Guatemala, Australia; the cedar of Lebanon, the mahogany, the banana, enveloped in the bark, roughly split, and finely polished; specimens of the endogenous woods from tropical regions, with their pith-like cells and cord-like fibres, like cane-stalks overgrown; and, among the rest, a full-grown leaf of the *Victoria Regia* from Guiana, full three feet across, nearly circular. It is an aquatic plant, the leaf lying on the surface of the water, the edges

turned up, giving it a saucer shape, and the nerves on the lower side deep and strong, being able to support a child of five or six years of age. Among the shells is one called the Glory of the Sea, from the Phillippine islands, cone-shaped, and delicately figured, five or six inches in length, and rather slim. It is exceedingly scarce, and the Government paid eighty guineas (\$406.40) for this specimen.

The western division of the building is almost exclusively occupied by an immense collection of antiquities, among which are many of the famous statues of Greece and Rome, fragments from the Parthenon, and pavement tiles from Carthage, and a vast collection of the antique sculptures of the primeval world, when the human mind was first emerging from the chaos of ignorance and superstition, and putting on the first rude semblance of order and beauty.

The Elgin Marbles are a large collection of sculptures from Athens. They are so called because they were brought to England by Lord Elgin. In these I was disappointed. A few of them are in excellent preservation, many are much injured, and a large portion might almost be called a mass of shapeless stone, as if a multitude of statues had been deprived of heads and extremities, then thrown into a heap and tossed among each other with rough violence, till every trace of the artificial surface was totally destroyed, and they retained a mere outline of their original form. The fact, however, of these blocks of marble having been wrought by the skillful hands of Phidias and Praxiteles, and their having for long ages formed the chief ornaments of the glorious old Parthenon, in which Pericles, Demosthenes and Socrates worshiped, invests them with an interest and a value something more than visionary. It is strange what a magic charm attaches to an object otherwise trivial, which has in some way become identified with the world's great men.

I must confess a thrill of emotion ran through my nerves as I laid my hand reverently on these hoary relics of a remote antiquity, and reflected that amid these very blocks of stone the great ones of our race had assembled

to perform the ceremonial rites of their intellectual idolatry; that Pericles placed them in their position as prominent ornaments of the great Temple of Minerva, and the embodiment of his idea of the beautiful; that the eloquent words of Demosthenes had played among their mute assemblage, and the music of his voice vibrated from statue to statue, and from pillar to pillar, enveloping these fractured marbles in the mantle of his melody; and that Socrates looked upon them as he stood amid the throng of admiring votaries who crowded to hear his semi-Christian morality in the sacred shades of Academus, and in that most tragic moment of Attic story, when he had drank the deadly hemlock, obedient to the cruel mandate of his misguided country, and felt the faintness of approaching dissolution creeping over his aged limbs, he looked through his window to catch one more glimpse of his beloved city and the ever beautiful hills of Greece, and his eye rested on these very sculptures, as they hovered round the cornice of that wondrous Temple, bathed in the golden light of a Grecian sunset, and his thoughts, borne aloft by the solemn association, reverted to a vow he had not fulfilled, and he charged his weeping friends to faithfulness in their religious duties, according to the light they then enjoyed.

About ninety slabs of marble from the inner frieze of the Parthenon, sculptured in bass-relief, are ranged around the room. A column, a capital, a piece of the architrave, the original cornice of the Temple, and many statues, are among this great collection. Here is a model of the Parthenon, restored to its primitive form in the pristine days of its glory, and another, showing its ruinous state at present. During the bombardment of Athens in 1687, the Venetians threw a shell into the Parthenon where the Turks had placed a powder magazine; it exploded, and the glory of Grecian art was reduced to a mass of ruins. What savage desolation treads in the footsteps of war!

In the Græco-Roman basement room is a beautiful model of the Colosseum in its present state of ruins, showing its structure and arrangement, broken, weather-beaten, stained and moss-grown—being an exact copy in every respect.

On the upper floor is the Egyptian Gallery, ghastly and grim with numerous mummies and deities of that strange race of beings. The sacred bull Apis, ichneumons, storks, crocodiles, cats, monkeys, and serpents, all embalmed with religious care; and coffins, profusely decorated and painted with supposed likenesses of their occupants, form a collection dating back to a higher antiquity perhaps than any other authentic relics in the possession of man. These remains of a dim and distant past, venerable with the hoary age of more than forty centuries, have survived the waste of time; the quiet resting places of that ancient people have been violated by the prying curiosity of these later times, their winding sheets of "fine twined linen" have been torn from their bodies, their depositories of sacred treasures broken open, and all have been exposed to the curious gaze of a people who scorn their idolatrous rites, in a land they dreamed not of.

In a room in this department is a large collection of antique vases, among which is the famous Portland vase, considered the most perfect in existence, both in form and material. It is of the finest purple glass, with figures of men, women and trees, of most perfect form, enameled in white glass, and disposed around its body and on the bottom.

In another suite of rooms are Assyrian antiquities, mostly exhumed by Layard during his investigations in Mesopotamia. These are truly among the wonders of modern discovery. They consist in part of unsightly figures of men and animals combined; monstrous human-headed bulls and lions; colossal figures of Rameses, Phtah, Amen-ra, and other kings, which mock the pigmy colossi of Greece and Rome, and facsimiles of the national records in strange hieroglyphics, or mostly the original records themselves—the heavy slabs of marble having been carefully transported and arranged around the walls of the room in exactly their former position, the identical images which were looked upon, handled and revered by the benighted myriads of that early day. Some of them are in perfect preservation—the finest lines as distinct and accurate as when they first came from the hand of the

ancient workman; whilst others begin to show symptoms of decay, from the alternations of temperature and humidity, to which they are, with strange negligence, exposed—the surface gradually crumbling away and effacing the delicate lines, or leaving a light dust of decaying sand on receiving the slightest touch of the finger.

There is something very impressive in looking through these relics of an age so remote, that the empires of the present are but as of yesterday in comparison; an antiquity before which the hoary honors of Greece and Rome become but the bloom of youth, and the usual cycle of political changes is contracted to a span. The sculptures from Nineveh date back from seven to nine centuries before Christ; several bricks from ancient Babylon, inscribed with the cuneiform character, reveal an antiquity greater by thirteen centuries; while some of the Egyptian remains are supposed to date from a still greatly higher era. Buried beneath the debris of ruined temples, totally unknown and forgotten by the world, they have been preserved from the vandal spirit of the children of the desert, and now adorn the temples and awaken the admiration of a people whose ancestors did not emerge from the darkness of primitive barbarism till long centuries after the cities they first adorned had been swept from the face of the earth and numbered with the things that were. They now stand up as a connecting link between the busy present and the strange, mysterious past, as silent monitors, whose message, leaping over the long interval of three thousand years, seems a voice direct to us from the wondrous civilization of the primeval world, speaking of the glory that has departed, and proclaiming the instability of earthly things.

The great men of their day no doubt fondly dreamed they had won the palm of immortality and crowned their memories with imperishable renown; yet their very nations have sunk in oblivion, and save for the Scripture records, would long since have been regarded as a fabulous myth; while nations of other regions, far beyond “the ends of the earth,” according to their contracted ideas,

now treasure up the broken fragments of their labors, vainly searching for the slightest clue that may reveal their gifted authors.

Whilst looking over the autograph of Washington, I made a casual remark to a bystander, who at once detected my country. He proved to be a young American, traveling like myself, on a journey of curiosity. An intimacy at once sprung up between us—such an intimacy as fellow-patriots will form when thrown together in a foreign land, where their native home is not regarded with a friendly eye. While we remained in London our future rambles were in company. We traveled hand in hand and heart in heart through the wonders of this mighty Babel; we loitered amid the ceaseless throng that hurries over London Bridge; we gave way to a mutual enthusiasm as we wandered along Fleet street with our guide books in our hands, seeking out the scenes of Dr. Johnson's and Goldsmith's resort; while still the fond thought of home rose ever and anon amid the bewildering glories of the present, and we often gave the tribute of a respectful word to our native land beyond the mists and billows of the western ocean. Such a friendship is a gem for life!

CHAPTER IX.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—INTERIOR—POET'S CORNER—ADDISON'S TOMB—HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL—NEWTON'S MONUMENT—CORONATION CHAIRS—YANKEE IMPUDENCE—MORNING SERVICE IN THE ABBEY.

"In dim cathedrals dark with vaulted gloom,
What holy awe invests the sacred tomb,
When evening twilight flings her crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the irised panes."—*Holmes*.

WESTMINSTER Abbey is one of the principal buildings of London that dates from an early age. It stands near the bank of the Thames, not far from Charing Cross, and in close proximity to the Houses of Parliament. It is the chosen resting place of

England's proudest sovereigns. Thirteen kings and four queens have here laid down their mortal bodies, to mingle with their original dust; and in the south transept is one of the most sacred shrines of literature. This is the far-famed Poet's Corner, where the great writers of England are buried, or have cenotaphs erected to their memory; and the hallowed associations thus clustering around this antique pile, invest it with a spirit of dignity and awe, and throw a tincture of poetic glory over its time-worn honors, that gives it the bloom of perpetual youth, and a glow of transcendent lustre, to one whose mind has been enraptured with the glorious visions, or stunned by the startling creations of those whose images hover around its sacred precincts.

Gloomy and gray with the hoary honors of more than a thousand years, it stands in solemn grandeur, wreathed in the poetic garlands of the world's master spirits; its lofty towers looking down on the proudest theatre of man's achievements; its buttressed walls crumbling and mouldering with the winds and frosts of ages; it constitutes one of the most impressive monuments which the hand of man has reared. On entering at Poet's Corner, the grandeur of the interior bursts upon the eye with startling effect; long lines of gray old columns stretch away in the chill and dim obscurity; glorious windows, flaming with many-tinted glass, fling down a gloomy radiance; a network of arches envelopes the solemn nave and the echoing aisles; around you moulders the dust of England's greatest poets; you stand amid the monuments of Milton and Spenser, of Dryden and Shakespeare; a tremor of supernatural awe creeps fearfully over you; the shades of those great immortals seem to float in fantastic frenzy through the vast and dim vacuity; and the damp, chill atmosphere sends a thrill of excitement through every nerve, till the whole system vibrates in harmony with the wild convulsions of its master-chord.

Such are the glowing emotions with which the votary of the Muses will stand for the first time amid the tombs of Westminster Abbey; such the fine ideals that will play through his enraptured fancy, as he almost loses the con-

sciousness of his physical being, and becomes absorbed in the glorious visions that open up to his intellectual eye.

I lingered long amid these tombs of the world's great men; men who established their own line of nobility, and whose burning thoughts have gone forth to the world, clad in the mystic garb of eloquence, winning the respect and challenging the admiration of mankind. At the left hand on entering, is a bust fixed on the wall, with the simple inscription below, "O rare Ben Jonson;" beside it is another of mild and sweet expression, with the stirring name of Milton on the breast; before you stands the statue of Addison* surrounded by the nine Muses, and another of Shakspeare, leaning on an altar, on which hangs a scroll with the thrilling passage—

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

While rambling slowly among these resting-places of the mighty dead, I was startled on looking down to see immediately at my feet on a plain marble tablet, the simple words, "Lord Macaulay's grave." I was standing over the ashes of the great historian.

Unfortunately the tomb of Addison is in that part of the church which is closed against the public, and is jealously guarded by a grim Cerberus, against all admiring votaries who come not armed with the might and majesty of sixpence; even then the visit is very brief. He has laid down to his rest in the north aisle of that most glorious apartment, Henry VII.'s Chapel, among the kings and queens of England, giving, however, rather than receiving honor by the high association. A plain marble slab, inlaid with brass, bears this inscription—

* This statue is not authentic. The work is very fine but the head is not classic, indeed, rather the opposite, both in intellect and beauty. It is modeled from a painting, supposed at the time, however absurdly, to be that of the author, but afterwards found to be a *Duke* or a *Sir* somebody.

ADDISON.

Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
 Oh, gone forever, take this long adieu,
 And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
 P—C. 1849. Born 1672. Died 1719.

I lingered around the resting-place of this charming writer as long as permitted. What sacrilege thus to make merchandise of these venerated shrines! Were I to select from all the writers of modern times, that one whom I should choose to resemble in the several characters of poet, essayist, and Christian, I certainly would pause before rejecting the name of Addison.

In the nave of the Abbey is a beautiful monument to Sir Isaac Newton, placed near his grave. He is reclining on his side, his right elbow resting on a pile of four large volumes, labeled Philosophy, Optics, Chemistry, and his own immortal Principia; and pointing with his left forefinger to a scroll held by two angels above him, with the sentence, "I feel but as a child gathering pebbles on the shores of the ocean of Time." Above him floats a large globe, on which are traced the constellations and the track of the comet of 1680, and upon which sits Urania, goddess of astronomy, her head resting upon her hand, and looking down on the starry globe, absorbed in deep contemplation. On the front of the pedestal is a beautiful bass-relief, representing three cherubs, one prying open the doors of a flaming furnace, figurative of the discovery of the compound nature of light; another pouring a quantity of coin from an urn, referring to the reduction of the coin to a standard weight, through his influence, while master of the Royal Mint; and a third watching the growth of a plant in a vase; while in the centre is another cherub, weighing the sun with a steelyard, with the planets for a balance.

The Chapel of Henry VII. is one of the most highly finished apartments in existence. Leland calls it "the miracle of the world." The rich carvings beneath niched

canopies, with pinnacles, bosses, and emblematic devices, in one great mystery of lofty conception and artistic skill, the pavement, the tombs, the windows, and especially the roof, impress the mind with the idea of perfection, and leave nothing to desire. The roof is but slightly arched, and yet is self-supporting, and decorated with the most intricate system of carving, in scrolls, wreathes, and devices of the most complicated figures, all deeply cut in the stone, and fitted together so as to appear one solid rock.

By the side of Addison's grave is the tomb of Queen Elizabeth; an effigy, with the hands joined above the breast, and eight pillars supporting an arched canopy, decorated with carving and gilding. Near her lies Mary, Queen of Scots, her unfortunate cousin, who fell a sacrifice to female jealousy, and over whose sad fate every reader of history must drop a tear; and here also is buried that other Mary, from whose memory humanity recoils with a shudder—the bigoted tyrant, Queen Mary of England. The Chapel of Edward the Confessor occupies the middle space of this apartment, where are the tombs of Edward I., Henry III., Henry IV., Queen Eleanor, Queen Philippa, and many other royal personages.

In this chapel are preserved the ancient coronation chairs, one for the sovereign, the other for the prince consort, in which the kings and queens of England have been crowned for the last six hundred years. In the bottom of the former is set a block of reddish gray sandstone, called Jacob's pillow, on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned long previous to the union. It was brought from Palestine by one of their kings during the crusades, and tradition sayeth it is the stone which Jacob used for a pillow on his way to Padan-Aram. By thus uniting the two, the prejudices of both nations are respected, which have gradually clustered around these relics of the olden time, till now a sovereign would scarcely be acknowledged, who did not receive the regalia of office in this time-honored chair

They are wide, straight-backed chairs, clumsy and ugly,

without cushions, without ornament, without paint, or even varnish; just such old-fashioned arm chairs as our grandmothers of the present day sit in from morning till night by our comfortable kitchen fires—cut and hacked by jack-knives, in somewhat of Yankee style, probably during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when the regal office and all its appurtenances were utterly disregarded; a whole tribe of Joneses, and other distinguished celebrities, having added the real honors of their genuine autographs engraven with a pen of iron, to the factitious honor of being the seat where the bauble of a crown is placed upon the head of one who chanced to be born under certain conditions, regardless of his merit or ability.

They are enclosed with a wooden railing. I opened a kind of gate, went in, and sat down in the sovereign's chair. This was the nearest I ever came to ascending the throne of England, but judging it most prudent to vacate the throne without making known the high honors to which I had attained, I modestly and speedily retired. I have sat in many chairs more comfortable, but never before in one that held so prominent a place in the world's history.

The morning service in the Abbey is very impressive. The solemn chant of the prayers, and the answering responses from the choir, go rolling through the long-drawn aisles; while the pealing anthem from the organ, and the melody of vocal praise, mount upward to the lofty vault, and play along the antique fretwork and ornate mouldings of the echoing nave, amid whose gorgeous tracery a full-orbed window of richly colored glass lets down its tintured beam of dim and sombre light. The Spirit of Harmony itself dwells there, mingling her mellow warblings with the murmured anthems of the Genius of the hoary Past, who sits enthroned on Chaucer's tomb; and the full-toned burst of adoration goes swelling upward and outward, floating onward, and ever onward, to the throne of the Ancient of Days; and transforming those glorious halls from a mere temple for earthly worship, into the portals of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

CHAPTER X.

WESTMINSTER PALACE—HOUSE OF LORDS—ENGLISH THRONE—
 ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE NOBLES—COURT OF APPEALS—
 REPROOF OF "FAST" AMERICA—HOUSE OF COMMONS—ST.
 STEPHEN'S PORCH—WESTMINSTER HALL—REFLECTIONS—
 LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

"Not Babylon

Nor great Alcaïro, such magnificence
 Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis, their gods; or seat
 Their kings when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury."—*Milton*.

HAVING procured tickets of admission of the Lord Great Chamberlain (what sounding titles these English do manufacture!), my American friend and I entered the building at the Victoria Tower, to have a view of the great council chambers, where the destinies of England are decided, and the congregated wisdom and aristocracy of the nation hold their deliberative assemblies. After passing through several apartments, and one or two long corridors, and mounting a splendid flight of steps, we were ushered into the House of Lords; one of the most magnificent and exquisitely finished apartments, perhaps, which the world can boast.

On each side are twelve windows, with four lights of the richest stained glass, each presenting a full length portrait of one of the English sovereigns or their consorts, and the series is completed by including Cromwell. Below the windows runs a gallery for spectators, around three sides of the room, protected by a railing of twisted bars of brass, and numerous doors concealed in the ornamental panel work lead from the gallery to the outer passages. On the arch beneath the gallery which springs from the wall, are many compartments, in which are emblazoned the coats of arms of all the Lord Chancellors from William the Conqueror to the present time. The ceiling is divided by heavy ribs into diamond-shaped figures, in each of which is a gilded device relating to the government, the lion and the rose, the shamrock, the thistle and

the harp, and the royal monogram, VR, entwined in a knotted cord with tassels. All parts of the room are of live-oak, the national wood, carved with the most elaborate precision into flowers, oak leaves, and wreaths; and the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, God and my rights, is endlessly repeated.

The northern end of the room is deeply recessed by the gallery and the arched doorways leading into the lobby and side offices. Here are the seats for the Usher of the Black Rod, and other officers attendant on the Lords in session; and also the space allotted to the Commons, when called to attend the Upper House. By no possibility could one fifth of the members* be crowded into the narrow area.

At the southern end of the room stands the grand centre, around which all this magnificence clusters—the ENGLISH THRONE; not the figurative, imaginary thing an American is apt to picture to himself, and to decorate and adore according to the warmth of his fancy, and the glow of his patriotism; but the real, outward, visible, tangible throne; the grand corporeal centre, the material heart of the British government; a straight, square, angular, up-and-down fabric, cut, carved, hacked, and gilded into the most profuse decorations. It is without one curve of beauty in its whole periphery, except a stumpy triple arch beneath the canopy, a series of five gothic pinnacles in oak carving, supported by four eight-square posts about twelve feet high, the central ones being larger than the others, and projecting forward a little in front. The three recesses thus formed are divided by rich lattice-work, and each contains a chair of state—the central one for the queen, on a platform four steps in height, the others one step lower.

The Queen's chair is a wide, straight-backed, high-armed structure, full large enough for old Fallstaff and room to spare, with a crimson velvet cushion richly embroidered in gold and purple. In the back is a circular

*The Lower House has 658 members. The House of Lords is 90 feet long, 45 wide and 45 high.

cushion of the same material above which is set a segment of brilliant gems, surmounted by a pointed Gothic pinnacle. All parts of the chair are most elaborately ornamented, and flaming with gold and jewels. In the back of the throne, behind the seat, are wrought the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The footstool is about eighteen inches long, covered with fine crimson silk plush, on which are wrought the lion and rose in white embroidery, and brilliant gilding. The side chairs are of similar construction, except that they have finely rounded backs, are smaller, and rather more elegant. The Prince of Wales sits at the Queen's right hand; Prince Albert sat at her left.

It is singular that not one graceful curve, not one wave of beauty, should have entered into the contour of this most exquisite piece of workmanship. In fact the whole affair, if entrusted to the supervision of a second-rate Yankee workman, would have been gotten up with better taste, and been more worthy of a nation of such boasted refinement. Even our rebels of the South, I will venture to predict, *if they establish their monarchy*, will prepare a more tasteful and appropriate throne for him whom they shall "raise to that bad eminence." They will at least grace it with the curves of a few whip-lashes, and the rattlesnake will no doubt twine in graceful folds around the legs and arms of the chair, while the elegant figure and waving outline of a "nigger" on all fours, will serve them admirably for a footstool.

The seats for these high dignitaries of England are long straight benches, cushioned with scarlet leather, with no divisions between the members, with no rests for their arms, and as the seats rise from the centre of the room, there is no rest for the hands in speaking. The speakers, except on the front seat, must stand in a close, cramped, confined space, and any papers that may be needed for reference during their remarks, are kept,—O Genius of American Progress, look back with a smile of complacent modesty far in the wake of thy dashing and bold career,—they are kept *in a box at their feet!!!*

The woolsack, or seat for the Lord Chancellor, who is

the chief officer of the House, is a bench about six feet by four, cushioned with crimson cloth, with an upright board in the centre to lean against, and without an arm-rest of any description! In front of the Lord Chancellor are two wooolsacks for the judges when they sit on appeals. They are about the same size as the former, without even a rest for the back. Here the judges sit in legal dignity, all around the benches, back to back, on the same bench, and face to face on the inside of the two opposite ones. A more ludicrous arrangement could not well be contrived.

Only imagine the select judges of the land seated gravely on two tables, each for want of a better support leaning against the back* of his neighbor; and when one becomes bowed down with wine or wisdom, and nods in the unequal conflict, his equilibrium becomes slightly disturbed, and they assume a more brotherly attitude *side by side*. And to a court thus accommodated, in that most glorious House of Lords, are the ultimate appeals on matters of the most vital interest carried up from the inferior tribunals.

And here again, oh thou wild and wayward spirit of American refinement, how darest thou prepare for thy legislators the easy and comfortable arm chair, with cushions and spring back, the elegant writing desk with all the conveniences of counting-room furniture; the waste of vacant space in which he can move with ease and freedom, when addressing his compeers in council assembled; when the high-born aristocrat of the motherland is humbly content with these meagre conveniences? Vain ostentation! preposterous luxury! pause in thy headstrong career. See where thy "fast" disposition has brought thee—into strife, and turmoil, and rebellion. Go back to thy goal of departure. Be content to copy old England in modesty, and remember that *stagnation need fear no shipwreck*.

From the House of Lords we passed into the lobby,

* By the way, then, they must excel our Congressmen in the amount of backbone they possess, or each one could not support his neighbor.

whence a corridor leads to a large octagonal hall in the centre of the building, finished in gorgeous style, from which another corridor leads to the House of Commons, a larger apartment, also finished in carved oak of most exquisite workmanship, but of the plainest possible appearance, varnished and left of the natural color. It is encircled with a gallery for spectators. The windows of stained glass are very plain and beautiful, and in fact the whole room is divested of every trace of gaudy show, and has a thoroughly business-like appearance. The ceiling is plain, rising toward the centre from all sides, where an opening filled with ground glass, conceals a large gas burner, from which the whole room is lighted. The seats are the same as in the Upper House, except they are cushioned with black leather. The speaker occupies a comfortable chair at the end of the room, on a platform slightly raised. The table for the clerks, and on which the mace is laid, which constitutes the formal opening of the House, stands in front of him. The sergeant-at-arms sits opposite the speaker near the door-way.

We now retraced our steps to the central octagon, and passed out through St. Stephen's Porch, a large hall adorned with statues of modern great men, among whom are Pitt, Chatham, Burke, and Fox, and entered Westminster Hall, which is now but the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament. It is paved with large flags, and the complicated self-supporting roof, which springs in one wide arch of intricate framework, over the vast area of two hundred and seventy feet by seventy-four, was the wonder of architects for many successive ages, and indeed is yet rarely, if ever equaled. Descending a noble flight of steps, we stand on the floor of that ancient apartment which has witnessed so many thrilling events in the history of this turbulent nation.

What a host of stirring memories hover round this great historic Hall! Here a nation's weal and a nation's woe have been meted out with lavish hand, and her destinies heedlessly moulded by rude and imperious men. Here the shame and the glory of England have perched on her powerful banner. Here Stratford was tried and

condemned, a sacrifice to the violence of the popular excitement that preceded the civil war. Here a recreant king was arraigned before his imperiled people; was tried and found guilty of attempting to subvert the liberties of the nation. Here his awful sentence was pronounced, which sent a thrill of horror through all the crowned heads of Europe, and is yet so fertile a theme of deprecation among all who wish to make their court to royalty; a sentence which condemned the royal criminal to the death of the common malefactor. And this same Hall in later times was the scene of the magnificent trial of the great Warren Hastings, on his impeachment for the conduct of his Indian government, when the wisdom, and the patriotism, and the beauty of London, were assembled to hear the great cause, and listen to the siren voice and thrilling eloquence of Burke. The Hall was built by Richard II., and the first grand historic scene which it witnessed was the deposition of its founder. On either side are held the various courts of law, this being the great seat of legal learning, and the fountain of legal justice for the kingdom.

On the day when Parliament met, I strolled down to the building to see the members assembling. Many carriages drove up and set down finely dressed gentlemen, whom I could fancy to be peers of the realm, or relatives of the august Victoria, lineal descendants of a licentious Charles II. or a bigoted Henry VIII., and by a possible train of events, heirs to the throne of England. The policeman keeping guard at the door, made rather a ludicrous mistake. I stepped up to ask a question, and he *mistook me for a member*. Without waiting to understand my inquiry, he bowed politely, opened the door, and replied in the blindest manner, "Pass in, sir." Somewhat taken by surprise at this unexpected reception, I hesitated for a moment, but instantly recovering myself, was just passing in; but it was too late, he had detected me; so I concluded to stay outside among the common people. What a pity to be burthened with an excess of honesty! a little more roguishness on my part might have carried me triumphantly in on the tide of fortune, and have placed me for a moment amid the legislators of

merrie old England. Let no one imagine, however, there was any resemblance between the humble writer and these "lords of human kind." A moment's observation on the part of the intelligent policeman corrected the error and prevented my being expelled.

CHAPTER XI.

NATIONAL GALLERY—ART OF PAINTING—SPIRIT OF BEAUTY—LANDSCAPES OF CLAUDE LORRAINE—CORREGGIO'S HOLY FAMILY—TITIAN—RUBENS' PEACE AND WAR—REMBRANDT—TURNER—NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY—DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY.

"Immortal Art, where e'er the rounded sky
Bends its rich canopy, thy children lie:
Their home is earth."—*Holmes.*

"True poetry the painter's power displays,
True painting emulates the poet's lays."—*Du Fresnoy.*

IN a spacious building of no great architectural pretensions, fronting on Trafalgar Square, one of the great centres of London, is the National Gallery of Paintings. In this great collection are many of the choicest gems of the leading masters of the art, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries; and perhaps in real excellence, and the splendor of the catalogue of authors, it is not greatly surpassed even by the world-famed galleries of the Vatican, save only in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, a large proportion of which are in fresco on the walls and ceilings of Italian churches.

The productions of some of our masters of the fine arts exhibit a type of the human mind in its utmost refinement, its vivid creations leaping forth as it were to life and activity, as his fingers play with fairy sweep over the canvas; or starting to the form and symmetry of the natural body, from the block of inanimate marble, beneath the magic touch of the sculptor's hand. It is a noble effort of the mind, to attempt thus to throw its conceptions on external objects, and call into visible being the creations of its fancy.

Painting is one of the most attractive and difficult pursuits in which this class of minds love to engage. How exciting the emotions which the painter feels, when running over the wild fancies of his brain, his living ideas leap into form and color, and present themselves to his mental vision for his examination and judgment, as he sits almost entranced from the world, selecting from the superabundance of images that start out from vacuity, and holding communion with the airy forms that play their wizard acts before his enraptured mind. Cold indeed must be that fancy, that could behold unmoved the master productions of some of our eminent artists. That mind is little to be envied, that warms not into rapture before the glowing canvas of Titian, of Rembrandt, or Correggio; that feels no strong emotion stirring in its inmost depths, when gazing on a landscape by the master hand of Claude; when Reynolds, with his magic wand, recalls some great historic scene; or Rubens, in a playful mood, portrays a fairy dance.

Those master minds have ever recognized the presence of the Spirit of Beauty throughout the works of nature. It addresses itself to the heart of man wherever he turns his eye; it pervades his very soul, and thrills throughout his entire intellectual being, as his eye rests in rapture on the delicate tracery of design, wherever the fairy hand of Nature has touched responsive matter with her life-giving wand. The Spirit of Beauty, like a messenger of mercy from the throne of Love, has flung her enchanting mantle over this terrestrial home of man, and decorated it with all the gorgeous tintings that can throw their spell over his enraptured soul, and breathe into his awakened mind that quenchless thirst for the poetry of nature, whose longings can only be satisfied by drinking deeply at the fountain head of harmony and life.

Beauty is to the natural world what error is to the world of art; it comes spontaneously and uncalled for. As in the most elaborate of human productions we still see a trace of the care that was bestowed upon them; we see that *effort* was required to give to them the perfection of form, the elegance of position, the grace of seeming

action, and the mimic spirit of life ; so, on the contrary, nature's works forever bear upon their countenances that joyous expression of inimitable ease which completely conceals all attempt at skillful arrangement.

How thrilling, how ardent the emotions with which those old masters contemplated the works of nature, as they chased the fugitive ideal of perfection through her ever-varying forms, amid scenes forever new, and objects ever strange ; as their intellectual vision wandered over fields of untold wealth, and prospects of surpassing beauty ; as they attempted to grasp the vast perspective opening up before their minds, in all its native beauty, in all its burning dignity of uncreated harmony and life ; while the glowing images of their poetic minds were racing incessantly through their brain, like the alternate lights and shadows, pursuing each other with fleeting footpace over the moonlit meadows, when the broken clouds are holding their airy gambols in heaven.

We can perhaps realize the rapture that must have throbbed in their bosoms, only by supposing ourselves placed in the condition of our first Parents, in that grove-encircled garden, when man sprung into existence with his faculties fully developed ; gifted with newness of life, and inspirited with primeval energy : when woman first came blooming from the hand of her divine reator ; and that rich inheritance of feeling, affection, and sympathy, which remains to be her distinguishing characteristic, first came welling up in crystal purity from the deep fountains of life within her : when the glories of the first sunrise in Eden revealed the angelic presence of the Spirit of Beauty, as she flung her enchanting mantle over that rich panoply of clouds, which, streaming in the eastern sky with all the mingled hues primeval light could give, reflected like a vast cerulean mirror the gorgeous splendors of advancing dawn ; and scattered from her benignant hand that profusion of flowerets, which enameled their pathway, sparkling in the early sunbeam of the morning, with crystal gems dropped from the ethereal expanse above.

Some of Claude's landscapes are the *ne plus ultra*.

The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, has a water view running back to the distant horizon, of which the perspective is most astonishing. The foreground is occupied by a range of splendid temples, with long colonnades of pillars on either side of a small harbor, and the royal barges lying at the wharf. The Queen has taken her seat beneath a gorgeous canopy of peafowl plumes, and many members of the royal party are lounging here and there on rich divans, or leisurely sauntering around the decks in the brilliant sunlight of that orient clime; while men of stalwart frame are carrying on board the various baggage which *such* a traveler would require on *such* a journey. Between the buildings which line the water-edge, the harbor falls away to the margin of the boundless ocean, where several ships are tossing on the troubled waves; and beyond them the watery expanse gradually becomes more and more misty, as the waves diminish in the distance; while on the extreme horizon a range of bluffs peers up in the hazy air on the left; and a gleam of reflected light from the sun, looking through the broken clouds a little above the ocean's brim, glitters on the vapory horizon, and contributes greatly to the general effect by which the waters are carried far back into the illimitable distance, with a delusion that the will can scarcely rectify.

Several more of Claude's pieces are of similar character, especially the Grand Canal of Venice; and his works are finished with that minuteness of detail which bears close inspection as well as distant views. Landscape was his forte; and he stood in the very foremost rank of that branch of the art.

One of the richest gems in the collection is the Holy Family, by Correggio. The Virgin is seated, with a child in her lap, while Joseph stands in the background busily employed with his plane. Notwithstanding its high reputation, the picture, to my inexperienced eye, is certainly not greatly superior to many others. The features of the mother are not cast in the Grecian mould; the nose is certainly not small in proportion, the forehead not of the finest order, and the whole face, beautiful it is true, but

not that paragon of perfection one would expect from the enormous value placed upon it. The child must be considered a masterpiece of artistic skill, as it came from so famous a hand; it is a round, full-faced, chubby little darling, in a loose and scanty night dress. Joseph is thrown in a deep shade, as a secondary adjunct to the piece. The coloring is exceedingly fine, the softness of the flesh-tints is rarely equaled, and the general design is very striking. It is a precious gem of art, as it surely is of wealth. It measures ten inches by thirteen, and the British government bought it for three thousand eight hundred guineas (\$19,304.00).

The Ecce Homo—Christ crowned with thorns, and brought before Pilate, when he exclaims, "Behold the man,"—and Mercury, Cupid and Venus, both by the same hand, are most exquisite pieces. The former is simply a bust of Christ as large as life, with the thorny crown upon his head, and an expression of silent, patient suffering, mingled with compassionate love for man, and his eyes raised to heaven in prayer. The latter represents Cupid reciting his lesson to Mercury, a winged god who is sitting down, and Venus, clothed in a loose and flowing robe, is standing by, and looking over. For these two pieces the government paid eleven thousand guineas.

Many of Titian's pieces are also here. His chief excellence, in which he rivals all other painters, is the *perfection* of his coloring. No other artist ever succeeded equally well in disposing the colors of his piece in such perfect harmony, and very few in giving to their life-figures so much of the softness and delicacy of nature.

Peace and War, by Rubens, is a mingling of the lovely and the frightful. Peace, is a happy matron in the midst of a group of smiling children, with fruits and books around them, and flowerets twisted into wreathes or twined in their flowing hair, looking the very picture of home delights and domestic comforts; and War, a savage, scowling fury, armed with whips of scorpions, the deadly adder twining around his head, and a flaming firebrand waving in his hand, is driving a crowd of helpless and terror-stricken wretches, tattered, starving, and leprous-

spotted, in wild confusion from his demoniac presence, and a band of infernal fiends is lying in wait to spring upon them in their flight; making one of the wildest constellations of horrors that ever sprang from a painter's fancy. There would seem to be no bond of union between such dissimilar scenes, and a hasty judgment might decide the piece must be very defective, but the artist has happily linked them together by a simple and beautiful device; the matron and some of the older children are looking out of a window in their happy home on this fearful scene, with an expression of pity in their countenances, that does not mar the serenity of conscious safety, or the happiness that springs from industry, temperance, and high-toned virtue.

Rembrandt's portrait of himself is a model of delicate coloring. He is seated in a dim, obscure light, with a wide-rimmed hat, and a coarse, hairy coat, which almost mingle with the background, so indistinct do they appear; but the face has the softness, freshness and bloom of life; so perfectly are the shades mingled, so delicately are the colors applied, that the figure seems to swell out from the canvas, and could almost be taken for a bust by nature.

Some of Vandyke's paintings are of inestimable value, especially the portrait of an old man, that seems to lack but the spirit to make it live. Venus kissing Cupid, by another hand, and Folly, a child throwing a handful of roses at them, while Time draws the curtain of futurity, and discloses Envy and Satiety before them; and a Harpy, a beautiful-faced child, whose body ends in a scaly dragon, offering them a piece of honeycomb, and holding a dart behind her in her other hand, make up a group of exquisite beauty, and convey a very suggestive moral; but the coloring is cold, and lacks the life and vigor of Rembrandt or Titian. Many of Reynolds' historic scenes are here, which recall the great events of fabulous or authentic times, and add an interest to the story of a nation's deeds.

Turner's paintings are very numerous, and considered by the generality of London critics as models of perfection. One large room is devoted exclusively to his works, and has received unbounded praise. A few of them are

scattered among the other rooms. Were I to venture an opinion on them, it would be that with three-fourths of the collection, the costly frames and splendid glass with which they are trimmed, are of more value than the pictures themselves. The human figures are ridiculous caricatures; yet some of his landscapes rank among the better class of works. Dido building Carthage, is very fine, but unfortunately hangs immediately beside Claude's Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba; and the contrast plucks a feather from its plume. Perhaps it was intended as a sly satire on the pompous fame of Turner. Crossing the Brook, has a fine perspective, and a few isolated palms and oaks are perhaps of the very first order, but in general his productions are unworthy of the place they hold among the works of art. A few years will rectify the public taste, and cool the enthusiasm which his recent and unhappy death has aroused in his numerous but imperfect works.

In these spacious halls are preserved a large collection of gems from the world's great masters, relics of inestimable value, and legacies of the leading spirits of our race to mankind at large, of which the British nation may well be proud.

In the National Portrait Gallery is a large collection of dingy old likenesses of scholars and statesmen, shown in a very unfavorable light. Some of them are of great excellence and value. Here is the original Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, with a copy of another at a different time of life, and a bust, supposed to be authentic, copied from the one placed over his grave in the church of Stratford-on-Avon. Here are also portraits of Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Locke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Gilford Dudley, and a bust of Oliver Cromwell.

At Dulwich, in the southern suburbs of the city, is another gallery of paintings, mostly by the old masters. Some of the works of Vandevere, Wouvermans, Claude, and David Tennis, are strikingly beautiful. One choice gem especially is by the latter artist; a winter scene of a common plain domestic landscape, that at first view looks uninviting and monotonous. A clump or two of ever-

greens, a group of rustics crowded round a door in the foreground, with cattle and sheep scattered over the furze-covered plain, a building or two in the background, and a distant hill covered with naked woods, are the prominent features of this picture. But its distinguishing trait is its wonderfully accurate and truthful perspective. Upon screening the eye from the surrounding light, the objects instantly spring out into a perfect stereoscopic effect, and the picture is at once transformed from a flat canvas surface to a real miniature landscape, in which every object assumes its due position, and its relative size. Nothing can exceed the perfection of the delusion, and the picture at once becomes a gem of art.


CHAPTER XII.

TOWER OF LONDON—WHITE TOWER—BLOODY TOWER—
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ARMORY—CROWN JEWELS—FAN-
CIES—WHITE HALL—ASSOCIATIONS—ENGLISH REBEL-
LION—CROMWELL.

"In that dread hour my country's guard I stood."—*Marturin*.

"That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon armer became virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it."—*Carlisle*.

"Cromwell was *emphatically* a MAN."—*Macaulay*.

BOUT a mile below London Bridge, immediately on the bank of the Thames, stands that grand historic pile, the TOWER OF LONDON. This impregnable fortress, so familiar to the reader of English history, which has been the scene of so many tragedies in the long succession of more than thirty reigns, during which it has never been taken by a foreign foe, is surrounded by a moat or ditch nearly a thousand yards in circumference, on each side of which is a stone wall. This moat sinks far below the water-level of the Thames, and can be flooded at any time, through a large gateway in the wall next the river. The Traitor's Gate, through

which state criminals were received from a boat on the water, is in this wall. In the early days of tyranny the sovereign often chose to accuse those ministers of treason, who were special favorites with the people, and fearful they might be rescued by the populace if conveyed to prison through the streets, they adopted the plan of taking them to a boat immediately after arrest, and thus keeping them beyond the reach of the people, whose rights they were too zealous to maintain.

The principal building is the White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, and consequently over eight hundred years old. The walls are from twelve to eighteen feet in thickness, of solid masonry, and a circular watch-tower rises from each angle. The Bloody Tower, built by William Rufus, is but little less ancient. Several separate towers are situated in the different angles of the outer walls, each of which has its terrible history. The Horse Armory is a modern building for the accommodation of the armor and weapons of ancient times. Our party was conducted by the Warden, who had us in charge, into this apartment, where the armor of every age from the Conquest to the reign of William III., is exhibited, about which time its use was entirely abandoned. The earliest suit whose original owner is certainly known is that of Henry VIII. They are worn by figures on foot, or mounted on horseback, in the same manner as in the olden time.

From this room we were conducted to Queen Elizabeth's Armory, where are many cannon of curious workmanship or enormous size, and a countless multitude of warlike weapons. We visited the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and the cell in the wall twelve feet square, where he wrote his great history; also, the room where Lord Gilford Dudley was confined previous to his execution, and were shown the axe with which Lady Jane Grey was beheaded. What a sad interest clusters around these mementoes of the times of old!

Several cannon which were recovered from the Royal George, sunk in 1782; and many articles lately rescued from the Mary Rose, which sunk in the reign of Henry

VIII., having been submerged, the former fifty-two, and the latter nearly three hundred years; large guns of immense value taken in India and China, at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and other noted slaughter grounds, are here preserved as trophies of the might of England, or objects of curiosity from the circumstances with which they were surrounded.

We then visited the Crown Jewels, which are kept in the Jewel Tower at the northeast corner of the wall, a building devoted exclusively to this purpose. They are placed on a large table rising in several terraces, surmounted at top by the glorious crown of good Queen Vic. On the lower shelves are the crowns of the Prince of Wales and of Anne Boleyn; the sceptre of Lady Jane Grey, of ivory, richly inlaid; the sceptre of state, of solid gold; the sceptre of the Black Prince; a golden spoon, the only relic of the ancient regalia; the swords of justice, both ecclesiastical and temporal; and a golden salt-cellar, a model of the White Tower, presented to Queen Elizabeth. The jewels are surrounded by a heavy wire screen.

My American friend and I lingered long after the rest of the party were gone, looking through the open yards, examining the objects of curiosity we were kindly permitted to visit, conversing with the gentlemanly warden, and indulging those reflections which came thronging on our minds when we recalled the terrible scenes of English tragedy which had transpired on the grounds and in the grim old walls around us, where the most abandoned men, whose heads were gilded with the bauble of a crown, whose birth entitled them to power, or whose accomplished vices gave them favor with a vicious sovereign, at times indulged those passions, and those little petty piques and private animosities, under the pretense of public measures, which in a lower sphere of life would have marked them as the pests of society, and the scourges of the places where they lived: while the dying shrieks of murdered princes rang in our mental ears, the lambent flames of the martyr's fires threw a lurid glare o'er the hoary walls, and with the aid of a little fancy we could almost see the

visage of Queen Mary glaring, like a horrid fury, from the loopholes of the Bloody Tower; while Cranmer's spirit waved a flaming brand before her, and pointed downward, as he stared her in the face, with a sad expression of indignant pity.

We afterward visited White Hall Chapel, not far from Westminster Abbey. It is a plain but beautiful building. Pillars in relief break the monotony of the walls, a heavy and elegant cornice almost conceals the roof, and an iron rod supports a weather-vane, the same which was erected by Charles II., at a time when he expected an invasion from the Continent, in order that he might note the general direction of the wind, and judge of the probability of his enemies landing in his realm. The interior is of mingled Doric and Corinthian architecture. Seven pillars in relief, and as many panels on each side, are the prominent features of the walls. The panels are hung with rich velvet drapery, of brilliant scarlet shaded with purple, and the ceiling, which is flat, is divided by heavy ribs, gilded and richly carved, into several oblong compartments, in each of which is a historic painting; those in the centre quadrangles being surrounded by an oval gilt frame.

Many thrilling associations cluster around White Hall, so famous in the eventful history of England. From one of its windows history says that King Charles I. was taken to his execution, when the cause of republicanism had a brief and turbulent ascendancy in the annals of this country, when Cromwell rose so high on the billows of popular excitement, that no possibility remained of a safe descent, and his only alternative was to make one final effort to climb to the highest pinnacle, and either gain the summit, and stand the nation's proud Protector, or fail in the attempt and fall to irretrievable ruin. The die was cast: the powers of Despotism sunk beneath his giant mind; with one Herculean effort he hurled the monarch from his throne, and the world resounded with the crash of his falling fortunes. The victor climbed to the dizzy height, and with a giant will, and a calm, collected, dignified prudence, ruled the mighty nation without opposition, till the close of his long and eventful life.

This is generally considered one of the most tragic scenes in history. To me it is one of the grandest that the annals of ages present. For centuries upon centuries the populace of England had submitted almost without opposition to the domination of a monarch, but when his encroachments on their rights transcended the bounds of endurance, the people arose in their might and demanded a restriction of the prerogative, and failing to attain their object, public opinion became excited, and the public indignation aroused to that pitch, that with one tremendous surge it swept the monarch to destruction, and hurled the throne itself into oblivion during the average life of man.

What cannot a firm resolve and a determined energy accomplish? Cromwell, born amid the lower ranks of society, receiving his education with the indigent peasantry, and inured to the stern realities of a life of privations and toil, felt within himself the glow of transcendent abilities, and the aspirations of predestined dominion: and breaking through the incrustations of caste, which press like an incubus upon society, rose superior to all opposition, assumed that authority which the common consent of men confided to his care, stamped his own impress upon the times in which he lived, moulded the destinies of the nation with his plebeian hand, flung a wreath of myrtle around his brow, and proudly took his stand upon the higher regions of the Mount of Fame.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—BEHEMOTH—GIRAFFES—BIRDS—REPTILES—BOTANIC GARDENS—PALM HOUSE—RHODODENDRONS—GARDENS AT KEW—THE TORRID ZONE IN A WORLD OF CRYSTAL—BANIAN TREE—CEDAR OF LEBANON—MUSEUMS—RUDIMENTAL MINDS IN SAVAGES.

“Let cavilers deny
That brutes have reason.”—*Somerville.*

“The grain is God’s bounty, and the flowers are his smiles.”—*Newton.*

IN Regent’s Park—a beautiful pleasure-ground of four hundred acres, toward the north-western borders of London—are the Zoological Gardens, containing a large collection of living animals from foreign lands. They are kept in apartments of considerable size, and have as many of the comforts of their nature as it is possible to give them. The more ferocious are in cells of strong masonry, with iron bars in front, while the milder species are surrounded with a net-work of strong wire, and the herbivorous animals have large buildings with yards where they can move at ease.

Here is the Hippopotamus or River Horse, in all his hideous deformity, ugly and repulsive: a thick, square, heavy set body, with short cylindrical legs, and a head of frightful form, approaching the body itself in size. The tip of the nose is as wide as the forehead, and his mouth, when open, forms a cavern full three feet wide, the slit of the lips running up nearly to the top of the upper jaw. They were caught in the Upper Nile, and presented to the Queen by the Viceroy of Egypt. They are amphibious, and have large water cisterns, where they wallow their huge, unwieldy forms with great apparent enjoyment. Behemoth seems to be the nearest living representative of the strange and startling forms of animal life that roamed the woods and marshes of the early geologic ages.

In these gardens are four fine specimens of the Giraffe, three full grown and one eight months old. Strange, misshapen things they are, but not ungraceful. The little

one especially is handsome. The skin is of a brown color, beautifully checkered with light gray lines dividing the ground into diamond-shaped squares with rounded angles. The Barbarossa hog of Celebes is another rare animal, with very long tusks, which curve to a full circle. The warty-headed hog (literally named); the clouded tiger of Assam; the ratel, a badger-like animal; a large uncouth rhinoceros; and a sloth, from South America, an unhappy looking creature, with long blunt claws, but destitute of a palm or ball of the foot, whose only means of locomotion is by swinging itself from branch to branch; are among the rarest animals of this collection which most strongly arrest a stranger's attention.

An ostrich, ten feet high when standing erect; the secretary bird; the emew; the cormorant, which so fully sustains its reputation for voraciousness, catching large fish as thrown to it, and swallowing them almost without the least apparent effort; and the pelicans, so beautifully awkward, with their long flexible bills, are among the most curious birds; also the condor of the Andes, full grown, measuring twelve feet between the tips of his expanded wings; vultures from the Alps, and eagles in great variety.

Among the reptiles, is a crocodile from the Mississippi; a boa constrictor, from South America; lizards, from Australia; the horrid amphisbæna, a venomous snake, from India; chameleons, from Africa; and the only living specimen of the gigantic salamander of Japan ever brought alive to Europe. It resembles a rough moss-covered stone, rudely sculptured into a heavy awkward lizard-like body, with a thick tail and club head, rather than a being endued with life and animation. Almost every foreign animal, whether quadruped, reptile, or winged, that can be procured and preserved alive, are here exhibited.

In the same park is another enclosure containing the Botanic Gardens; perhaps the most nearly universal collection of plants from all climates, which the world contains. We were admitted by tickets kindly furnished us by a Fellow of the Society. These gardens are of

exquisite beauty, and laid out with the utmost nicety; greenhouses are scattered here and there for tropical and delicate plants. The principal building is a beautiful structure of iron and glass, and consists of five transepts, side by side, with roofs arched at the eaves, and a sixth crossing the ends of these with a semi-dome-like projection in the middle. It is filled with tropical plants in great variety. The flowers in full bloom, under the equatorial temperature of these crystal buildings, and the singular forms of vegetation, so beautiful, so graceful, so luxuriant, give one the idea as he rambles among the palms, bananas, cocoas, bread-fruits, victoria regias, cactus, and tree-ferns, of being transported to the torrid zone.

We fell in company with the master gardener, a very social man, who took us to see the American plants, a vast collection of rhododendrons. Thousands upon thousands of these brilliant flowers are clustered in a beautiful plot of an acre in extent, the whole of which is covered with a canvas awning, in order to mellow the light, and break off the glare of the sun. The flowers show to much better advantage, and continue to bloom for a much longer time in consequence of this protection. They are of all colors, from the purest white, varying through the mingling hues of pink, purple, and crimson, to the brightest scarlet. Standing on a slight eminence where we can overlook the whole of this blooming garden, the effect is very fine. One universal mass of glowing colors mingles in harmonious beauty, while the glare of the noonday sun is mellowed and subdued, and a softened radiance beams over this garden of delicious flowers.

But the most attractive pleasure grounds in the vicinity of London are the Gardens of Kew, perhaps the finest in the world. They are laid out in most delightful style, and contain a vast number of plants from all climes, in the open air, and in hot-houses. A high gallery runs around the palm house, from which the view is truly novel. We look down on a confused mass of tropical verdure—palms, bananas, cocoas, and a countless host of kindred plants. The air is hot and damp, and redolent with a tropical perfume; and birds from the torrid zone

flit from tree to tree, and enjoy perfect freedom in this little world of crystal, while no pains are spared to preserve every plant as nearly as possible in the natural conditions it requires.

In this house is a living specimen of the banian tree, growing in a soil of rich loam. It is only eight years old, and not very thrifty. Nine stems arise from the ground, and it spreads about eighteen feet wide. It is very rarely we see a living representative of this most singular form of vegetable life. On an island in the Nerbuaha river is a gigantic tree of this species, with three thousand trunks, under which Tamerlane once sheltered an army of seven thousand men. A halo of poetic beauty clings around this noble tree—the “Indian fig” of Milton—

“ Whose bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillard shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between.”

Here is a noble specimen of the cedar of Lebanon—a beautiful tree three feet in diameter, with rough dark bark, knotty and gnarled, sending out long, crooked, irregular branches, covered with pine-like leaves of a dark sombre green. The grand old tree looks doubly beautiful from its connection with the sacred writings, its native home on that hallowed mountain in sight of which the greatest events of the world have transpired, and its precious wood being one of the chief ingredients of that splendid temple, so long the pride and glory of Jerusalem. The cedar is the most sacred of plants—the Scripture emblem of beauty, power, and wealth, and the chosen companion of the cypress and the willow in the peaceful resting places of the dead.

In the gardens are two extensive museums, where are many vegetable curiosities from different parts of the world. Among them is a model in wax of a plant without stem or leaves, except mere scales, a parasite hanging on the roots or stems of a vine in Sumatra. It is only a monstrous flower, three feet in diameter, and weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds—a large lily-like cup, with white petals.

Among other things is a thick, dark-colored, jointed

cane, some three inches in diameter, and seven feet long, called the Juruparis, or devil's musical instrument, used by the Indians on the Rio Uapes, a branch of the Rio Negro, in South America. It may claim a moment's notice, on account of illustrating the extreme degradation to which the human mind is capable of descending among barbarous tribes. The following description is copied from a card attached to the reed: "It is very sacred. No woman must see it on any account, and if she happens to get a glimpse of it, she is at once put to death, usually by poison. No youths are permitted to use it till they are prepared by fasting and scourging. It is kept hid in the bed of some stream deep in the forest, at which none dare drink or bathe. At feasts they are brought out after night, and played outside the house."

CHAPTER XIV.

SPURGEON—HIS AUDIENCES—METHOD IN SERVICE—CHARACTER OF HIS ORATORY—HIS PRAYER—EFFECT ON THE AUDIENCE—HIS SERMON—POETIC EXPRESSIONS—REV. FUNSHON—HIS ELOQUENCE—PICTURE OF THE OUTWARD WORLD—FREE GRACE.

"He takes his harp,
Nor needs to seek befitting phrase; unsought
Numbers harmonious roll along the lyre;
As river in its native bed, they flow
Spontaneous flowing with the tide of thought."—*Pollock*.

ON a beautiful Sabbath evening, my American friend and myself strolled over Westminster Bridge to the Surrey side of the Thames, to hear a sermon by the Rev. Spurgeon,* perhaps the leading pulpit orator of the world. He is a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and his name is as familiar in America as those of our own great preachers. His chapel—the Metropolitan Tabernacle—is a vast elliptical room, with two galleries completely encircling it, capable of holding nearly seven thousand people.

* Charles Haddon Spurgeon, born June 19th, 1834.

In person he is small, not prepossessing, and in spite of my prejudice in his favor, I failed to detect in his exterior the indications of gigantic powers. His forehead is not remarkably high nor very full, his lips are naturally parted when in repose, his eyes sparkle with a flash of living fire, and his features are expressive of an earnest, honest nature, rather than of that supernal power of thought and utterance, that charms the myriads of London, and makes his name a household word through all enlightened lands. So great is the spell with which he holds his audience, that the vast amphitheatre is crowded to its utmost capacity, not only occasionally, not merely for a few weeks or months, but year after year, three times every week, a ceaseless tide of human life is pouring towards the sanctuary, and long before the hour the spacious portico, the open yard, and often the adjacent street, are crowded with an anxious throng, impatient for admission. When the doors are thrown open, five minutes before the hour, those holding tickets having been previously admitted at side entrances, the surging mass sweeps in and pours along the narrow aisles; every seat is filled, every spot of available standing room is occupied, and often hundreds, and sometimes thousands, unable to gain admission, turn their steps reluctantly from the enchanter's hall, and murmur that they are denied partaking for the hundredth time of the luxurious repast.

His practice is to read a chapter with a running commentary, in which he expatiates freely on the subject matter, not confining himself to the religious features of the text, but throwing in a frequent allusion to the literature of the Scriptures, or an illustration from the manners and circumstances of those early times to verify the sacred record; not always sternly adhering even to serious remark, but occasionally using an expression, which, were it not around the sacred altar, would half provoke a smile. One distinguishing feature of his powerful oratory is its wonderful simplicity; he seems to expand the mind of the listener till he is able to grasp a mighty thought, and follow a train of reasoning, which, under ordinary speakers, would far transcend his powers.

At first plain and easy in his manner, he arrests the entire attention of his audience, and a living silence pervades the vast assembly, but as he proceeds and warms with his subject, the wondrous powers of his mind begin gradually to develope themselves, the beauties and the graces of oratory gently cluster around their favorite; common words and phrases seem to assume new strength and meaning beneath the magic of his voice, brilliant imagery plays from point to point, revealing hidden beauties like lightning flashes on a summer cloud, the fountains of history and science are opened and pour a mingled stream of beauty and instruction, a glowing panorama of nature and religion ever passes in review before the mental vision, flashes of original thought, bright, beautiful and bold, dart from the exhaustless fountains of his intellect and shed a dazzling lustre round, while the spell-bound audience hang in trembling interest on his words, and yield their minds to full belief, obedient to his powerful sway.

In his prayer he produced some most eloquent passages. In an impassioned appeal to all to praise the Lord, he went into a most beautiful amplification of Milton's immortal Morning Hymn. He called upon the beasts and the birds, upon the thunder and the earthquake, upon the gentle breezes and the crashing tempest, to sound forth a note of praise, and upon man, the crown and the glory of the creation, to make melody within his heart, and to lay his fingers upon the strings of the harp, to utter the praise which a mortal could offer to a Being of infinite attributes.

His text led him into an eloquent practical sermon on the necessity of energy and perseverance in whatever we undertake, and especially in religious duties. "He did it with all his heart and prospered." 1 Chron. 31:21. He drew a startling picture of insincerity in religion. As well might you dance upon the altar, or dabble the garments of the harlot in the blood of the Paschal Lamb, as approach the sacred mysteries of religion with a hollow-hearted insincerity.

In his powerful personifications of the Deity and the

Holy Spirit, in his thrilling picture of the sufferings of Christ, as an example of zeal and perseverance in a good cause, and the terrors of the final judgment, which the painted in colors fearfully vivid, his language, his ideas, his whole manner of tone, gesture and countenance became so exceedingly animated, so thrilling, so inspiring, that he sported at will with the feelings of his audience, and fired up every thing capable of combustion in the mass of mind around him. His language is highly figurative, pouring along like a copious stream, always full but never overflowing; he is so plain and simple a child can understand him, so eloquent and sublime the most intellectual mind can find nothing more to desire for the perfection of pulpit oratory.

He referred to Mahomet as an example of a man who did a thing with all his heart and prospered. He established his system of false religion, not by giving out a few dilatory precepts in a drawling manner to a sleepy audience, but by being fully and perfectly awake and in earnest, by throwing every energy of his mind into the propagation of what he fully believed to be a revelation from Heaven, and his followers, catching his enthusiasm, swore that they would convert the Gentile world to the true faith by the persuasive eloquence of the sword, and engaged in the pious work with the air and mien of men who felt that everything depended on their success.

The history of the Catholic Church is another illustration of the immense results of a determined perseverance. When Francis Xavier went out to preach the gospel to the heathen, he took his life in his hand, and considered it of no value compared with the work he had in view. When encountered by opposition he never yielded to discouragements, but ever renewed his efforts, and at last he gained a foothold among the wild children of nature, raised the cross in the East Indies, preached the gospel in China, penetrated into the then almost fabulous regions of Japan, and wherever he passed among a people who before had been sunk in the grossest idolatry, he left the cross planted by the wayside, and crowds of humble suppliants kneeling in adoration to the sacred emblem.

Xavier was a thunderbolt that startled the nations by his powerful energy, a flash of lightning that darted across the moral firmament, and arrested the gaze of all who caught its glare, till he forced conviction by the irresistible earnestness of his nature and the overpowering energy of his mind. And let these two men, who so eminently prospered, by doing their work with all their heart, in establishing their respective systems, fraught with error, and deformed with folly, be examples to us who are laboring in a higher and a nobler cause.

The man who is fully awake to his duty will not faint by the wayside, but, fixing his gaze upon the summit of yon almost inaccessible mountain, determines to scale its sublime heights and receive the prize which there awaits him. Careless though he be alone, though all men forsake him, though the congregation sink into drowsy imbecility he but addresses himself the more resolutely to the combat, and presses forward with renewed zeal. Sometimes, in clambering up a precipice, a treacherous stone betrays his foot, and he falls to the bottom ; he rubs the dust from his eyes and essays the ascent once more. Sometimes he finds an easy path and he runs, then it becomes more steep and he is compelled to walk, then greater difficulties oppose him and he is obliged to crawl upon his hands and feet, and when even this is impracticable he is content to work himself up by clasping with his hands whatever he can lay hold on. What though he should grasp a briar and press the thorns into his quivering flesh ! What though his foot be bruised by a falling stone ! his aim is onward and upward, and he is content to make progress even though it be in pain. At each discomfiture he presses forward to the conflict again, and his watchword is, Now for God, for religion, and my duty ! At last his feet stand upon an even place, and he has attained the object of his desire.

And then in an impassioned appeal to the Most High, and with a masterly personification, he asked for ability on the part of himself and the audience, to engage in the cause of religion with all the devotion of the heart, that prosperity might attend our zeal. In speaking of

the flight of time he compared the slow lapse of days in our childhood with their swift career in later life, and closed thus, "But how our weeks spin around us now! how our years go hissing through the air, and leave a track as of a burning brand!"

London boasts another preacher of superior powers. His name is Punshon, a member of the Wesleyan Church. I heard him preach a sermon, combining in a high degree the merits of grace and ornament, of glowing language and highly poetic figures, of pathos, feeling and power; his text, "Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet for an inheritance among the saints in light." He does not, like Spurgeon, plunge down at once to the bottom of the heart, and carry power and conviction with strong and powerful sketches, but completely enraptures you with his oriental splendor of imagery, and the glowing fluency of his diction, his ideas flowing onward in a copious stream, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight of fancy; his language, like the magic power of a kaleidoscope, giving a beauty and a delicacy to whatever comes within its influence. His vivid appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and his touching pictures of religious duties, of the atoning sacrifice, and the Father's kind indulgence, led captive the mind with the magic of enchantment, and lured it on by the power of his oratory to see new beauties in a life of holiness, new harmonies in the records of salvation, and new inducements to adore the Great First Cause of all.

He drew a picture of the outward world, full of life and beauty. It is not a prison house where the soul is detained in gloom and sadness, forbidden to partake of the pleasant things so bountifully placed before us; it is not a fleeting show for man's illusion given, which secretes a venomous sting under every rose, and a viper's fang in every bower; it has not a fiery sword waving over the green fields and flowery valleys, and a rigid interdiction guarding every avenue to a gratification of the senses; but it is a theatre of beauty and loveliness, liberally supplied with everything the mind can conceive that will

administer happiness and enjoyment. Its flowery vales were never meant to be the haunts of morbid gloom and moping melancholy; its glorious forests were not designed to resound with the sighs and groans of the solitary recluse, who, abusing or despising the bounties of Providence, has fostered a morbid misanthropy; its laughing streams, dancing and sparkling amid the gaudy flowers, and its joyous birds warbling forth their melodious songs, and sporting from tree to tree, were not meant to be consigned to the companionship of the sour and sordid hermit, and its glorious canopy of clouds, flashing with every hue reflected light can give, but illy harmonizes with the doleful gloom of monkish superstition, and that cheerless religion that would make this world a home of privations and crosses, of trials and tribulations. No! the earth is a golden temple, replete with beauty, and abounding with ornament; God has made it a very Alhambra of glory and splendor, and has thus taught us that he designs us for rational enjoyment, and while we are to look for a yet higher and more enduring home, we are not to treat with contempt the glories that surround us here.

He then gave a most happy illustration of the free grace of the Father, and the cordial invitation that is given us to partake with thankfulness of the rich blessings provided for our use. It is the *Father* who hath made us meet for an inheritance among the saints in light. It is not the school teacher, who receives with general kindness the children of his patron friends, and instructs them for wages in the accomplishments of life and the beauties of nature; it's the Father, who unfolds the enrapturing wonders of creation to the minds of his tender babes, with the winning invitation, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these:" It is not the judge, who sternly releases the culprit because the evidence is barely insufficient to convict him, it's the *Father*, who welcomes the returning wanderer with outstretched arms, and in kindest and most affectionate tones, graciously counsels him, "Go, and sin no more:" It is not the

master, who coldly accepts the services you have rendered as an equivalent for the hire he has paid you, it's the FATHER, who generously gives you the good things in store for his children, and pronounces the heavenly blessing, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" It is not [the friend, who receives you with kind politeness, and formally treats you to the best his house affords, it's the FATHER, who runs to meet you while you are yet afar off, enfolds you in the arms of paternal affection, kills for you the fatted calf, and bestows upon you with all the exuberance of a Father's love, the rich inheritance of eternal life, "Giving thanks unto the FATHER: who hath made us meet for an inheritance among the saints in light."

CHAPTER XV.

HAMPTON COURT—GUARD CHAMBER—PICTURES—STATE ROOMS
— QUEEN'S BED—CHAMBER — WEST'S PAINTINGS—ROYAL
BEDS—RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS—TASTE FOR PAINTING—
GREAT HALL OF WOLSEY—TAPESTRY—MAZE.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which often viewed
Please always, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years"—*Carper*.

HAMPTON Court was for a long time the royal residence. It stands on the north bank of the Thames, in the county of Middlesex, twelve miles due west from Hyde Park Corner. The Palace is a long pile of lofty brick buildings, with a uniform and beautiful front to the south, situated in a park laid out with the utmost taste, and ornamented with trees and shrubbery disposed along gravel walks, with marble fountains and artificial basins of water, with long canals and murmuring waterfalls, with exquisite statuary and iron paled enclosures, blooming with flowers and cheered with the music of birds.

The interior of the Palace is a long suite of rooms,

kindly thrown open to the free use of the public, and embellished with over a thousand paintings, many commonplace, many very fine, and a few of transcendent excellence. The entrance to the state apartment is by the King's grand staircase, a magnificent flight of marble steps that leads to the Guard Chamber. The ceiling of this hall is beautifully painted with allegorical figures, in the florid style of Verrio. From this apartment a long succession of rooms, being one continued picture gallery, leads winding about through the palace. The pictures are mostly of creditable workmanship, but a large majority are portraits of the Duchess So-and-so, or His Grace, or His Highness This or That; or other gilded baubles of a diseased and corroded society, instead of persons who are worthy of remembrance, and have wrought for themselves a claim on the respect of posterity.

In several of the rooms the ceilings are gorgeously painted. In the Queen's bed-chamber is a beautiful allegorical representation of Night and Morning. On one end of the ceiling is Night, personified by a goddess; around her nymphs are sporting in the clouds by the dim light of the moon, while stars are sparkling in the sky; at the other end Morning is hovering o'er the mists of the Ocean, and the hours are drawing aside the curtain that screened Aurora from view, who is making her appearance in her radiant chariot, with a countenance bright with smiles, and diffusing joy and gladness over the whole assembly. The room is encircled by a zone of brilliant flowers, boquets and shrubs of various kinds.

Another ceiling represents Queen Anne as Justice, holding her scales and surrounded by Mercy, Charity and Love, pleading for a group of criminals who kneel before her. In this room are many of the paintings of West: Regulus's departure from Rome, the Apotheosis of William the Taciturn, and many other gems of priceless value and surpassing beauty. In some of the rooms the edges of the ceiling are arched, on which are painted gods and heroes of antiquity, supporting the canopy above them with pillars, scrolls and other ornaments.

Pictures by Rubens, Titian, and a host of others, whose

names stand high upon the roll of fame, adorn these royal halls, and make it an attractive place to the lover of refinement. The funeral pall, for the "lying in state" of the bodies of great men after death, is in the public dining room. It is a rich and gorgeous canopy of black silk velvet, lined with silver, with a cloth of gold at the head, on which is suspended a wreath, wrought with many curious devices, with a cylinder of upright spears on either hand, and silver tablets and candle stands sitting around.

The beds of the Royal family are hung with the richest silk and damask curtains, embroidered with most exquisite fringes in needle work, and a canopy of blue, gilded with stars, adorns these splendid couches where Royalty reposes its aching head. Stools, tablets, and toilet stands, cushioned and gilt, are disposed around the rooms. The splendor would banish sleep save from the eyes of these pampered lordlings, and slumber is here no sweeter, no more refreshing than in the humble cottage where health and competence abound, where the ties of domestic attachment know not the alloy of ceremony, and the pageantry of power is all unknown.

The most precious treasures in these royal halls are Raphael's Cartoons, which are kept in a room prepared expressly for their reception. Like all other artistic productions, these great Cartoons derive their highest beauty from the play of a lively fancy in the beholder; for of what avail is all the artist's skill, if he cannot touch a kindred cord of feeling and refinement, and awaken those electric fires of sympathetic fancy, that play from mind to mind along the wires of genius. The cattle graze amid the mountain peaks, or on the sandy plain, with equal unconcern, they crop alike the lily and the weed. So the blank and vapid mind, which is warmed not by the fires of fancy, would look alike with vacant gaze upon the gaudy flash of passionless Dutch amateurs, or on a canvas glowing with the warmest tints of Titian or Correggio.

The savage, untutored in the school of science, looks with a cold and unmeaning gaze on nature's works, he

recognizes not the spirit that pervades her every production, for him no glowing robe of beauty invests his forest home, no notes of angelic harmony fall like spirit voices on his mental ear, no angel of inspiration hovers round to direct his inward vision to the Source of all, to touch his heart with the tendering influences of nature's perfect harmony, to point him to the depths of thought and feeling which her works inspire, and raise his thoughts on high.

How different the prospect to an enlightened mind. To him each flower that blooms along his pathway of life is the agent of a Being of infinite perfections; to him each note from grove or meadow, from the murmur of the rippling streamlet to "the organ tones of Heaven's cathedral," speaks the voice of ethereal harmony, and inspires him to attune more perfectly his heart to sound a harmonious note in the ever-rising anthem of the world of life around him; and when spring spreads her mantle of sweets over the face of reviving nature, to his ear the melody of her mystic choir sounds the notes of a more than earthly harmony, to his eye her forms and hues assume the image of supernal dignity and grace, and Beauty's self personified, with all her graces, all her glories on, blooms brilliantly around the land and breathes in every bower.

A work of genius is ever a fund of profitable thought, a mine of deep reflection. Like the works of nature, the more they are examined the more their beauties unfold themselves to view. We cannot grasp at once the nice design and complex beauty of a flower, its fine perfections open out upon us by slow and gradual degrees. Just so it is in contemplating a master-work of genius. Raphael's Cartoons require inspection to realize their beauty, they *demand* inspection as a tribute to their worth, and yet they *defy* inspection by the masses, for their beauties and excellences are so numerous, so various, and so refined, that none but a master mind can fully comprehend them.

They are becoming somewhat dim and dingy with the lapse of more than three centuries. They are seven in number, representing scenes in the life of Christ and his

Apostles. The largest would measure about twelve feet by twenty. The strength and vigor of the action, the expressive attitudes and countenances, the elegance of coloring, the grace and harmony of design, the propriety and splendor of decorations in the backgrounds and side scenes, attest the fervor of fancy which glowed within his burning mind, when contemplating the strange occurrences of those eventful days. And yet it is perhaps impossible to convey to others, by the pencil or the pen, the full perfection of those glowing visions which spring up to life and action in our minds, when calling up our bright ideals of the great and mighty past. How vivid then must have been the creations of those master minds, whose great conceptions, revealed through the bungling agency of the pencil, divested of the living spirit, and reduced to the mere material representations of their bright originals, have yet through all these disadvantages, attracted the attention and fixed the admiration of the world! Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven (1520), leaving a name which the world has decided to place at the very head of her honored painters.

The Great Hall of Cardinal Wolsey is the finest room in the building. It is in the Gothic style; the roof is elaborately carved and richly decorated with the arms and badges of Wolsey and Henry VIII. It is a triple arch, with elongated pendants hanging from the points of intersection, and supported with a complicated system of ribs and stays, gilded and carved with exquisite skill. The walls are hung with antique arras tapestry, divided in eight compartments, with a rich border of arabesque designs. In each division is a scene in the life of Abraham. The windows are of stained glass, and the subdued and softened light, tinted with the mellow hues of evening, falling on this scene of gorgeous splendor, produces a beautiful effect.

The withdrawing room, adjoining the great hall, is also hung with tapestry very old and decaying, and divided like the other into different compartments by ornamental borders. In one of these is a scene representing Fame seated on a car, drawn by elephants and attended

by warriors; behind her is another car, in which Time is drawn by four flying horses; over these are the signs of the Zodiac, and the Hours in swift flight. The other divisions are of equally poetic allegorical designs. A carved oak mantelpiece of peculiar beauty, on which sits a portrait of Wolsey; a beautiful oriel window, and a statue of Venus reclining on a couch, are the chief additional features of this room.

In the Park is the Maze, a plot of ground about one-fourth of an acre in extent; two trees stand near the centre, only a few feet from the entrance gate. It is set with an intricate system of hedgerows encircling a small open space around the trees, and the winding paths by which alone they can be reached is nearly a fourth of a mile in length. It requires the greatest care to avoid losing your way, and is no easy matter to extricate yourself if once you become bewildered in the labyrinth.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM — WREN'S MODEL OF ST. PAUL'S — WATT'S STEAM ENGINE — BEATING GOLD — DR. JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD — SOUTH SEA BUBBLE — PLAY SCENE IN HAMLET — EAST INDIA MUSEUM — ROYAL APARTMENT — INDIAN THRONE.

"The pencil is man's teacher. It unfolds
Rich treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart."—*Street.*

"'Tis painting's first chief business to explore;
What lovely forms in nature's boundless store
Are best to Art and ancient taste allied:
For ancient taste these forms has best supplied."—*Du Fresnoy*'

SOUTH Kensington Museum was founded by Prince Albert, and was chiefly designed for the benefit of the working classes. Though far inferior to the British Museum, it is well worth a visit. It contains among many other things, a large collection of mechanical and scientific objects, models of machinery, chemical

analysis of different articles of food, illustrations of various manufactures, pins, needles, gold leaf, Damascus steel, &c.; models of buildings, ancient and modern; a fine gallery of paintings, and a large collection of agricultural products. My Yankee friend and I prolonged our stay among its rich collections much longer than we expected.

Here we found Sir Christopher Wren's original model of St. Paul's—an immense square, with the corners deeply circled out. The dome was supported by the internal angles, where enormous arches sprung from wall to wall, and the effect of the building when completed would have been grand and imposing in the extreme. It was not divided into a nave and side aisles, by those rows of monstrous pillars which add to the complexity, and detract from the apparent size of the interior. It is related of Sir Christopher, that he insisted with warmth and energy on the adoption of this plan by the board of managers, and when they gave their positive dissent, and declared their determination to follow the old beaten path of church architecture, and deform the glorious structure they were about to erect with the unsightly appendages of massive columns, the great architect was so chagrined that he burst into tears. Yet he did the best that could be done with the plan to which his genius was fettered, and the result is the glory of London.

In the mechanical department, the most interesting object is the first steam engine erected by Watt, in 1785, at Soho, near Birmingham—a strange looking affair beside the engines of the present day. It is called the sun and planet engine. On the fly-wheel shaft is a wheel with sockets for cogs to work in, and from the rocking beam descends a shaft, having a wheel attached, called the planet, to work in the first, which is called the *sun*, around which it revolves and gives motion to the fly-wheel.

Among the mechanical processes, that of beating gold-leaf deserves a passing notice, as it is generally but little understood. Gold is beaten by hand, between layers of the peritoneal membrane of the ox, two thicknesses of which are laid together to form a leaf, and many alternate layers of gold and membrane are beaten at once. The

membrane is very costly; a book of it sometimes brings forty-eight dollars. It is almost entirely unaffected by violent and long continued hammering, which fits it for this purpose beyond any other article known.

In the picture gallery, I lingered long before a few choice paintings. Among them, Dr. Johnson awaiting an audience of Lord Chesterfield, by Ward, holds a prominent place. The rustic looking Doctor, great by his own intrinsic merit, yet rough and unpolished in appearance, nobly contrasts with the proud aristocrat, great by the tinsel of wealth and the accident of birth; the one by the natural powers of his giant mind, rising up from obscurity, and arresting the attention of a wondering world, has taken a permanent possession of that high station to which merit alone entitles him; the other placed prominently before society, yet possessing nothing to retain the gaze which vanity or flattery fixes on him, is soon forgotten, and the tide of adulation is turned toward his next successor in title, too often equally unworthy of esteem. Literature knows no hereditary descent of titles. It fixes the crown of honor on those whom ability, and not gold, has distinguished from the common herd of men.

The South Sea Bubble, also by Ward, is a very superior work. The excited capitalists of the day are listening with intense emotion to the reports of the golden harvests reaped from the rich fields of speculation in the glittering islands of the Southern Ocean, as they are read by one of the secretaries in a room of the South Sea House.

The play-scene in Hamlet is a masterpiece. The terror and remorse of the King and Queen; as the horrid tragedy of their guilt is enacted on the secondary stage; the savage scowl of Hamlet as he lies in counterfeit madness at the feet of his lady-love, looking in wild excitement at their conscience-stricken countenances; the pensive grief of Ophelia at the supposed mental derangement of her lover; the general semblance of life and reality diffused over the canvas, and the beauty and elegance of the coloring, make it one of the highest works of art. Ophelia twining her garlands, is a fit companion to this beautiful work. The pensive countenance of the lovely girl, as she

sits on a mossy bank, weaving a wreath of flowers and lost in the abstractions of her rambling intellect, is finely portrayed, and does credit to the artist.

In the East India Museum is exhibited an extensive collection of Indian curiosities, natural and artificial—beasts, birds, fish, insects, and reptiles; most elaborate carving in wood and marble; precious stones of enormous value; gold and silver wrought into kingly ornaments, and examples of Oriental luxury in textile fabrics; carpets and shawls of unequaled workmanship, muslins, silks, and linens, embroidered with gold and silver lace, and wrought with the brilliant wings of beetles, set in exquisitely rich and beautiful patterns, with a care and nicety of labor that mock the utmost skill bestowed upon the wardrobes of the rich in western climes. The dress entire of India's Queen is here exhibited, and all I had ever imagined of gorgeous splendor in drapery, fades away and vanishes into tame and simple neatness, compared with the flashing radiance of these brilliant robes.

An apartment is also fitted up in imitation of a royal palace, with a wax king reclining on an ottoman, surrounded by the emblems of royalty, plumes of peacock feathers, robes of state, divans of luxurious make, silken screens, and damask curtains of purple, green, and blue, richly embroidered, and glowing with the most profuse and dazzling splendor, offering a scene which the royalty of England cannot rival.

The state chair, or throne, much more graceful than the English, is apparently of solid gold set with diamonds, and elegantly cushioned. It is in imitation of a large sea-shell supported by dolphins, with spray breaking against its base, and naiads sporting around its brim.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND—PANTOMIMES—OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL DOG—SCENERY OF THE STAGE—WILL-O'-THE-WISP'S HOME BENEATH THE WATERFALL—GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE—CHEMICAL LIGHTS.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely actors."—*As You Like It.*

"All that the imagination could conceive of beauty was comprised in that one gorgeous, glorious vision."—*Pittenger.*

IN England, the Christmas holidays are observed with a zeal unknown in our western climes. Each class of people have their favorite method of spending the time. The sober and thoughtful, with becoming respect and commendable consistency, devote the day to religious worship. A much larger class look upon it as a time for parties and frolics, and enter the giddy whirl of pleasure with a zeal proportioned to the splendor of the preparations; while a large portion, comprising, as in all countries, the dregs of the population, have so obtuse a perception of the sanctity of the day, that their highest idea of the proper method of honoring it, is to transform themselves into beasts, by drunkenness and rioting in scenes of bacchanalian revelry.

But in one respect there is a considerable unanimity of sentiment and practice: all parties must see the Christmas pantomimes, which the theatres generally represent upon their stages with a rivalry that makes these mimic shows a glorious sight to all. That stage which can exhibit the most gorgeous scenery, is sure of the most liberal patronage; and the result is, all are so transcendently beautiful that none are satisfied till they have seen the whole. Hence the Christmas pantomimes in London are among the great features of the stage, and are frequently exhibited without variation, every night for four, five, or even six months.

The subjects are often of the most trivial kind; they depend upon splendid scenery and brilliant acting,

with a liberal sprinkling of the comic, for the main attractions of the play. One wintry evening, the two Yankees (in England all are Yankees who come from the Northern States,) found themselves wending their way toward Drury Lane Theatre, allured by the glowing accounts the papers gave of the evening's entertainment there. The managers of this far-famed theatre had selected as the subject of their pantomime this winter, the nursery stories of Old Mother Hubbard and her Wonderful Dog, Dame Trot and her Goose, and the House that Jack built. Such a medley of childish themes gave rather an apocryphal promise of anything very intellectual. This, however, was not the intention, the design being to mingle the grotesque and the beautiful. Indeed the silly stories of which the production was made up, did little more than give it a name, and serve as a nucleus around which the artist had gathered the bright creations and grotesque fancies of his genius.

The scenery was sometimes comic, with an ugly clown and repulsive buffoons playing their monkey antics; then it would be very fine, representing a drawing-room in a princely palace, or a landscape view of hill and lawn, with blooming flowers and murmuring streams, and a fairy tripping here and there to brush away the morning dew; and anon it becomes so transcendently beautiful that it beggars all description. The memory fails to recall the glittering reality, and seems to be reviewing the fantastic creations of some bright and glorious vision.

Among these was one representing Will-o'-the-wisp's home beneath the waterfall, in which a large river was seen pouring down over a precipice in the foreground, below which a succession of rapids ran partly across the stage. The water was a deep green, streaked with various tints as it flowed over the rocky wall, and sparkled in the moonlight with a mild and radiant beauty. A long vista, running far back through a rough and craggy vale to an almost illimitable distance, down which a lovely gravel walk followed the windings of a merry stream, that seemed to issue from a bower of roses and hawthorn at the upper end of the valley, completed the natural features of this delightful scene.

Soon a troop of fairies, in light yellow robes, was seen tripping around the rosy bower, came dancing down the gravel path, and crossing the stage, disappeared behind the waterfall. Presently a fairy in glittering robes, and waving a sceptre in her hand, appeared standing on the rocks at the brink of the fall, and gently floating out from the solid rock into vacant air, quietly and slowly settled down and sunk beneath the waves.

But the grand Transformation scene, in which the fairies were surrounded with all the glories of their enchanted halls, with gold, and gems, and coral wreaths, and robes of dazzling lustre, surpassed everything beautiful I had ever dreamed of in the realms of fancy. The scene opened with a transparent tapestry of purple and gold, mounted by spiral wreaths of coral, and six fairies dressed in dainty blue standing in the foreground. Flowers were blooming, and long grass waving around, sparkling with the dews of evening. Soon the background dissolved away, and disclosed six more fairies in pale yellow dresses. Between each two stood what seemed a slightly bound sheaf of bulrushes, with silver stems and golden heads, and thickly set with gems of every hue. These began to drop over from the band, falling outward in every direction, forming a brilliant canopy nodding and waving in the breeze, flashing back a thousand sparkles from the multitude of lights, and disclosing in the centre of each another fairy dressed in delicate pink, while the same mysterious fading away of the background again revealed six more in robes of purple and violet. The background now presented a gorgeous varied screen, in which were two obscure openings. In these were dimly seen the forms of two genii, who seemed to be gliding toward us, and soon appeared standing in the archways, dressed in deepest blue; while yet another shifting of the screen revealed the Queen of the Fairies on her throne of gold and coral, under a gorgeous canopy of peacock plumes, more richly attired than all the rest, in robes that might have caught their tincture from some vagrant rainbow. Each fairy held a magic wand which she gently waved, a gilded rod tipped with gems.

The chemical lights were now lit up, and threw over this glorious scene such a flood of dazzling splendor, that the eye could scarce endure the glow, till it appeared as though the whole of this brilliant vision was dissolved in the glory of that many-tinctured light. In the midst of all this splendor, when the side lights were throwing their intensest glare over this scene of enchanted beauty, the curtains suddenly dropped from the background, and a monstrous mirror flashed back the bright reflection of this glorious hall, with such a vivid lustre that the vision seemed the work of more than mortal hands, and we felt that we were treading in a land of fleeting dreams.


In another instant the screen was shifted, and a comic scene was before us, where an ugly clown was playing his silly tricks, on a plain and homely stage. Our eyes were not yet freed from the charm of fairy-land, and the mingling of the ugly present with the spell-bound images of the previous moment, produced a ludicrous effect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY — THE NESTLING PLACE OF SCIENCE — THE PARK — THE BUILDING — DEAL BALL — DIFFICULTY OF ACCESS — LONGINGS FOR ADMISSION — APPLY TO THE PORTER — REFUSED — APPLY TO PROF. AIRY — ADMITTED — TRANSIT INSTRUMENT — MAGNETIC RECORD OF OBSERVATIONS — OLD INSTRUMENTS — GREAT EQUATORIAL — COMPARISON WITH DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

“Where yonder towers in mystic beauty rise,
There Science rears her stature to the skies.”

“Who could have thought *such* darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?”—*Blanco White.*

 FEW miles below London, on a hill which borders the Thames, is Greenwich Observatory, the great centre of interest in the scientific world. Perhaps around no spot of all the classic scenes of England has my fancy hovered with a more intense ardor of curiosity, with a more affectionate interest, or a prouder consciousness of the mighty triumphs of mind, than around this great observatory, the scene of the labors of Herschel, of Adams, and of Airy. Here HUMBOLDT, *Levorrier*, Olbers, and other messengers from the Continental schools of science, have resorted to drink their fill of investigation from the inexhaustible fountains of her libraries and observatories. Here our Mitchell, our Olmstead, our Silliman, and other men of whom America is proud, have flocked as to a feast of intellect and the council of the wise, to uphold the dignity and maintain the honor of our youthful nation, just starting to the fore-front of the ranks of science, with a brilliancy, a lustre, a power, that have already well nigh rivalled the achievements of her time-honored competitors of the old world. To this place the attention of the scientific world is constantly directed, as to the grand, controlling, central luminary, around which all the lesser lights revolve, and to which all the truths that science gathers from the starry heavens, fly as to their native home, to mingle with the universal mass, and lend their aid in revealing the harmonious perfections of this

strange mysterious universe, and interpreting the laws that govern all its parts, as sentinels that God has set to guard His works from danger. †

The park in which the Observatory stands is a beautiful pleasure ground. Its trees are fine examples of the grand old oaks of England, disposed in avenues through which run shady foot-paths and carriage-ways, winding down the hill-side, while the steep bank in front of the building is one unbroken greensward, save a few gravel paths that gradually descend to the plain and enter the populous grove.

The building is of brick, and the general height is not above one story. The centre of the front rises some distance above the wings, and two small towers flank this eminence, from which a scroll descends to the wing walls filling the angle with a beautiful curve. The tower in which the great telescope is placed, stands a short distance from the main building, and is connected with it by a series of low rooms. It is about thirty feet high, and eighteen in diameter. On the top is a revolving dome, to turn the instrument to any part of the heavens.

In the wall of the yard on the east, is a large magnetic clock, which marks the time with the utmost precision. It is moved by a galvanic battery, which is the centre of a series of wonderful performances. A wire from this battery runs a clock in an ornamental Gothic tower in the middle of the street at the Surrey end of London Bridge, and is also the motive power of a number of time-pieces in different parts of the kingdom, all of which tell the same time to the smallest fraction of a second. On the top of the eastern tower, on the main front of the Observatory building, stands a perpendicular shaft about ten feet high, on which plays a deal ball about three feet in diameter. This ball is set in motion by the same galvanic current. At five minutes before one o'clock it slowly rises about half way up the shaft, where it rests for about two minutes, and is then gradually thrown to the top, where it hangs quivering for a time and at the precise instant of one o'clock, drops to its former resting place, vibrates slightly up and down for a second or two,

and then settles to the bottom, where it lays quietly till twenty-four hours have rolled away. The same current is sent through wires to operate in precisely the same manner upon similar balls in different parts of London. It is the centre of a grand system of time-signals, in all portions of the kingdom ; the very highest refinements of science ; marking time with unerring precision to thirty millions of people. In Edinburgh Castle, a large cannon is fired by the electric spark, formed by the closing of the current as the ball descends. By an additional variation the church bells might be rung through the same agency, not merely almost together, but at the same precise instant the blow would be struck, and one universal roar of bells resound from Land's End to John O'Groat's.

The gates of the Observatory are relentlessly closed against all who come not armed with the magic of a name, or who cannot make interest with the dignitaries of the land, and get an order from the Lords of the Admiralty. The following sentence is copied from a late article in the *Leisure Hour*, giving a history and description of the royal Observatory, by one who was admitted for that purpose : "No person, unless of some scientific reputation, or by an introduction of some well-known astronomer, can ever hope to be admitted within the entrance gate." So difficult is it to gain access to this nestling place of Science.

How I longed for admission within its plain enclosures, to glance through the halls where the sublime truths of Astronomy first reveal themselves to the human mind ; where man is taken into closest intimacy with the mysteries of the Universe, and admitted to the presence-chamber of Urania, who deigns to unveil the outskirts of the wonders of the firmament, and give him a glimpse of beauties and perfections, whose full development exceeds his crude conceptions. But the searching light of science is slowly penetrating the mantle of clouds with which she has veiled her Temple, ever and anon darting its piercing rays still deeper and deeper into her secluded privacies ; now revealing a precious gem, and now giving us a glimmering view of the order of her inner apart-

ments, while the chaos of movements which she reveals to our view is gradually falling into harmony and order, beneath the searching powers of our sublime analysis.

But idle longings accomplish nothing; so, though certain of a refusal, I called at the gate and requested admittance. The porter who answered my call, a good humored fellow, seeing I was already admitted to the *outside*, labored faithfully to impress upon my mind the lesson that *one side* of such a haunt of science was enough for *one day*, and that I should be satisfied with the privilege accorded me, and not seek to go beyond my bounds. I failed to see the truth of this proposition, and my instructor, disgusted with my dullness of apprehension, left me unceremoniously. I determined, however, to make an effort in a higher sphere, and get above the menial's head. I accordingly wrote to George B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, who has charge of the Observatory, requesting permission to visit the building, not daring even to hope for a favorable reply. In due time the answer came. I trembled whilst opening it, expecting to find all hopes of ever gaining admittance forever dispelled by one final denial. What was my joy, therefore, to find a full and free permission to visit this great object of my curiosity, "any morning between the hours of ten and one!"

Thus armed with the proper authority, I paid another visit to the Observatory, knocked again at the gate, and was answered by the porter, who demanded my card of admission. He took it, looked at it with suspicion, stole a glance at my homespun dress, shook his head dubiously, and finally went in to have my card examined by the officers. Soon he returned with the welcome information that all was right, and an attendant was sent to conduct me round.

We first visited the transit instrument. It is supported by a heavy steel axis, resting on two stone walls, and sweeping entirely from pole to pole, so as to catch any star as it passes the meridian. The precision with which this instrument is fixed in its place, exceeds our finest conceptions. It moves exactly in the meridian, never varying

from it by a quantity, which, even if multiplied by a hundred, would be perceptible to the eye of the finest common observer. Its object is to show the exact time when a star passes the meridian, to which the centre of the instrument always points. For the greater precision of observation, a fine spider's thread is stretched perpendicularly across the centre of the glass, and two others at equal distances on each side. The observer records the time of the star passing each thread, by an ingenious method. A magnetic arrangement by which the observations are registered with the utmost exactness, is connected with the instrument. A cylinder, perhaps ten inches in diameter, is wrapped with paper, finely lined into sixty longitudinal spaces, and revolves by clock-work in exactly one minute, carrying one space or division under the point of an iron style, or galvanic pen, every second. This style is worked by a battery, and the circuit is closed at the instant of the star passing each thread by means of a tap placed on the instrument itself. A point is thus marked on the cylinder at each passage, thus recording the time to a very small fraction of a second. An average of the five observations removes any slight error that may have occurred, and they are thus made to cancel and neutralize each other. At each revolution the cylinder is thrown a little to one end, so that the successive observations do not become confused. The results are afterward copied and recorded in permanent manuscripts.

On the walls of this apartment are suspended the old instruments of former times, that were successively superseded as new and improved instruments were adopted. Some of these relics are of great interest. Among them is Bradley's Sector, with which he discovered the aberration of light; certainly a curiosity to the astronomical world. Bradley's and Graham's quadrant, and Sheepshanks's equatorial, eight feet long and seven inches diameter, are also here preserved. We next visited the great astronomical clock, which keeps the most precise mean solar time. I was now conducted to the chronometer room, where several hundreds of these instruments are

being tested, and their rates accurately noted, even to tenths of a second. They are subjected to high temperature by means of steam, and to cold at an exposed north window.

From the chronometer room we went to the great equatorial. This telescope is twelve and three-quarter inches aperture, about sixteen feet long, and fitted with eye-pieces of various powers. I was surprised to see the plain and homely style in which this celebrated instrument is fitted up. The tube is a square box of heavy plank, dressed down to an octagon at each end, where an iron band encircles it, and the brass cells which hold the exquisitely fine lenses are fastened to this tube with the nicest precision, so as to retain the lenses in their exact position. It is supported by a large frame work of eight heavy iron bars, parallel to each other, and to the earth's axis. The equatorial motion by which it is made to follow a star, with the utmost precision is communicated by water-power, applied on the principle of Barker's centrifugal mill, and so perfectly steady is the motion, that even with the highest magnifying power not the slightest tremor can be perceived. This wonderful instrument, which is perhaps not exceeded by any in the world for perfection of workmanship and mathematical accuracy of observation, has received all the improvements which the greatest opticians have been able to apply, and in connection with similar instruments in other countries, has been the means of revealing to us the wonderful harmony and beautiful order that reign in the starry world above us.

After this hurried visit I was again conducted to the entrance gate, my guide bade me a kind farewell, and returned to the discharge of his other duties, and I passed once more to the closely guarded portal, which was closed and barred behind me. I was especially fortunate in my application, and know not, and never shall know, on what ground I was admitted; but shall long cherish a grateful recollection of the generous kindness of the Astronomer Royal in admitting me to this building, which of all others I have had the greatest desire to visit, even from

the time when an intense love of astronomy first took possession of my youthful mind. Thanks, thanks, to George B. Airy. St. Peter's stands next in the catalogue, St. Paul's the third. Two of them I have seen; the third I may perhaps never see, except in dreams.

It was no small gratification, when on returning to America, I visited the Dudley Observatory at Albany, to see the superior neatness of that great institution compared with the Observatory at Greenwich. Here all the rooms are clean and tidy, and kept with as much care and attention as a parlor in the palace of a king, while the great equatorial is as bright and polished in rosewood and brass, as instruments on exhibition in our optical stores.

CHAPTER XIX.

GROWTH OF A GREAT BUILDING—GREAT MAY-DAY IN LONDON—INTERNAL VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING OF 1862—DIFFICULTY OF SELECTION—THE KO-HI-NOOR—ITS HISTORY—THE SWISS NIGHTINGALE—MICROSCOPIC WRITING MACHINE—MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS—AMERICAN DEPARTMENT.

"Out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation."—*Milton*.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—*Keats*.

DURING the past winter many thousands of men have been employed on a hitherto vacant space adjoining the Kensington Gardens, just south of the far-famed Hyde Park, in erecting a monster building for the accommodation of the Great International Exhibition of 1862. Where a few months ago was a vacant green, there suddenly appeared mountains of brick and stone, pyramids of iron, and giant piles of lumber, which rapidly, and as by magic, fell into regular order and assumed the form and proportions of a mighty building, covering twenty-six acres of ground, and when the walls had arisen to their full height, a thick network of timbers rose from either end, shooting upward higher

and higher, and gradually narrowing to the summit, till they towered to a height of two hundred and sixty feet, when they presented a regularly rounded outline, and finally revealed themselves as the mammoth scaffolding over which two crystal domes were to be blown.

Then numerous heavy iron pillars, curved to the form of the scaffolds, shot up on every side, and met each other in a crown at the summit, a series of iron arches spanning the mighty framework. In the intervals between these, smaller rods and stays were laid, like the intersections of a spider's web, and soon a crystal film, glittering in the sunlight, began to envelope the domes at the base, and floated upward, day by day, till the whole structure was encased in glass, when the timbers inside rapidly disappeared, and the mighty domes crowned the giant building like two enormous bubbles, wire-bound with innumerable filaments of black, through whose crystal transparency we could see the clouds and landscape beyond. There is something surpassingly grand in contemplating this wonderful creation of genius and energy, which rose obedient to their mandate, like an exhalation of ethereal vapor condensing around an enchanted nucleus, recalling to mind a passage of unparalleled sublimity in the first book of *Paradise Lost*.

The exhibition was opened on the first of May, by a grand procession, and with much ceremony, in which several members of the royal family and most of the chief dignitaries of the land prominently figured; and such a May-day, the great metropolis of England has not witnessed for many a long year. The May Queen of the occasion was the Genius of Human Progress, crowned with a diadem wrought by the united taste and genius of the world; in a Temple which sprang into being at the pass of the magic wand of Intellect; her votaries were the crowned and titled of the earth, her chariot the triumphal car of Fame, her regalia the most luxurious robes from India, and brilliants from Golconda's starry mines, her treasures the richest gems of human art and science, the tributes of the world's great master minds, the contributions of the human race from every country and from every clime.

On entering the mighty building, the view of the Dome and nave is very fine, the former floating upward like a bubble in the ethereal blue, and the latter a long perspective of arches of a light cream color, delicately tinged with pink and faintly streaked with blue, each inscribed with the name of a nation, and each bearing a flag at its base, beneath which is arranged a countless variety of every production of art, finished in the highest perfection and with the most elaborate skill.

Amid such a multiplicity of objects it is useless to enumerate; a catalogue is of little value; a glance at all would require a volume; the more important divisions exceed both our leisure and our powers, and the immense results of the grand exhibition on the progress of art and the development of science, will be comprehended only after years shall have rolled away. Hence, as the humming-bird visits the delicate flower and sucks its tiny drop of nectar, as it hovers around the fragrant rose, and flutters amid the gay parterres that border our garden walks, while it utterly disregards the towering forest and the plain but more useful herbage of the field, so we will steal a glance at a few of the minute beauties of this vast collection: here a sparkling gem will arrest our gaze, and there a mechanical invention, so minute, so perfect, so wonderful, that it would seem to transcend the powers of man; now we will stand entranced amid the richest designs in gold and silver plate that adorn the halls of royalty, wrought into the most luxuriant forms, and enameled with cunning workmanship, while around us will float the gorgeous robes and sparkle the precious gems that constitute the barbaric splendor of Oriental courts; and now we will lose ourselves in contemplation as we ramble through a labyrinth of passages, where the highest refinements of science are thickly clustered together beside the choicest gems of nature's more delicate productions, and the microscopic wonders of the world of life below us.

After admiring the general effect of the building for a few minutes, the first thing I inquired for was the Ko-hinoor. It is set in a frame of gold, very light and delicate,

with numerous little filaments like the tendrils of the vine, set thick with diamond points attached to the frame, and projecting out in curved lines all around it. Every motion sets these filaments to vibrating, and the minute gems flash and glitter as they dance around the mighty jewel. The Ko-hi-noor itself is apparently a mass of light, solidified and crystallized, of a slightly oval form, an inch and five-eighths in breadth, and an inch and three-quarters in length. The front is ground into numerous facets, perhaps thirty-two, and the back is a low cone of many angles. The gem is clear as air, almost invisible, and flashes with a brilliant lustre. Its value might seem fabulous, estimated at millions upon millions of dollars. Such is the Ko-hi-noor, or Mountain of Light, the richest gem in the regalia of Queen Victoria, and one of the most precious diamonds in the world.

The history of this diamond is the history of terror and suffering. It was long in the possession of the Indian princes, among whom it was the cause of many devastating wars, to retain or recover possession of this precious gem. It can be traced back to the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it was in the treasury at Delhi. It has long been associated with the history of British rule in India, and on the annexation of the Punjab it was taken possession of by the Governor of India and presented to the Queen. When brought to England, it weighed one hundred and eighty-six carats, and its shape was rather heavy and clumsy. It has since been ground to a most elegant form, by which its weight is reduced to one hundred and two and a half carats.*

It has a rival on exhibition here, the Star of the South, set in the centre of a magnificent circle of brilliants. Its color is, however, inferior to that of the Ko-hi-noor. It weighs one hundred and twenty-five carats, and is sent from Amsterdam.

The Swiss Nightingale is a marvel of mechanical skill. It is in a silver casket, about eight inches by ten, and seven inches thick. In this casket is a time piece with

* The carat is about four grains troy.

several dials, telling, besides the hour of the day, the day of the month, the day of the year, the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and various other astronomical phenomena. The chief bulk of the casket is a case for jewelry. The top is most elaborately carved into a representation of a wild rocky landscape, overgrown with shrubbery and vines. In the centre of the back part rises a rough rock, on which is seated a shepherd holding a pipe in his hands. At his right is a pile of rocks, under which a cat is seen, lurking in a dark, rugged cavern. Before him an open lawn is covered with vegetation, and a goat is feeding at his feet. At his left hand a rocky knoll is overgrown with vines and bushes, completely concealing a lid, which opens into a cavern below.

On winding up the instrument and touching a spring this lid flies open, a little branch of a tree rises from the cave, and a brilliant little humming-bird, dressed in all the gorgeous hues of nature, hops up in the tree and commences warbling a most beautiful song, loud, lively and sweet. At every note its bill opens, and it makes some graceful motion, flapping its wings, not with a slow and flabby action, but a quick and rapid flutter, turning its head, and spreading its tail, sometimes dodging down its head, and ruffling up the feathers on its neck, and again seeming to be just on the point of taking flight, while every motion is so exact an imitation of life, that the deception would be perfect were we not aware of the reality. The plumage is that of a humming-bird, but the song is the song of the nightingale.

Then its song suddenly ceases, and the shepherd, who had been looking at it with an apparently intense interest, turns his head, raises his pipe to his mouth, and plays a lively air in response ; his fingers moving with every note, and his whole frame seeming alive. He then drops his hands in his lap again, and turns his face to the sweet little bird, which again commences its merry song. They thus play in response several successive times, and while the bird is warbling forth its final melody, the cat is observed to come sneaking out of its den, crouching low and wagging its tail, with its glaring eye on the pretty

little bird. When it gets just in front of the shepherd, it makes a sudden spring, the bird drops into the hole, the lid closes with a sudden jerk, the cat is again skulking in its lair, and all is quiet. By again touching the spring the same beautiful performance is repeated three times with one winding. The gem is valued at £640.

A microscopic writing machine is also exhibited, the invention of a Frenchman. It is only an exceedingly nice adjustment of the compound lever, so arranged as to diminish the letters, which it is capable of reproducing so inconceivably small, that the whole of the Bible and Testament would be contained *seven times* in one square inch, and yet so perfect is the instrument, that even on this exceedingly minute scale the transcript is an exact fac-simile of the hand writing of the person using the pen. A sample of writing of this size, the Lord's Prayer in a circle the three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, is exhibited under a powerful microscope, with the original, written with the style, lying beside it. The *fac-simile* is perfect, every irregular turn, every quiver of the hand, has a corresponding curve in the copy. A circle of this size contains about the one hundred and fifteen thousandth of a square inch in area. Hence, perhaps figures would prove that the entire Scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments would not occupy over the seventh of a square inch.

The writing is on finely polished glass with a diamond point, and the arrangement of the machine is simply this: a movable style, to be used as a pen, is suspended on a kind of universal joint, in a frame of convenient size for writing in, the top of this pen is attached to another, which also works on a similar joint, on the top of this the diamond is placed, that moves over the polished glass. These joints are movable, so as to increase or diminish the size of the writing at pleasure, and they are arranged with such mathematical precision, that the finest quiver of the lower style is transmitted to the upper. Now when a person writes with the lower pen, its upper end being above the fixed point, has a reverse motion, this is communicated to the second, the upper point of which again reverses it and it becomes direct.

One sample of writing is as follows, in a space about the ten thousandth of a square inch in area :

“ A point within an epigram
Is often sought in vain,
An epigram within a point
Is here distinctly plain.”

Two splendid candelabra stand under the eastern dome. They have heavy bases, with spires rising from the corners, prismatic stems, flaring arms supporting lamps and pendants; and are crowned with a highly elaborate pinnacle. They are fifteen feet in height, and consist entirely of glass. A series of photographs of the great eclipse of the sun July 18th, 1860, is shown in one of the galleries. The largest refracting telescope ever made is here exhibited. The lenses are twenty inches diameter and of thirty feet focus, perfectly achromatic, and of the very best quality. It was lately constructed by James Buckingham of Walworth Common, Surrey. The lens cost him £5,000. The bridal present to the Princess Royal of England, when she married her Mynheer Dutchman, is also exhibited, and a countless multitude of gems and jewels, and plate of incalculable value, gold-embroidered laces, and ingrain carpets, tapestries, where the life of an unfortunate woman is wrought in a few square inches of needle-work, silks from India and muslins of such exquisite texture, it is hardly an exaggeration to call them woven air, a fountain of spiral glass tubes, through which the water pursues its intricate course in a series of distinct drops, the duck-billed quadruped from Tasmania, and a wilderness of curiosities and treasures, “which even to name is now unlawful.”

In the south-east corner of the building is the American department, where is a small collection of contributions, the weak and feeble offering of my native land in her crippled and helpless condition, to this mighty feast of nations. Here we have again taken our stand on the practical and the useful, abandoning the gaudy outside show to our transatlantic neighbors. Ericsson's caloric engines, sewing machines in regiments, reapers, mowers, and fire engines, are prominent in this department. A

whole apothecary shop was transported bodily from Philadelphia, a system of domestic cookery, *tin cans* labeled oil of peppermint, a hundred boxes of starch, another hundred of maizene, a fine painting by Kellogg, numerous pianos, samples of petroleum, ores, rocks, signal lanterns, and leather, hardware, brushes, and stammering remedies, buggies, try-squares, and California pumps, with many other articles of corresponding characters; no jewelry, no fine textures, nothing for ornament alone. Brother Jonathan is here in his homespun, in true republican independence.

CHAPTER XX.

RAMBLES IN LONDON—LONDON BRIDGE—CITY PROPER OF LONDON—LONDON STONE—ST. PAUL'S—FLEET STREET—THE STRAND—ST. JAMES' PARK—HYDE PARK—OXFORD STREET—HOLBORN—POST OFFICE—CHEAPSIDE—ST. MARY-LE-BOW—LUDICROUS COMBINATION OF NAMES—GUILDHALL—GOG AND MAGOG—ROYAL EXCHANGE—BANK OF ENGLAND—THREADNEEDLE STREET—EASTCHEAP—THAMES TUNNEL.

"I pray you, let us now acquaint ourselves
With the memorials, and the things of Fame
That do renown this city."—*Shakspeare.*

LET us now take a ramble through this exceeding great city, and glance at a few of its isolated wonders, and visit its chief localities. We will suppose ourselves just landed at London Bridge Station, in the very heart of the town, and from this central point will walk through some of its principal streets, and survey the scenes that may meet our view.

London Bridge Station is on the Surrey side of the Thames, near the river bank, and is the terminus of an extensive system of railways that checker the southern portion of the island, and converge here as to one grand centre. Immediately on stepping out of the magnificent station building, we find ourselves in the rush and hurry of London life; thousands of people throng around, the

press is fearful, the ceaseless din of commerce, and the crash and clatter of innumerable wheels over the stony pavements, at once initiate us into the eternal roar of London. We fall in with the principal current of passengers, and following the drift of this stream of human life, a short distance brings us to the entrance of London Bridge, the greatest thoroughfare, perhaps, on the face of the earth; here the stream becomes a foaming torrent, raging and roaring through this narrow defile.

Before entering on the bridge, we will elbow our way into a little nook, and survey the scene before us. We are standing on the banks of the classic Thames, whose turbid waters, agitated by the tide, flow alternately with a rapid current either to or from the ocean, as the tide is ebbing or flowing. To our right is anchored the shipping of a world. Down the stream for miles, an uninterrupted forest of masts stretches away to Greenwich, the lofty battlements of the Tower of London rise from the opposite bank, and the long plain front of the Custom House borders the water's edge. To our left the river is spanned with several bridges, some of iron and some of stone, and dotted with hundreds of pleasure barges, while beyond the water, towers aloft in solemn grandeur the mighty dome of St. Paul's, amid a wilderness of steeples, and that gloomy mass of buildings that form the bulk of London. Close at hand, a few rods from the end of the bridge, a beautiful ornamental Gothic tower rises from the middle of the street, in which is a large clock that marks the time with unerring precision, while just beyond it stand the lofty towers of the church of St. Saviour, and a labyrinth of streets diverges to all parts of the boroughs on the Surrey side of Thames.

The noble bridge* spans the river with five broad elliptical arches, built entirely of granite. Four trains of carriages and wagons are constantly passing, a slow and a fast line each way, loaded teams keeping next the

*It is 928 feet long and 54 feet wide, the carriage way 36 feet, each foot path 9 feet. It rises 25 feet above high water mark.

footwalks and the lighter carriages moving more rapidly along the centre, while a constant throng of foot passengers crowds the sidewalks. It may convey some idea of the throng, to say that the simple operation of a footman crossing the carriage-way is a matter of serious difficulty, and must be performed with extreme caution and dexterity. Twelve thousand vehicles pass this bridge per day, and the average number of passengers is reckoned at over eighty-five thousand. The occasions are indeed very rare when a footman can cross from side to side, without imminent risk of life or limb. This is the lowest bridge on the Thames. But we must enter the surging tide of passengers that sweeps across the water, and press our way through the throng. The bridge is paved with stone, and a low uniform parapet of granite supplies the place of railing. At length we emerge from the crowd, and step on the pavements of the city of London.

The city proper is but a small portion of the town, occupying a space of about two miles square, beyond which limit the Lord Mayor of London has no jurisdiction. An intricate network of streets now branches off on every hand; we will take one leading pretty shortly to the left, directly to St. Paul's, though the chief tide of travel takes a rather more circuitous route to the same point. Our choice is Cannon street, from the fact of its leading directly by the London Stone, an ancient monument supposed to have been set up by Agricola in the centre of the London Forum. It was the legal central point from which all distances in the Island were measured, originally perhaps a rough stone, set up by authority, to serve as a general landmark. The wall of St. Swithin's church is now built directly over it, a large stone being so dressed as to cover it with a neat canopy, and an opening cut out in front, through which the venerable relic is seen, worn down by the action of the weather, and the friction of innumerable hands, to a mere rounded knob without form or elegance. There is nothing about it to attract notice, save that it has been identified for ages, and incidently chronicled in consecutive annals, so

that the world has never lost sight of its existence. Hence it is merely a certain fixed point, to which the attention of successive ages has been directed, an insignificant nucleus around which the notice of men has incessantly centered, and as such, is invested with an interest something more than visionary.

On approaching the end of Cannon street, the giant bulk of St. Paul's looms up before us, and that wondrous Dome, crowning the mighty temple, and encircled with a double zone of Corinthian columns swells upward in sublime grandeur, and presents a scene of architectural majesty rarely equaled in the world. We must of course pause for a few minutes to admire this noble building, for what educated mind, even amid the hurry of business, can pass those great centres of interest of which the world is proud, without stopping to pay a respectful tribute of admiration to the genius whose memory they immortalize. We will, therefore, slowly proceed along the opposite side of the street, keeping as far as possible from the church for the advantage of view, and following the curve of the footwalk, which gently circles around the church-yard, enter the street, not very wide but wonderfully populous, which opens immediately opposite the western end of the church.

This is Ludgate Hill. Passing down this street a few rods, we will turn and look behind us. What a scene of beauty bursts upon our view! The noble western front of St. Paul's, which has been characterized as the finest piece of external architecture in existence, stands full before us, nearly closing the opening of the street, with its noble colonnade sweeping round the western entrance, its pillars of the Corinthian and the Composite orders standing out in relief from the walls, its numerous ornamental niches adorned with statuary, its recessed windows, its classic cornice, its noble pediment with a large bass-relief sculpture, and its two exquisite campanile towers rising from either corner more than a hundred feet above the square, in a massive pile of most elaborate ornament, between which the gorgeous dome is seen swelling over the centre of the building, while the street around the

iron palisade enclosing the yard is thronged with thousands of human beings, like pigmies around a great colossus.

But we are now in one of the great arteries of London. Ludgate Hill opens into Fleet street, the focus of London printing houses. Who has not heard of Fleet street? There is magic in the very name. What person in the glow of youthful fancy has not dwelt in silent rapture on the ideal visions which would start up to life and action before the mental eye, when poring over a thrilling narrative of scenes which have transpired in Fleet street and the Strand. We are now amid the old familiar haunts of Dr. Johnson, of Goldsmith, and of Addison, but have no time at present for sentimental musing. Fleet street opens into the Strand, at a point where it is spanned by Temple Bar, an ancient archway, now dingy with the lapse of centuries, and long a noted locality in the history of London. It is an ornamental arch of stone, venerable for its antiquity, and carefully preserved as a memento of the long ago.

The Strand is a splendid street of fine buildings and brilliant shops, where the most gorgeous wares are exposed to sale, and an innumerable throng of people goes pouring along, out of every nation under heaven, Jews and proselytes, strangers of Rome and Athens, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia beyond the Jordan. Two churches stand in the middle of the street, which widens and circles round them, leaving a carriage way on either hand. At the western end of the Strand is Charing Cross, one of the most important centres of London. On our right is Trafalgar Square, adorned with two elegant fountains, with large basins of water. Here is a monument to Nelson, a solitary column rising to a great height, with a colossal figure of the Admiral on the summit. The square is encircled by palaces.

Thus far our course has been nearly westward, at a short distance from the banks of the Thames, of whose waters we have occasionally caught a glimpse, as we crossed a street leading down to some famous bridge. The river here makes a sudden curve, and we will still

follow up the stream to another famous locality. Passing White Hall on our left, we see before us on the right two time-worn towers, lifting high their hoary heads from a grove of shady trees. We soon detect them to be the towers of Westminster Abbey. The cloisters of this venerable building are a series of long arched walks, built by Edward the Confessor, and presenting, of course, a very ancient appearance. Many monuments adorn the walls, of those who lie buried beneath the flags that pave these gloomy halls. Some of the old Abbots whose memorials still remain, died more than six hundred years ago.

Returning to the street, we admire the Gothic grandeur and the lofty towers of the Houses of Parliament which stand full before us, and then retracing our steps a short distance, turn to the left through an archway leading under the Horseguards, and enter St. James' Park. Here a new feature of London life opens before us. The Parks of London are among the most prominent traits of the city. Many of them are hundreds of acres in extent, in some parts laid out in pleasure gardens adorned with fountains and enlivened with waterfalls, in others partaking of the wildness of nature, with birds flitting from tree to tree, forming charming retreats from the clang and clatter of the town, where one may rusticate in utter forgetfulness that he is in the heart of the world's great capital. St. James' Park, Green Park and Hyde Park lay in one continuous chain, stretching from the Abbey to the west, a distance of two and three-quarter miles, lacking about one hundred yards, and varying in width from a few rods to about three-quarters of a mile. Regent's Park, about half a mile to the north, contains four hundred and three acres. These, together with the Parks of Primrose Hill, Victoria, Belsize, Kensington, Kilburn, Holland and Battersea, and the wonderful gardens at Kew, and many beautiful squares throughout the city, may give some idea of the amount of commons in London.

Passing through St. James' Park, along the Birdcage walk, a gravel road bordering an artificial lake, we enter Green Park close to Buckingham Palace, one of the city

residences of the Queen, an ugly brick building, more like a large factory than the abode of Royalty. Green Park is small. Traversing it diagonally we emerge from the green on Piccadilly, one of the great thoroughfares of the town. Just in front of us is a most beautiful ornamental arch of the Ionic order, pronounced the most purely classic in its taste which London possesses. It is built of marble. This is Hyde Park corner. Passing under this elegant arch, we enter the world-famed pleasure ground. Hyde Park is adorned with many stately trees, decorated with elegant statuary, and enlivened with water, while birds in great variety and numbers, dwell amid the shades of a forest that might be mistaken for the wild woods of a rural land. Here was erected the Crystal Palace for the International Exhibition of 1851, of such enormous dimensions, that it enclosed two large trees, which stood untrimmed within its crystal walls. The trees are still standing, but have since died. About half a mile southwest of the site of the old crystal palace, and close to South Kensington Museum, is the new structure for the exhibition of 1862.

Leaving Hyde Park by the Marble Arch at the north eastern corner (we entered at the southeast), we come upon Oxford street, and turn our steps eastward again. This is one of the leading thoroughfares, and one of the great business streets of London. At its eastern end we will turn to the north a short distance, to take a view of the British Museum building, on Great Russell street, and examine the wonderful palisade of cast-iron railings with which it is enclosed. This is a masterpiece of the founder's skill. The patterns are very complicated and elegant, and have that elaborate beauty which is rarely equaled. Returning to Oxford street, we enter High Holborn, and soon find a narrow path leading off to the right to Lincoln's Inn Fields, a fine open square, which is the exact size of the base of the great Pyramid of Chcops. Looking over this extensive field, we may begin to understand how great, how mighty are these hoary remnants of Egyptian antiquity.

From Holburn, a succession of streets leads to the

cast, past Newgate, upon whose gloomy walls we cast a suspicious glance, without venturing to court too familiar an acquaintance with its dismal cells and iron-grated windows, and finally we come out on St. Martins-le-Grand, close to the General Post Office, a plain structure of the Ionic order. In 1860, the enormous number of 127,174,000 letters alone, besides newspapers and other packages, were delivered by the London letter carriers. Turn this over a few times in the mind, and you will come to the conclusion that this building is the centre of a considerable business.

But now we are again in sight of St. Paul's, on our right, and as we cast another glance at its towering majesty, we enter another of the noted streets, whose name is co-extensive with that of the city itself. This is Cheapside. The beautiful church of St. Mary-le-Bow, with its elegant spire, stands on the south side of the street. Who has not heard of Bowbells? The genuine cockney is one who is born within hearing of their chime. There are fanciful, fantastic, and even classic stories, clustering around this celebrated church, which we cannot stop to relate.

In a great city like this, one occasionally meets with a ludicrous combination of names. Passing down Cheapside, we notice Bread street opening into this great thoroughfare on our left; almost immediately opposite is Milk street, leading to the right. At the corner of Milk street and Cheapside, Peter B. Cow displays himself in large, conspicuous letters, as a dealer in India Rubber wares; on the opposite side of the way Edmund Farthing gives notice of his existence; four doors off a Butler by the name of Sharp keeps his shop; close by a man named Cook calls attention to his goods in a flaming poster, while a few doors up Milk street is the Bull's Head tavern. Now this is certainly a singular combination. One would think a *Sharp* Butler ought to make money in a place like this, where a *Cook* is close at hand, and where *Bread* and *Milk* are so *Cheap*, by the *side* of the *Cow*, that a *Farthing* can command the whole, and no wonder a noble *Calf* should flourish in such a neighborhood.

But we must turn aside to glance at Guildhall at the upper end of King street, which turns off at right angles to Cheapside. Its southern front is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, but closely hemmed in by other buildings. Flying buttresses flank this wall, between which gothic windows give the noble old structure an air of venerable antiquity. The doorway is a lofty arch. The grand hall has a self-supporting frame roof of most elaborate workmanship, similar, but inferior to the roof of Westminster Hall. At the western end, stand two grim-looking bronze statues of colossal size and savage aspect, called Gog and Magog. They have crowns upon their heads, are armed with sword, shield and spear, with countenances of contemptuous scorn, mingled with the utmost rage. They bear their weapons like ancient warriors, and might well represent the deities of heathen mythology, when they fought with the giants.

Cheapside soon becomes Poultry, in accordance with the ridiculous custom in this country of dividing a street into many parts, and giving each a distinct name, without even a curve to mark the point of transition; and Poultry leads down directly to the Royal Exchange, a noble Grecian structure, surrounded by a superb colonnade of Corinthian columns, and fronted with a portico of peculiar grace and majesty. It stands in an open space, formed by the confluence of Princes, King William, Threadneedle, Leadenhall, and Lombard streets; Poultry, Cornhill and Bartholomew Lane. What a fearful throng of human beings! crowds around this noble building! a ceaseless crush of coaches and omnibusses seems to render it perilous for the passenger to venture in the eddy, and a strong body of police are ever on the alert to prevent confusion in the tumultuous mass. An obstruction which would check the transit here for five minutes, would cause such a press of hurrying and anxious travelers, that life would be endangered in the crowd.

At our right is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor; on our left the Bank of England, a gloomy, sepulchral looking fabric, and strong enough for a military fort. In our cursory view we have

only time to glance through its spacious halls, which are not overloaded with superfluous ornament. We cannot visit the vaults in the basement, where the bullion is deposited, without a permit from one of the officials. In the yard is a curious bubbling fountain. The jet of water forms a cone with the apex fallen in, and when the air is calm, spreads out and falls in a continuous unbroken sheet to the water in the basin, forming a large bubble six or eight feet in diameter.

From this great centre, a network of narrow and crowded streets branches off to various localities. Threadneedle street, rendered famous by the Bank of England:—"The old lady in Threadneedle street holds the purse-strings of the world;"—is a narrow avenue, but little more than sufficient for two carriages to pass, and leads out to Grace-church street. This is the great banking region of London. Around the Royal Exchange plain heavy stone buildings arise on every hand, of noble architecture but sparing in ornament, within whose fortress-like walls the financial machinery is set in motion that governs the commerce of a world.

King William street leads from the Exchange direct to London bridge, our starting point; but we will turn to the left just before entering the bridge, and pass down Eastcheap leading towards the Tower. We are now amid the shipping, and make our way with difficulty through the crowded streets. The lofty battlements of the Tower soon rise to view, and we must make the circuit of its walls on Tower Hill;—how the blood boils with indignation on mentioning that fatal name, when we recall the fate of Sir William Wallace, and Lady Jane Gray, and many other ancient worthies, whose names are wreathed with immortality;—past the Mint, the scene of Sir Isaac Newton's labors, and down the river to the celebrated Tunnel. This wonderful work, of which so much has been said, is chiefly remarkable on account of the difficulties encountered in its construction, rather than the magnitude of the finished work. It is a double archway, only one of which, however, is open, and is reached by a flight of steps leading down a perpendicular shaft, the

carriage approach having never been completed. It is lighted with gas, and is a magnificent promenade far down beneath the raging tides.

We may now take a pleasure boat on the Thames to any point we may desire. We have made the circuit of a few of the noted streets of London, have visited a few of its famous localities, and glanced at some of the more prominent curiosities; but our visit has, of course, been exceedingly transient; our observations often extremely trivial, and our survey not only very imperfect, but not even approaching an outline of the multiform grandeur of London.

CHAPTER XXI.

EAST INDIA HOUSE — SOUTH SEA HOUSE — JEWISH SYNAGOGUE — LONDON FOGS — PETTICOAT LANE — DUCK LANE — TEMPLE — TEMPLE CHURCH — GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE — THE MEMORIES OF JOHNSON — CHATTERTON — POVERTY AND POETRY — MILTON STREET — MILTON'S FAME — HIS TOMB — DEPARTURE FROM LONDON — ADIEU.

"When I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners and interests."—*Addison*.

"Poetry is a thing of God."—*Bailey*.

AMONG the noted buildings of London, the East India House has long held a prominent place. It is now being torn away. It is a pity to remove such noble buildings without the stern plea of necessity; no city can afford to spare such fine ornaments. The portico is magnificent, and might well be classed among the fine works of London architecture. It is of large dimensions, with a graceful and lofty ceiling, and skirted with a range of noble columns. On the pediment is a cluster of figures sculptured in marble, giving a highly classic appearance to the elegant structure. The business of the company is transferred to Westminster, and the government of India to the Queen.

At the junction of Threadneedle and Grace-church streets, stands the South Sea House, memorable for its connection with the gigantic bubble of speculation, that created so wild an excitement in the commercial circles of last century, when the inexhaustible riches of the islands that gem the Southern Ocean were to be drawn to this land in overwhelming tides, and to give the fortunate holders of stock in that gigantic company, a store of wealth and influence that would raise them above the contingencies of life, and make them more than lords. A simple arch over the door, with the words South Sea House cut in the stone, is all that marks the place.

Not far from Crosby Hall, another noble relic of antiquity, the Jews have lately erected a synagogue, the finest in London. Let us step in and witness the religious services of that ancient people. Every thing is chanted, and seems lifeless and formal, though as the services are in Hebrew, we of course can understand nothing of them. All keep their hats on as a matter of duty, and the women are stowed away in the galleries, where they can see but not be seen. There is no bond of union between them and us, save that they worship the same Eternal Father. Their worship is a venerable relic of the times of old; so ancient indeed, that the fabled reigns of Jupiter and Saturn in the Mythology of Greece, were only contemporary with Saul and David; in whose day the Jewish rites were already sacred to the people, by the continued usage of many centuries.

Among other noted features of London we must not forget its proverbial fogs. They are no slight imitations of the phenomenon, on a small scale and stopping at a half-way point, but perfect specimens of their kind. Toward the close of a winter's night, a dense heavy mantle of vapor will often settle upon the city, and when the sun arises the light of day, struggling through the vapory veil, will scarcely be able to dispel the darkness; indeed, it is often necessary to keep the street lamps burning till noon, and sometimes all day. One morning as I was passing St. Paul's, the top of the cross that surmounts the dome was lost in a thick heavy dense cloud, that to-

tally hid the summit from view, while the dome itself was unobscured, and not a wisp of vapor hovered around the body of the church. Like the Temple of Science in Aiken's vision, its summit was lost in the clouds. The fog gradually lowered, the vapory mantle settled around the dome, and soon fell dark and heavy upon the ground.

But we must pay a visit to one of the noted localities of London low-life. Petticoat Lane is a narrow, dirty, crooked passage, lined with buildings so dingy and mean, they look as if old Father Time had scorned to notice them any further in the hurry of his flight. Here are shops of every description of refuse articles: filthy old rags and rusty iron, broken horse-shoes and worn out cutlery, the very rag-tag and bobtail of all the odds and ends of London trade; broken fragments of mouldering crockery, and the shreds, shivers, and streamers of the last remnants of rags that fluttered around the wretched beggars of the worst localities of London. Hence it may be supposed that Petticoat Lane is peopled by the crafty and tricky Jews. On Sunday mornings they open up their disgusting shops, and riot in bold defiance of all legal authority, attracting a crowd of congenial elements around them, who are very officious to relieve the unwary traveler of any superfluous articles he may be cumbered with, for which kind assistance they would generously refuse any compliments, and modestly withdraw themselves from observation by plunging into the crowd, if their favors are publicly acknowledged; while the guardian of public order, the irrepressible policeman, who is always and forever on the alert in this den of pollution, is often sorely baffled to discover the one to whom his attentions are due, or when discovered, to induce him to come before the public to receive the honors he has so richly merited.

This Lane, which lies just east of Bishopgate street, is thronged with the lowest class of London, with here and there a respectable person attracted by curiosity, which of course is the case *to-day*, and the crowd is often so dense it is almost impossible to force a passage through, while ever and anon some Israelitish nose is thrust into your face, with a modest proposition that you should make an

exchange of a little filthy lucre for some filthy rags. Of course they are all "honisht," and hold the dogma that a fair exchange—that is an exchange of valuables from your pocket to theirs—is no unjustifiable robbery.

I had considerable search for Duck Lane, another locality which happened to attach itself to my memory, and excited my curiosity from reading Pope's *Dunciad*. He says in his own peculiar satirical style, that many of the writings of his day would soon find their congenial element, and be consigned to their appropriate resting place,

"Amid their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane."

After much inquiry, and examining several directories, I at last found it, a disgusting, dirty alley, leading from Edward street, Soho, down, down, down, a sloping paved declivity, full *fifty feet*, and bringing up at last fair and square to a stable door, a very appropriate repository for the dull and senseless folios of self-conceited authors.

Between the western end of Fleet street and the river, is a considerable space occupied by the Temple, a name derived from the ancient brotherhood of Knights Templar, whose palace this was, or hospital as they called it, till their overthrow in 1313. It was then given to the Earl of Pembroke, at whose death it became the property of the Knights of St. John, the rivals of the Order of Templars. By them it was leased to the common law students, and is now the seat of the two most important legal societies of the kingdom.

The Temple Church is the oldest in London, and one of the most gorgeous. The ceiling is a gothic arch, springing from light and elegant pillars of dark gray marble, and decked with flowers and ornamental designs in variegated tints. The interior of the dome is surrounded by a series of Purbeck marble pillars, of most elaborate finish. This is the scene of the devotional exercises of that great trio of English celebrities, Johnson, Goldsmith and Addison.

In the wall on the north side of the choir is a tablet to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, who lies in the burial ground beside the church. A policeman in attendance

kindly took us to visit his grave. A neat plain block of marble, dressed in the form of a coffin, and inscribed with the simple words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," with the dates of his birth and death; on the other side, is an appropriate memorial to the great departed. His simple unostentatious life asked not a splendid tomb; his monument is on paper, and distributed through the houses of the rich and the poor, wherever the English language is spoken. We visited many of his old haunts, and places associated with his name, all full of interest, all classic ground to a lover of the Citizen of the World, and the Vicar of Wakefield; of the Traveler's melody, and the charming desolation of the Deserted Village.

And the memories of Johnson! How they cluster close and fondly around the mind, as we tread these courts where fell the footsteps of this Prince of learned men! How willingly we forget the uncouth outward form, as the mind is illumined with the glow of the Rambler's morality, and entranced with the Vision of Theodore, as he climbed from his hermit cell to the summit of Teneriffe, and caught a bird's-eye view of the vices and follies of man. I looked with deep interest on an old dead oak in the Temple Gardens, and lingered long on a rustic seat beneath its storm-scathed boughs, where he framed many of his Ramblers, and which he chose as his favorite retreat for meditation apart from the noise and bustle of the town. The Thames flows just in front, and pleasure barges skim along its tranquil bosom. It is a place a thoughtful mind might well select to indulge its glowing fancies.

With what interest have I traced the haunts of this great man! I visited the spot where stood the house in which he long resided, and which only four years since was replaced by a finer. I lingered hour after hour along Fleet street, where he spent many a weary day, touched the lamp-posts as I passed, in memory and in imitation of him even in his follies; walked up Bolt Court after his manner, taking special care to tread on every stone, that he might have a lucky day; hung around the scenes that witnessed the friendship between him and Goldsmith, where Boswell was fortunately so very intrusive; saw the origi-

nal Tragedy of Irene in his own hand-writing in the British Museum, and gave myself up to a morbid enthusiasm, while lingering among the scenes hallowed by recollections of his master mind.

We then visited St. Andrew's church, Holborn, to see the grave of Chatterton, the wondrous "poet-boy;" but found, that as he had been driven to despair by his abject misery, and had terminated his own existence in one of the courts of Holborn, he had been denied a resting place in consecrated ground, and found a hospitable grave in Shoe Lane, close by; a low, degraded situation, and a market is now held over his silent abode. What savage bigotry! Chatterton was one of whom the world is proud, a wild impassioned spirit imprisoned in a wretched body, an outcast from society because he lacked the glitter of delusive gold, and reduced to the necessity of crime to supply the animal wants of his nature. Society then sternly punished the crimes it had driven him to commit, and the wretched being, denied a dwelling with his fellow man, and spurned from the pale of society, at last, wearied with the unequal struggle, sunk beneath the stern ordeal, and rashly ended his unhappy life.

I also visited Green-Arbor Court on the Old Bailey, where Goldsmith spent several years writing for the press, at the foot of a dangerous flight of stairs, called Break-neck Steps. Here he wrote a large part of the *Citizen of the World*. The old building is now removed to make room for some stables. It is a miserable, filthy place, the abode of wretchedness and poverty, though within a few yards of two great thoroughfares, Farringdon street and Holborn.

How lamentable that those who have done the most to refine and elevate society, whose powerful intellects have worked a magic revolution in the mind of man, are so often consigned to poverty and want, while those whom circumstances throw to the surface and expose to public view, without any merit of their own, roll in luxury and wealth. When will society assume its proper phase, and mind reign supreme? When will intellect and mental superiority be recognized and appreciated in the living

man, instead of leaving him to drag out a miserable existence, and wait for the fame he feels must be his own, till he has laid down to rest among the promiscuous millions of his fellow men?

Milton street is memorable as the former residence of the immortal author of *Paradise Lost*, and is also noted in the literary world as the Grubb street of Pope's inimitable *Dunciad*; and the butt of many satires and sparkles of wit from his humorous pen. The author and publisher, Colley Cibber, and others who gave notoriety to Grubb street, drew down the vengeance of Pope in a series of satirical verses, that will live long after their subjects have sunk into total oblivion, save through this questionable channel to sarcastic fame. It is a narrow, quiet street, without business, except a few butchers' shambles and grocers' shops; the buildings are very poor and old, and perhaps some of them were looked upon by the immortal bard, as he rambled along in his evening walks, absorbed in a poet's glowing fancies, or rapt in ecstatic reverie; but no trace of his former residence seems to be preserved.

How sacred would be the humble room where he dictated the seraphic strains of his burning fancy. With what awe and reverence his wondering daughters must have looked upon the glowing features of their poor blind father, as entranced in the "celestial light" that did indeed "shine inward," he strove to express in outward language a faint ideal of those burning visions that were flashing through his enraptured mind! What a shrine for the respectful adoration of the literary world; what a Mecca of the human mind, would be the hallowed birth-place of *PARADISE LOST*! Humble in life, and neglected by his cotemporaries, he now stands on the very pinnacle of the Temple of Fame, a household word wherever his native tongue is spoken, and incorporated with the home language of all, like the dear familiar names around the domestic firesides of his admiring countrymen.

One Sabbath evening whilst making some inquiries of a man in the street, I mentioned the name of Milton perhaps with more fervor than I intended, when he replied, Is it the name of Milton that stirs you? Milton

lies buried in yonder church, pointing to St. Giles, Cripplegate; go there and you will find both his statue and his grave. I thanked him cordially and hastened to the spot. Service was being performed; I entered and took my seat among the worshippers, but my thoughts were more on the poet than the prayers. After the congregation dispersed I looked long and reverently on the beautiful white marble bust, and lingered in silent contemplation by the grave of the world's great poet, where the nations bring their votive offerings as to a hallowed shrine to bow and worship at the funeral urn, where rests the dust of him we all admire. I returned to my lodgings in no common frame of mind, and retired to rest with the glorious visions of Paradise Lost racing through my fancy, beautified, illumined, and sanctified, by the thrilling events of the evening.

But it is time to break away from London. I have lingered among its attractive scenes till they have twined themselves with my inmost affections. I paid a farewell visit to Westminster Abbey, lingered once more amid its sombre halls, and visited for the last time the final resting place of England's greatest sons and daughters; bade a last adieu to Poet's Corner, and left the sequestered shades of that classic hall, to indulge no more the solemn reflections that come pouring over the mind when mingling with the mighty shades that hover in its grateful gloom. I spent another day in the British Museum; looked once more among the manuscripts; visited the North Gallery, and ran generally through all the departments of that great institution, and finally left it, not without a sigh, that from henceforth this inexhaustible fountain of knowledge and amusement, this unfailing source of profit, must be forever closed to my view. I then took my way to the Thames, gave a passing parting glance to St. Paul's, and soon after my feet pressed for the last time the pavements of this great city. I stepped on board a boat which loosed from the wharf, and I floated off reluctantly from the shores of the classic Thames.

Long have I lingered amid the crowds of London, and its attractions increase with acquaintance. The British

Museum, the Crystal Palace, the Exhibition, the hallowed Abbey, and the glorious St. Paul's, have thrown their charms around me, and I find myself the victim of extreme regret at parting from its countless attractions. I caught a view of the glorious dome, looming upward through the fog as we floated down the river; I bade it farewell, as if it had been a friend who would receive and reciprocate my attachment; then turned away from the receding city and it faded from my view. As we floated on, the towers of the Crystal Palace and its curved roof of glass glittered in the distance, and the noble Observatory at Greenwich came gradually into view. I watched them till they were lost in a screen of trees, and they formed a fitting close to the brilliant panorama of wonders that has of late been floating before my view.

CHAPTER XXII.

STONEHENGE — ITS MYSTERY — ENCIRCLING MOUNDS — SUPERSTITIOUS WHIMS — DOWNS OF WILTSHIRE.

"There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Rough and unpolished, with grass o'ergrown."—*Byron*.

A FEW miles from the city of Salisbury, amid the downs of Wiltshire, stand the remains of one of those mysteries of the olden time, the ruins of Stonehenge. I left the train at Wishford, a little Welsh-looking village, with thatched roofs, standing in a valley on the Avon, six miles from the Stones, and taking my course across the downs, or prairies as we would call them in our western country, which presented an unbroken grass sod, with but few landmarks and an extensive view, I soon saw the stones rising in solitary grandeur in the distance.

Stonehenge stands on the eastern slope of a gently swelling hill, in the midst of a beautiful rolling prairie, wild and uncultivated, with not a tree in view except a

few artificial groves of evergreens planted for coverts for the game, and not a stone, large or small to be found, except those enormous blocks, within some miles of the ruins. It appears to have been a temple of the Druids, probably for the worship of the sun, and the offering of human sacrifices, in accordance with the horrid rites of their religion.

It consists of a circle of enormous stones, about twenty feet high, from six to eight broad, and about two in thickness, originally standing on end, with capstones placed upon them, held in their places by short tenons, rounded at the top, and setting into corresponding mortises in the caps. This circle is about a hundred feet in diameter; the stones standing from two to four feet apart. Inside of this circle is another, less regular, leaving a corridor between them, and a few irregular blocks stand at different points within the enclosure. They are mostly of regular form, with apparently a natural surface, bear no tool marks except on some of the tenons, and are covered with a very slight growth of moss. Some are very much water-worn, one especially, near the base, deep hollows being scooped out half way through it; and others are irregular, with large spawls knocked off the edges. They are perhaps a hundred in number, but a superstitious whim prevails in the neighborhood that they cannot be counted. Most of them have fallen and lay in confusion on the ground, especially the western half of the outer circle, and nearly all the inner, while others lean very much, and a few remain upright. Five of the capstones remain in their places. Judging from the stones that have fallen, those which still retain their upright position, cannot stand over two feet in the ground at the furthest.

There is a deep mystery connected with these monstrous ruins. The old threadbare difficulty of transporting and erecting them, we cannot expect ever to have solved, but the present fact that stares us in the face is scarcely less a wonder. The soil is a loose mold, resting on a chalk base. What keeps them in their places, in defiance of wind and rain and frost? There they stand, seemingly threatening to fall, just as they have done during the memory of man.

When I stood alone among these giant stones, when I found myself amid the shadows of that rustic temple of the olden time, where the mournful ditties of the Druids resounded long centuries ago, and the shrieks of human victims, bound upon the altar no doubt rent the air, I must confess a tremor of supernatural awe crept fearfully over me, and I lightly trod the green sward of that ancient prairie, as if half expecting some hidden pitfall would open at my feet, or the Genius of Desolation arise to revenge my intrusion on his domains.

Three or four large stones lie or stand a short distance outside the circle, apparently without any regular arrangement. About a hundred feet from the ruins may be traced a circular ditch and enclosed bank, now mere slight undulations, which formerly surrounded the temple. At a distance of about half a mile a series of beautiful mounds sweeps around the ruins in a circular line, and a mile further a number of others lie scattered over the plain, some of which have been opened and strange antiquities and coins found in them, but the present proprietor very properly forbids any further disturbance. Two miles to the east a very large mound crowns the summit of a low broad hill. Spaces enclosed with ancient ditches—circular, square, or triangular—are now planted with evergreens. A long straight ditch, now nearly obliterated, extends across the prairie as far as the eye can reach, about two miles to the south. To the west for a long distance the ground is thickly dotted with little tussocks, apparently mere tufts of mold and grass. Thousands upon thousands of them lay scattered among the furze and heather, while in other directions the ground is perfectly plain. What causes this singular feature? It cannot be supposed to result from any ancient works, but there they are year after year, permanent, notwithstanding their transient appearance. To the east the ground falls off to a stream, beyond which the prairie rises again with considerable inclination, and stretches away till lost in the distance.

Some strange superstitions prevail in the neighborhood concerning this wonderful temple. One is that the stones cannot be moved without some great mishap to the adven-

turous intruder ; and here all are afraid to try. A story is afloat of thirty horses having been hitched to one, which less than half the number ought to move in ordinary cases, but it refused to yield to their united strength. A stone which rejoices in the elegant name of Devil's stone,* one of the same kind as those in the temple, lays in the stream at some distance, where it is said to have been dropped when the Henge was in building, and the whim prevails that it cannot be moved out of the water, without the most perfect silence being observed during the process. The story goes that many years since a farmer undertook the task. He hitched a powerful team and started, having paid due respect to the superior powers, and not spoken a word during the preparation, the stone slowly and reluctantly rose from its bed and was almost beyond the power of the spell which held it, when one of the horses became a little unruly. Forgetting his awful responsibility, he spoke ! when instantly the traces snapped, and the stone settled back in the water, where it still lays, watched over by its extra-human guardian.

From this place to Bath the road runs through the English downs, a beautiful rolling country of universal green, swelling up in gentle mounds or falling off in graceful valleys, while for miles upon miles the country is one unbroken common, with scarce a house or hedge to be seen, with here and there an artificial grove of ever-greens designed for coverts for the game, which is monopolized by the lordly aristocrats, who make one grand hunting ground of this fair land. The soil is very light, and but poorly adapted to agriculture, but the farmer is still encroaching on the commons, and large tracts are now cultivated which a few years ago were in a state of nature. He receives, however, but a poor return for his labor, and it is thought the land will soon be thrown out again to grazing. Why is it the over-crowded sufferers in the large towns do not seek a refuge from want in this region, and redeem it from desolation ?

* This and the other extra stones before mentioned, are of the same kind as those in the Henge, and supposed to have been brought for the building and rejected.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHEPSTOW—SCENERY OF THE WYE—ABORTIVE EFFORTS AT DESCRIPTION—ANALYSIS OF ITS CHARACTER—DOUBLE VIEW—MEANDERINGS OF THE WYE—WYNDCLIFF—ASCENT OF WYNDCLIFF—VIEW FROM SUMMIT—STARTLING SURPRISE—TINTERN—TINTERN ABBEY—INTERIOR—FALLS OF LLANDOGO—DEPARTURE FROM THE WYE.

"Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast
 Amid its gay creation hues like hers?
 * * * * * If fancy then
 Unequal fail beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah what can language do? * * *
 Yet, though successful, will the toil delight."—*Thomson.*

FROM the city of Bristol a daily steamer plies to Chepstow on the river Wye. A delightful sail across the Bristol Channel, or rather the river Severn, which is here about twelve miles wide, brought us to the mouth of the famous Wye, which we entered between low sandy banks, that give little earnest of the enchanting scenery that awaits him who travels a few miles up the stream.

Chepstow is an ancient village of a few thousand inhabitants, on the Welsh bank of the Wye, about three miles from the Channel, where a high rocky bluff drops off in a green grassy bank to the margin of the river. The town has but little modern beauty, and the streets wind up the hill-side in irregular form, with little peculiarity beyond the general features of antique towns. Just above the town stand the ruins of a magnificent castle, on the very brink of the precipice, which rises perpendicular from the water's edge. The walls enclose an area of several acres. It is kept in neat repair by a family who derive their support from the visitors who flock to see the splendid ruin. Flower shows are held in it at intervals, during the summer months. The old castle of solid stone masonry, varied with circular turrets at intervals, rising above the general outline of the walls, looks grand and majestic from the grounds outside, while the mantle of

age which time has thrown over the venerable ruin, heightens the charm of its intrinsic beauty. A light and graceful iron bridge is thrown across the Wye, which here forms the dividing line between Monmouthshire, in Wales, and Gloucestershire, in England.

The scenery of this vicinity is certainly very fine, and such as enthusiastic natures may well go into ecstasies over, for more rich and beautiful landscapes are rarely found than on the banks of this meandering stream. It has been fashionable with all visitors to task their powers of language to the utmost, to utter what every sensitive mind must feel, when viewing for the first time those graceful productions of Nature's more amiable moods. Critics of great ambition and small calibre, "have strained themselves to utter bulky words of admiration vast," and have succeeded in conveying to other minds a confused idea of something very pretty, and a very clear conception that the writer was grappling with a theme beyond his power.

These landscapes have been pronounced "immensely pretty;" "astonishingly beautiful." Many a poor wight instead of soberly telling us what he has seen, has spoiled his paper and wasted his own time, and what is worse, that of his unlucky reader, in giving vent to a string of sonorous adjectives and broken ejaculations, while another class, conscious of their inability to convey the emotions of their own minds, have abandoned the war of words, and mounting higher in their ambition, have closed with the greatness of their ideas, and after a pompous preamble, when the reader fancies he is coming to a master stroke, the combatant dexterously changes his thrust in the moment of conflict, and comes off more than conqueror, by the sublime obscurity with which he mystifies his subject, declaring at last, that "the powers of language are *useless* (!!) in conveying an idea of scenes so extensive and so varied." And the poet too has tried his powers upon this fertile theme, and his numbers go trilling along in a ceaseless stream of puerilities.

And now what *are* those landscapes, that have been pronounced so *formidably beautiful*? I will endeavor to give

a faithful outline, leaving the lights and shades of the picture to be filled up, according to the warmth of fancy in those who see proper to follow me. In the first place, that we may not be misled by indistinct ideas, let us see what the leading features of these landscapes are. The scenery has a strong character of individuality, which serves to distinguish it from all others. It is not essentially romantic;—with the single exception of Wyndeliff, it is certainly not sublime;—its principal characteristic is that of the most transcendent beauty; a peculiar, perhaps an unparalleled mingling of the graceful outline of hill and valley, with the accidental distribution of cultivated lands and wild native woods; the dottings of farm-houses and orchards; the distant village, whose hum of business is lost on the intermediate air, and the ever-varying, but ever-beautiful outline of water, which cheers, beautifies and enlivens everything with its life-giving presence; these, which are the essential features of all landscapes, are here combined in their utmost perfection; indeed, it would perhaps be beyond the powers of the most lively fancy, to imagine more beautiful combinations than are here presented to the eye.

The river is small when the tide is out, which, by the way, rises higher here than at any other place, except the bay of Funday, and pursues a very winding course; a general feature perhaps of all streams presenting uncommon beauty of scenery. The surrounding country is very rolling, thus by the effect of perspective, giving great variety to the view as the spectator changes his place. The combinations are continually changing, the features of the landscape are ever varying.

At one place, two miles above Chepstow, on the English side of the river, is a peculiar point called the Double View, from the fact that a person standing on this elevated spot, has a landscape of surpassing beauty up the stream on his right, and a wild romantic view of the lower course of the river to his left, the Severn in the distance, and the hills of Somerset far away on the horizon beyond. The river here makes a series of sweeping curves, and almost returns into itself at several successive

points. A high ridge of land projects in between two curves, and dropping rapidly off, expands into a wide circular lawn, under the highest cultivation, falling gently away to the water's edge, and glowing with the earliest tints of spring.

Around the outskirts of this beautiful meadow sweeps the romantic Wye, washing the base of an amphitheatre of frowning cliffs, that rise in rugged grandeur from the opposite side, around one point of the curve projecting out in thirteen points of bald and hoary promontories of naked rock, known by the somewhat fanciful names of St. Peter's Thumb and the Twelve Apostles, in another falling back from the river in a beautiful rolling green, when the ground suddenly becomes rugged and broken, and the rocks shoot upwards to a dizzy height in a bleak perpendicular wall thinly dotted with evergreens springing out of the crevices of the rock, forming the famous Wyndeliff, which is capped with a clump of forest trees seemingly overhanging the precipice. The hill sides are skirted with evergreens and dense masses of shrubbery, while beyond this rugged foreground the distant country is seen receding in beautiful perspective, hill towering over hill, and field succeeding field, till the landscape is lost in the indistinct horizon.

On the right a wide expanse of the most beautiful scenery opens upon the view, a lovely vale in general form approaching an oval, with many successive points of hills projecting within the border, and thrown by the effect of perspective into graceful and varied groups, while a large mound in the distance closes the view, and fills the upper portion of the oval. Through this beautiful dell flows the sparkling river with many a winding bout, now washing a series of highly tilled fields, with flocks and herds grazing on the luxuriant pastures; now enlivened with blooming orchards, or decked with brilliant wreathes of flowers, flung over its limpid waters from the gardens that border its banks; now lingering in a shady nook, where dense forests throw over it a grateful gloom, while a rocky wall towers upward in frowning grandeur from the opposite bank; and now enlivened with

cheerful cottages, where blooming meadows and fertile fields salute its passing wave; the meandering stream sways to and fro, as if loitering in the enchanted vale.

On the left, looking down the stream, the height upon which you stand dashes off in a perpendicular wall several hundred feet high, against which the river washes as it rounds the meadow before you, and is sent sweeping off on another curve, till after many successive windings, it finds its way to the Bristol Channel, whose waters gleam in the distance like a line of silver light.

I afterwards ascended the heights of Wyndcliff by a path of very gradual ascent, leading off from the turn-pike road. In the midst of the clump of trees that crowns its summit, a little rustic arbor is constructed for the accommodation of the curious traveler. Upon reaching this cozy little retreat, a scene of the most surpassing beauty opens upon the view. Peeping out from under the overhanging branches, the eye ranges over a landscape of great extent, one peculiar advantage of which is that it is all taken in at a glance:—there is but one opening, and that commands a landscape most supremely fine.

The crystal waters of the Wye go sweeping on their winding course more than a thousand feet below, the romantic Double View, which is now before you, is transformed into a gently swelling hill, the perpendicular ledge of rocks below, loses its terrors in the distance, and the sublime is mellowed down to the picturesque; St. Peter's Thumb and its companions skirt the margin of the river in the sweeping curve below you; the central portions of the picture are filled up with a countless variety of hill and dale, dotted with cheerful looking cottages, and checkered with multitudes of fields, whose hedges, instead of fences, greatly enhance the beauty of the scene, while the wide expanse of the Bristol Channel glitters in the sunlight, with many vessels coursing over its tranquil bosom, and beyond this, in the dim background, the misty hills of old Somerset fall away in the horizon, like a border faintly visible to this picture of poetic beauty.

Having long admired this delightful scene, I stepped forward to a low stone wall just in front of me, forgetful of the place whereon I stood, when I was horror struck to find myself standing on the very brink of the precipice, and looking sheer downwards into a fearful abyss, hundreds of feet in depth, where a pebble dropped at arms-length would have fallen clear and struck the rocks at the bottom. Below me the summit of a straggling forest swayed to and fro in the breeze, and a steep shelving bank of broken fragments of rock fell away with a rapid declivity to the rolling grounds of the valley.

It was some time before I could calmly admire the surpassing grandeur of the scene. It flashed upon me so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that for a moment I felt almost disconnected from the earth and floating about in a cloudy chariot, my head swam, and I seemed to be entranced in a midnight dream, till, recovering from the momentary surprise, and satisfied that firm ground was still beneath my feet, and plenty of room for retreat in the rear, I enjoyed anew the wonderful prospect, and endeavored to realize a faint idea of the sublimity of Alpine scenery.

I then took a narrow path along the brink of this dizzy precipice, to a flight of steps that went plunging down the face of the rock, winding about with a tortuous course, now entering a recess in the precipice, where the frowning walls projected out on either hand, and overhung me with a dark and gloomy grandeur, and now running outward beyond the walls as they followed some narrow ledge, far below which lay a mass of rugged rocks, covered with beautiful moss from the everlasting moisture that trickles down from the towering cliffs, and passing through the Giant's Cave, a savage rent in the rocks, perhaps a hundred yards in length, wide enough for two to walk abreast, and forming a pointed arch above, till arrived at the base of the cliffs the steps become a gravel path, winding to and fro among loose fragments of stone and the thinly scattered trees, to a beautiful little rural retreat, called the Moss Cottage, embowered in a shady grove, and encircled by a barrier of rocks, enclosing it on

two sides, making it one of the most romantic spots the fancy could wish to contemplate.

From this place the road winds along the river bottom to the little village of Tintern, a few miles higher up. There seems to be a charm thrown over this region of which everything partakes. The hills, which are always graceful in form, here assume a peculiar elegance. The forests, entirely destitute of that stupendous size which impresses the beholder in our own land, are reduced to a comparative growth of underbrush, and varied with ever-greens, whose sombre foliage finely contrasts with the lighter shades of the opening leaves, while naked rocks here and there break the monotony of verdure, and tower aloft in solemn grandeur on the declivity of the hills, and occasionally a cultivated spot is perched high up on the rapid slopes, or the open fields are visible beyond the hills that border the river bottom.

The village of Tintern is situated in a lovely little dell, with high hills encircling it on every side, so that you seem standing in a closed basin, the windings of the river completely concealing its points of ingress and egress. Its leading feature is a ruined Abbey of the most surpassing beauty. It stands on a fine green lawn, gently falling away to the margin of the Wye, which here retreats to the opposite side of the dell, and an aged orchard throws its sombre shade over its hoary walls, while a rich mantle of ever verdant ivy crowns the beautiful ruin, clothing the antique building with a drapery of nature's own workmanship, and adorning the decaying grandeur of an age gone by, with a robe of living green, gracefully harmonizing with the romantic beauty of the scenery around.

Upon throwing open the western door, a scene of the most enchanting beauty bursts upon the view. A double line of grey old columns borders the spacious nave, which is spanned by the central arches that supported the tower; the ivy creeping along the mouldering walls and climbing the beautiful pillars, or hanging in rich festoons in the shady corners of the aisles, together with the magic effect of the sunlight as it streams through these

deserted halls, or peeps in at the ivy-curtained windows throwing its fantastic shadows over the green turf floor, and pouring over this grand old ruin a flood of golden light, all combine to form a scene, where the Spirit of Beauty divides the throne with the Genius of Decay.

From the interior the view is equally fine. The various parts of the beautiful structure are now seen with their full effect; the ivy, which is one of its most prominent features, assumes the most elegant forms, now hanging in clustering folds from the crown of a noble pillar, and now sending a delicate tendril creeping along the decaying wall to meet an offshoot from a neighboring window, or wreathing the delicate lattice with a tracery of living green, it throws a mantle of surpassing beauty over this relic of the olden time, mingling the freshness of youth with the pallor of age, and making it glorious in its decay.

A short distance above Tintern is the romantic waterfall of Llandogo. A beautiful little stream, while running its merry race, comes suddenly to a wild gorge on the brow of a shaggy hill, falling with a very steep declivity to the meadows which border the Wye beneath. Down this rocky defile the little rivulet plunges with headlong speed, leaping from crag to crag in the hurry of its course, now hiding for an instant beneath a tuft of grass, or a cluster of moss-covered rocks, then peeping out again, it sparkles for a moment in the sunbeam that comes struggling through the canopy of trees, and again darts down another steep, dancing and laughing in sportive glee, till it finally reaches the plain beneath, and goes murmuring on to the beautiful Wye, with its tribute of crystal wealth.

But I must leave this home of poetic beauty, this land where the Fairies might dwell, and the Muses retire from the groves of Arcadia. My affections have clustered around the beauties of this fair land; they have twined themselves with the ivy that clings to the Abbey walls; they linger in the shady dells where sparkles the murmuring Wye; they hover on the mountain tops where the glorious prospect spreads afar; and they mingle with

deep regrets that this land must be seen no more. Yet amid these beautiful scenes, the eye of the mind instinctively turns to a land more serenely fair, that rises beyond the western wave, where the evening twilight lingers; where my truest affections repose; where the Genius of Progress has fixed his abode, and the Goddess of Liberty folded her wings to rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON — SHAKSPEARE MANSION — HIS NATIVE ROOM — HIS PORTRAIT — SHAKSPEARE RELICS — SHAKSPEARE GARDENS — REV. (?) GASTRELL — CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY — SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE — REGISTER OF HIS BIRTH — TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

"He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight
In other men, has fresh as morning rose
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked."—*Pollok*.

"And sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood notes wild."—*Milton*.

DURING the spring I took occasion to visit the little village of Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place, home, and death-scene of the great and immortal Shakspeare. Perhaps it is little less than sacrilege, thus to intrude my diminutive nature into the arena where lived, and loved, and sung this greatest of the sons of men, whose fame irradiates yon antique church, shooting upward its pointed spire from the resting place of his mortal body, with a lustre that far transcends the splendor of St. Peter's or St. Paul's.

The place of his birth is a quaint old mansion on Henley street, with gothic windows and a double door divided horizontally, standing immediately on the street without a yard in front; a heavy frame with the intervals filled with masonry. On ringing the bell, an elderly lady of very pleasant countenance answered my call, and I was

ushered into the kitchen of that rustic old building ; a small and rough apartment with plastered walls. A small room has been partitioned from one corner, but otherwise it is as nearly as possible the same as when the poet-boy held his youthful frolics in its plain enclosure. From this room we pass into another small apartment, with a large old-fashioned fire-place. In each chimney corner stands a carved arm-chair ; in the back of one is cut the date 1608, and they look like the very abode of social comfort and convivial freedom, in the good old times, when men were free to live and act and speak as nature prompted, and mutual respect dictated.

From this room we ascended a winding stairway to the upper story, and I was ushered into the self-same apartment where William Shakspeare first drew breath, on the 23d of April, 1564. This apartment, a rough square room, with plastered walls and ceiling completely covered with names, and which is not high enough for a tall man to stand erect, claims to be one of the chief *localities* of England. Here are several articles of ancient furniture, but they are wisely not even claimed to be identified with the time of Shakspeare, except an old-fashioned writing desk of oak, curiously carved, "which is known to have belonged to one of his friends," and hence the probability is that he has often seen and handled it.

We now passed out into a kind of attic, and through this into another bedroom, where is the famous portrait of the poet lately discovered, in the dress and color of his age. It was found some time since by an artist while searching among the old rubbish in a gentleman's mansion of Stratford. On clearing away the dirt the old picture came out in good preservation. It was completely restored, and is now considered the most perfect and reliable likeness of the poet extant. It is set in a heavy frame, said to be made from the fragments of his house at New Place, and enclosed in a massive iron safe, with heavy doors and double and intricate lock, making it damp-proof, fire-proof, and burglar-proof. Every night it is locked as carefully as if it contained the Ko-hi-noor. Close by the picture hangs a deed given to the poet for a

house and lot in Stratford, and this, also, there can be no doubt, he has seen and handled.

At the back of the house is a garden laid out in very tasteful style; it contains no plant which is not mentioned in his works, and the catalogue is nearly full. A wall divides the garden from the street at the back, in which is a double iron gate, surmounted by Shakspeare's family crest—a falcon and spear.

Here, then, the Bard of Avon first drew breath; here his little feet pattered and danced in the fervor of childish joy; here his wonderful mind first opened to the enchanting beauties and sublimities of that world both of matter and mind, which he afterwards portrayed with such a master hand, and into whose mysterious depths he looked with a searching gaze not given to the ordinary man, and discovered new beauties and profound depths of intellectual wealth, which before had lain hid in the unsearchable mysteries of nature.

In another building a collection of Shakspeare relics are exhibited, directly or remotely connected with his personal history; a bust copied from the one in the church, which is known to have been in the family as early as 1623; around the head is a segment of a circle, inscribed with the words from Hamlet, "We shall not look upon his like again;" a chest once the property of Anne Hathaway; a small chair belonging to their only son Hamnet, twin brother to one of their daughters, and who died at twelve years of age; a piece of his mulberry tree, and other articles. They were formerly in the house where he was born, but the old lady in charge having received notice to leave, carried them with her. She maliciously whitewashed the walls, which were literally covered with names in pencil or scratched on the plaster, thus effacing the autographs of many men of great celebrity, but as a recompense also blotting out a countless host of Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, and Simpletons, who had audaciously intruded their worthless autographs upon these honored walls, where the one great name whose lustre obscures all others, is inscribed in imperishable memory.

Shakspeare's garden is now a vacant lot. Here, on his return from London with a competence, for those early times, he built a mansion and spent the evening of his life; and this chosen home of a poet received the intensely prosaic name of *New Place*! He laid out his gardens, probably in the prevailing style of the period, and planted a mulberry tree with his own hand, which grew and flourished, and became a great tree, that the fairies and graces of poetry might lodge in the branches thereof, and for many years, after the world awoke to a consciousness of the powers of that great mind, this garden, this house, and this tree, were among the most cherished mementoes of this illustrious town.

About 1752 the property fell into the hands of an Episcopal clergyman named Gastrell. He had no capacity within his pigmy soul to cherish or admire that tree, illustrated by its great gardener; yet others, of finer minds and warmer natures, came in crowds to pay their homage at the shrine of Shakspeare's home. He did not, occupy the house, but was assessed for the taxes upon it. From these annoyances he had but one means of escape. He ordered the tree cut down and the house torn away; when he thrust the tax money in his dirty pocket, and exulted in his freedom from the importunity of visitors, whose warm enthusiasm he could not comprehend. Why slept the vengeance of the sacred Nine? Why did not Apollo launch his shaft and lay the vile intruder low? His flock, enraged by the deed, expelled him from their midst. He left in disgrace; but this did not restore the honored tree, did not rebuild the venerated house.

The church of the Holy Trinity where he lies buried, is an antique building, dating from the fifteenth century. A square tower overtops the walls, from which shoots up a spire, tapering gradually to a point. A grove of shady trees surrounds the gray old building, and an avenue of graceful limes forms a fine arched walk, leading from the entrance gate to the door. Just at this time when they are arraying themselves in their summer garb, while yet the freshness of early spring breathes from every bough, the shade is delightfully pleasant.

On either hand numerous gravestones checker the grassy sod, where fond affection has decked the graves of those whose memories to us are totally lost, or rather whose names never lived, save in the sacred casket of domestic affection and social fellowship. There is something humiliating in having a host of names thus obtruded upon the view, when the mind is absorbed in the reflection, that amid these scenes one of the world's great master-spirits lived and moved; and when the thought comes home to the mind, that we too are among the throng of undistinguished men, whose memory will be lost almost before the breath leaves the body, and no memorial more impressive than the monument which *another* shall erect, will remain to tell that ever we have lived. Happy they who erect their own monument, without the aid of the sculptor's art; and select for themselves a place in the world's renown, not trusting to the treacherous voice of Fame.

The old records of baptisms and deaths are here preserved, in which the sexton showed me the following:

1564. April 26.

Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakespere,
baptized on the 3rd day.

Then, turning over the forgotten records of many years, he showed me this:

1616.

April 25th. Will Shakespere Gent.
died April 23rd.

He also showed me the records of his parents' marriage—
John Shakespere, and Mary Arden.

And Shakspeare passed away, unconscious of the mighty influence he had wrought upon the human mind; unconscious that he had climbed to the highest pinnacle it is given to mortal man to attain, and the world, too, heeded not how great a spirit was gone; and like Samson of old, knew not that its strength had departed, till it essayed to handle tragedy as before, when suddenly it was found

that the master magician was gone, and his wand had lost its power; that the world had passed the prime of poetic vigor, and was falling into decay. Then was the reverence of all men directed to the great departed; but, alas, not till his biography had become obscured by the mists of tradition, and the memories of his life confused and indistinct, when research was almost fruitless, and deep regrets entirely unavailing.

And the great Shakspeare lives alone, but lives forever, in his writings; these are his statue; these are the burning image of his mighty mind; these are the glory of England, the admiration of the world, and the affectionate eagerness with which the least memento of his life is sought, is but a spontaneous expression on the part of posterity, of the deep regrets which all must feel, that such a life, of which the world has known but one, should be permitted to close so nearly in obscurity.

And yet, Immortal Bard! thy song is deathless; why should we wish to pry into the secrets of that life which left such precious fruits? Thy name is enshrined forever in the tablets of a world's remembrance; why should we long to drag thy private life before the public gaze, which thou so modestly evaded? Every man feels prouder of his nature, when the vastness of thy powers attest the supreme sublimity to which the human mind is capable of expanding. Thy works are an inexhaustible fountain, from which a world may drink its fill of true poetic rapture, and, returning, find the fountain full, all fresh and sparkling as with untasted waters; emblemed only by those wondrous glaciers on the Alpine summits, above the tread of human feet, from which descend unceasing streams of water to the thirsty fields and groves, at which the little child may sip, and the thirsty man may quaff his fill—the mysterious, yet exhaustless fount of life and health and beauty, to a wondering world below.

CHAPTER XXV.

STORM PASSAGE TO IRELAND—ON IRISH SOIL—IRISH PATRIOTISM—TRIP TO PORT RUSH—ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND—NORTHERN COAST—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—COMPLIMENT FROM MY GUIDE—COLUMNED WALLS—DUNLUCE CASTLE.

“The love of nature’s works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.”—*Cowper*.

ON a blustering afternoon in April, I embarked from Liverpool on a storm passage to Ireland. “The wind blew as ’twa’d blawn its last,” the waves howled as they raged along the sides of our little vessel, like an angry sea-nymph sweeping over the troubled waters, the whitecaps danced in the full glory of their triumph, the vessel rolled fearfully, now lifting herself up on a wave, as if about to take flight from the earth, she reeled for a moment on her treacherous footing, then down she came with a fearful plunge, dipped entirely beneath the water, and the foaming waves came roaring and rumbling over our heads, while we were snugly hatched down in our respective cabins, secure from the smallest dash of spray, and lulled to rest by this deep bass note in the melody of ocean. But as the evening advanced, the clouds broke away, the wind fell, the waves gradually subsided, the voice of the sea became milder and softer, and we eventually had a delightful passage, gliding to the leeward of the Isle of Man, whose low and gently waving shores were faintly visible in the glimmering starlight. Behind this mighty breakwater we pursued our course, with scarce a rocking of the vessel, and landed at Belfast on the morning of Easter Sunday.

A thrill of joy, perhaps a flush of triumph, crossed my mind as my foot pressed the green turf of this Gem of the broad Atlantic. The beauties of that land to which so many in our country turn with longings and fond regrets, were about to be partially unfolded to my

view, and the realities of personal observation, and the more definite figures of memory, were now about to be substituted for the indistinct ideas which fancy had pictured to itself, when bewildered with the mystery which St. Patrick's achievements had contributed to throw around it. "No wonder," I said to myself as I sped through their flowery vales, "that the poverty-stricken exiles from this beautiful land, should send back a heavy sigh when thoughts came surging across their minds of the home they have left behind, where Oppression has set his iron heel, and Poverty stalks in his train. They were forced to abandon the land of their birth for a home where freedom is more than a name, where the labor of the poor has not been absorbed by a burdensome aristocracy, and no titled lordling, in his insolence of power, looks down on the laboring masses, and withers the aspirations of genius with the chill frown of contempt."

Upon landing at Belfast, I hastened to the station, and took an excursion train for Port Rush. Our route lay through a lovely country, much of the way on the margin of a broad valley of singularly varied surface, being broken into numerous rough distinct hillocks of very moderate elevation; and the fertile soil of the Emerald Isle throws up a carpet of living green, and clothes the land with a mantle of verdure in all the freshness and beauty of spring, more like the June fields of our own land, than the shivering verdure of April. Along our route lay several of those mysterious buildings, the Round Towers of Ireland. A solitary isolated tower, with no building attached, and festooned with the ever beautiful ivy, rises from a mass of verdure in a field near the road. It is perforated with many small narrow windows, and terminates in a conical cap. It looks like a relic of a thousand years ago. Little is known concerning the origin or use of those singular structures; they are supposed to have been connected with the religious rites of the mysterious Druids.

From Port Rush, a beautiful walk of seven miles along a wild and craggy shore, leads to the Giant's Causeway. The coast is an exceedingly rugged wall of white colored

rocks, washed and broken by the waves into the most fantastic shapes: deep bays and narrow ravines with precipitous or overhanging sides, covered with grass to the very brink, break up from the water's edge and run far back into the land; often an extremely steep grassy slope forming the face of the hill, which suddenly drops off in a perpendicular precipice, while sheep and goats were quietly grazing or sporting on places

"Where I would not have stood stock still,
For all beneath the moon;"

deep basins washed out in the solid rock, with bold headlands projecting into them, and water worn arches cut far into the bank, forming dark and frightful chasms, through which the sea has been dashing for ages, form the leading features of this wild and grotesque shore.

In one place the sea has excavated a cavern fully three hundred feet into the shore, when the further end fell in forming a well of enormous depth and size, with a perpendicular wall of stone on the land side, shooting upward to a dizzy height. Across the natural arch between this well and the sea, passes the public road, with a wall on either side to protect the traveler from the fearful precipice. On the sea side of the road, is also a frightful gorge, totally inaccessible from above, save by a steep winding path, leading down the sloping sides of broken rocks that have fallen into the well on the opposite side, and through the gloomy cavern, where the waves come surging and roaring into the narrow opening, and reverberate in loud and prolonged echoes. In another place, a ledge of rock not more than ten feet thick, and over two hundred feet in height, projects in a straight line hundreds of feet into the sea, in which the waves have worn an oval arch, and go chasing each other as if in sport through this beautiful play-house of their own construction. Both faces are perpendicular; the rocky film is no thicker at the bottom than at the top, and a cap of green turf covers the entire surface and overhangs the narrow ledge.

But we must hasten forward to the Causeway. This

strange freak of nature had long held a prominent place in my fancy. But a moment's actual observation sometimes dispels the delusion of years. Knowing that the Causeway was intimately connected with a cliff, and failing to distinguish between the sublime and the wonderful, I had adopted an idea that the three pavements of the Causeway lay in terraces one above another, with a high range of columns supporting each, except the lowest, which sloped off to the sea and dipped beneath the waves; while in truth the cliff and Causeway are entirely distinct, and if the former were entirely removed the wonder of the Giant's Pavement would not be a whit diminished, while every trace of sublimity would at once evaporate.

A long winding path leads down the hill to the sea-side, where many large rocks have fallen from the heights above. On reaching the base of the cliff, you step upon the Causeway, whose general form is that of an irregular right-angled triangle, the hypotenuse of which, and the perpendicular, project into the sea, the base forming the land side. The hypotenuse is very irregular, being broken by two deep vacancies, running far into the body of the Causeway, thus forming three separate points or capes, each one projecting further into the sea than the preceding; the first is perhaps one hundred and fifty, and the last five hundred feet long. These are the first, second, and third pavements. This space is wholly filled or paved with basaltic columns of regularly irregular crystalline forms, from four to nine sided, standing on their ends and running down an unknown depth into the ground. They are of unequal heights forming an irregular, uneven pavement, some projecting a few inches, and others many feet above their immediate neighbors. This produces a variety of accidental constructions, all of which have received distinct names, as the Lady's Chair, the Honeycomb, the Loom and the Gate. A beautiful spring of clear sweet water comes bubbling up from a crevice between the columns, a few rods from, and a few feet above high water mark. In the face of the hill to the east, a heavy slide at some early day, discloses another set of columns

at once suggesting the idea of an organ, from its close resemblance. Every Christmas morning this organ plays the tune of St. Patrick's Day, when the Causeway dances three times round:—so goes the talk of the people, but my guide, a sensible Irishman, said he had never got up early enough on that morning to hear it.

Having seen all the prominent features of this great curiosity, I handed my guide sixpence, with the remark that I regretted not being able to give more, but my finances being very low, it was necessary to make my donations small. True to the instincts of his country, both in blarney and wit, he replied, "Oh, sir, an' this is enough, an' I'de rather go round wi' th' likes o' you for nothing, than with a *gentleman*" mark the emphasis, "for a shilling." Acknowledging the compliment, but with rather a bad grace suppressing my perception of the wit, I replied, not to be entirely outdone in courtesy, "And will you please, sir, to give me your name, for I may publish an account of this visit, and if so, your name shall go to the public as my guide." "Faith, sir, inade an' I wull," says he, "my name is Archey Fall."

To the east the coast falls off with a sudden bend to the south, in a series of broken precipices and deep bays, whose perpendicular walls of basaltic columns are fearfully sublime. One of these bays is very much in the form of a bowl, with one side broken away. It is five hundred feet in depth, and the upper portion consists of a colonnade of pillars, lofty and regular, fused together at the top and bottom, the ground above being covered with a thin film of soil, and green carpet of grass. From the base of the columns a rapid slope of rocky fragments falls off towards the bottom, forming the rounding of the bowl. In other places the pillars are two stories high, being fused together at the top and bottom, and a second cornice in the middle, completely united in the same manner.

These massive halls, these solemn temples of no human architecture, would be most impressively sublime, from their rocky floors, where we would be surrounded by their grand and lofty walls, and the echoes of the ocean

would be caught in their sounding galleries, and roll their awful notes of praise in harmony with the fearful grandeur of the rocky walls around us.

Dunluce Castle is three miles west of the Causeway. It stands on an isolated pillar of rock, several hundred feet high, cut off from the main land by a deep narrow gorge, the only access to the ruin being across a narrow stone arch spanning the chasm. The walls follow the outline of the rocky pillar, and rise on all sides from the very brink of the precipice. Through the base of this mammoth column the sea has washed a cavern three hundred and fifty feet long, and about sixty feet high. Clambering down the hill sides into the moat, we entered the inner end of the cavern, which is partially filled with vast masses of fallen stones; down this again we crept with caution and care, further and further into the gloomy abyss, till we came to the water's edge, where the scene is awfully grand. A dim, obscure, and shadowy light surrounds you, barely sufficient to make the ceiling of that mighty hall distinctly visible; at your back, and far above you, the narrow opening through which you entered, shaded by precipices on either hand, glimmers with the subdued light of day; looking seaward, through the high arched opening of the cave, the eye ranges over a wide expanse of ocean, and the waves sparkle and dance in the glittering sunbeam, ever and anon booming into this fearful cavern, and dashing over the rocks at your feet with a solemn and deafening roar.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DESCENT FROM THE STARS—MODERN ASTRONOMY—LORD ROSS
—BIRR PARK—LORD ROSS'S MONSTER TELESCOPE—HIS
WORK SHOP—CASTING HIS SPECULUM—POLISHING—MR.
HUNTER—VIEW OF JUPITER THROUGH A LARGE TELESCOPE
—SATURN—THE MOON—GLORY OF ASTRONOMY.

"Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the
Heavens."—*Everett.*

"Oh, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of Heaven,
Stream to a point and centre on my sight."—*Young.*

I have just returned to earth, and set my foot once
more on terra firma, after a visit to the immediate
vicinity of the Moon, amid her vales and moun-
tains, to the neighborhood of Jupiter, enwreathed with
might and majesty; and the dim and distant regions on
the confines of our system, where sweeps in solemn
grandeur, all silent and alone, the complex globe of
Saturn, wrapped in his wondrous garb of mystery and
awe.

The revelations of modern astronomy far surpass all
previous comprehension, and the mighty powers which
of late have been brought to bear upon the heavenly
bodies, involving as they do the highest perfection of
mechanics, and the utmost precision of mathematics,
may well be regarded as the highest attainment to which
the human mind has yet aspired. The wonders which
have been disclosed to the eye and the mind by the aid
of the telescope and mathematics, constitute the proudest
monuments to the greatness of man's intellectual nature.

Among the many who have lent their powers to the
furtherance of these investigations, both by liberal dona-
tions of wealth for the construction of instruments of
the highest perfection, and also by close and patient
observation, and powerful searching thought, few hold a
higher place than the Earl of Ross, whose great telescope
of world-wide fame, is by far the most powerful instru-

ment ever applied, until recently, to the purposes of astronomy: revealing, whenever it is pointed to the sky, a world of mystery and beauty little dreamed of by the man who has never gazed upon the worlds above him, under a highly magnifying power. The splendid results of his labors have been in a great measure the productions of his own genius for mechanics, as well as his own skill in workmanship. This nobleman is rather a singular man in his class of society. He takes hold of the heavy end of work, as we would say in our country, strips himself for labor, and sweats like a plebeian; does much of the hard and dirty work of his many beautiful and elegant inventions, and is perhaps the only high titled dignitary of the Kingdom, of whom his servants can say, My master works at the smithing trade.

He resides at Parsonstown, eighty-nine miles west of Dublin, a place of no pretensions save what it owes to the lustre of his scientific fame. The park in which his telescopes stand is a beautiful place, but not equal in picturesque beauty to many others. The wildness of nature is mingled with the regularity of art, gravel walks wind around the green sward, but no flower beds decorate their sides. Trees are scattered profusely around, noble old oaks and spreading beech throw a dense shade over the level lawn, and forests almost as umbrageous as those of nature, line the banks of a beautiful stream that flows through the grounds, while artificial canals and lakes sleep peacefully in the green shade, their bosoms scarcely ruffled by a breeze. From three to six o'clock the park is generously thrown open to the public.

The tube of the monster telescope is about sixty feet long, and seven in diameter, somewhat bulged in the centre, and strongly hooped with iron and wood. It stands between two stone walls, built on the exact meridian, twenty feet apart and fifty high. The speculum, six feet in diameter, is placed in a square box at the bottom of the tube, which rests on a universal joint of very simple construction, allowing of free motion in time, or east and west, as far as the walls will permit, which, it will be perceived, is rather limited. A second reflector

is used to throw the rays to the side of the tube, where the eye-piece is placed, so that the observer looks at right angles to the tube.

This monster instrument, with a focal distance of about fifty-four feet, is fitted up with a complex system of pulleys and chains, racks, wheels, and windlasses, to turn about its giant bulk to any part of the starry heavens within its range. It is elevated by a chain attached to the upper end, and working over a pulley at the north end of the walls, at a proper distance to allow the tube to sweep around to the north star. A strong segment of iron is attached to the east wall, on which beveled wheels play to steady the tube as it rises or falls, and a stout bar of iron, with a rack, at the bottom plays on a complex system of levers, to steady it when thrown northward beyond the perpendicular, so that a constant tension is maintained on the chain, even when the tube is at its extreme northward range. A flight of steps mounts each wall at the south end, and a traveling rack on which the observer takes his stand, is raised or lowered at pleasure by means of a crank. For observations near the zenith, a similar traveling way is attached to the top of the west wall, which is thrown out to the tube by means of a rack and pinion on the platform itself.

Another telescope of three feet diameter, and twenty feet focus, with an iron tube of open wicker work, fitted on the same plan as the large reflector, stands near it with an unlimited range of motion, both in time and altitude. It revolves on wheels playing on a circular track, is elevated by chains and windlass, and has a traveling observation stand, which is reached by a flight of steps, attached to the framework supporting the instrument. These telescopes are worked by four men, who are constantly on duty when either the proprietor or his chief assistant is engaged in making observations. During the day the speculæ are carefully protected by a covering from the action of the atmosphere, which would deposit dew upon their surface, and injure their reflecting powers.

Having leisurely examined these wonderful instruments, I returned to my lodgings, and wrote to Lord

Ross, requesting permission to visit the observatory by night and obtain a glimpse of the nocturnal heavens, under the immense magnifying power which he had brought to bear upon them. In the evening found a reply awaiting me at the hotel, granting my request in full, and directing me to call on Mr. Hunter, his chief astronomer, who would show me through the apartments and admit me to the telescope in the evening, if the weather was favorable.

The next morning I called on Mr. Hunter, and presented my note from Lord Ross. He very kindly went with me to the park, and after explaining all the mechanical arrangements of the two out-door telescopes, took me to the observatory or study of the proprietor, where he showed me a very large map of the moon in course of construction, also sketches of lunar spots, of the planets, and the nebulae, as they appeared in their telescopes, the transit instrument, and the time pieces, sidereal and solar. He also showed me the eye pieces of different powers, and explained the method of using them. Eight hundred is their usual observing power under common favorable conditions of the atmosphere. Lord Ross has on some occasions used a power of two thousand, which however, is far too high for satisfactory observations in common.

He then conducted me to the work shop where the great speculae for these mighty instruments were produced, almost entirely through the ingenuity, and to a great extent through the personal labor of Lord Ross. It was no easy matter to produce a speculum of perfect surface and true figure, six feet in diameter. The difficulties to be encountered were of a character and magnitude, that those unacquainted with these matters would scarce believe. In the first place a casting could not be produced with a surface free from scales and cracks; which, however minute, completely unfitted it for the extremely delicate purpose for which it was designed. It will be perceived that a common good casting would which would not do; that a master-piece of workmanship have commanded the undisputed prize at the Great

Exhibition, might still be utterly worthless for this purpose ; it was not great excellence that was demanded it was *absolute perfection*, or the *nearest possible* approach to it. Numerous experiments were tried, but the same friable surface was still the result.

Finally, after much thought, the expedient of casting it on a steel bed was tried. For this purpose plates of spring-steel were laid together with their flat surfaces in contact, till the required size was attained, the mass was then firmly bound together with heavy iron bands, forming, as it were, a solid plate of steel, and the surface was dressed into a curve approximating the shape of the speculum. Upon this plate, surrounded, of course, by a rim of sand, the molten metal was poured. An oven of very thick heavy stone walls was constructed for cooling the casting very slowly. All things being ready, the furnace and steel bed were intensely heated, the metal was poured into the mould and instantly drawn into the furnace, every aperture to which was at once closed perfectly tight, and the mass was left to cool, which required about six weeks for the best specimens.

But when at length a perfect casting was obtained, the difficulties were not half surmounted. To give such a mass a figure and polish capable of reflecting the rays from a star, to a focus sufficiently delicate to bear a mighty magnifying power, and yet remain free from distortion, without which all else would be of no avail ; was a task calling for new and original operations, which long baffled the skill of this truly great man. But the mechanical powers are fully capable of adapting themselves by their innumerable modifications to the various wants of society and of science ; careful study and scrutinizing observation are generally successful in discovering a method of attaining a desired result ; and after many vain attempts, a complicated arrangement of machinery wheels, levers, eccentrics, and various other mechanical appliances, was constructed, which fully answered the requirings, and produced a highly satisfactory result.

Two speculæ, each six feet in diameter, are constructed, and not only are their figures perfect, but such is the

confidence in the machinery, that when they receive any injury, or slightly change their figure, as they sometimes do by the springing of the metal, they are at once placed upon the lathe and re-ground, which would certainly be rather a hazardous operation, if any great practical difficulty remained in giving them a true and accurate form.

Having conducted me through these interesting rooms, Mr. Hunter promised, if circumstances permitted and the evening proved fine, to let me know at what hour to return and have a view of the heavenly bodies through his telescopes. At that time many clouds were floating over the sky, not, however, of a kind which threatened rain; but it may be supposed I was not a little anxious for the state of the weather. As the evening advanced, however, the clouds dispersed, the moon shone forth with great brilliancy, and the stars twinkled and flashed in the blank and vacant sky, with a lustre that seemed doubly beautiful, and dispelled all anxious thoughts. A slight haze hung around the horizon, but the Moon, Jupiter and Saturn, the three great objects of my curiosity, rode high above the mists of earth, and floated in unclouded ether.

About eight o'clock, Mr. Hunter called at the hotel with an appointment for me to meet him in the park at ten. True to the appointed time, I called at the gate and was admitted. He was already engaged at his nightly task, and after a short interval, I was invited into the observation stand. The instrument was directed to Saturn, and on placing my eye to the lens, the wondrous system of that remote world swelled up to my view in giant proportions, disclosing his attendant train of satellites, dispersed at intervals around the parent body, and his majestic rings,—the standing wonder of astronomy,—enfolding his mighty globe in their eternal embrace.

The instrument was then directed to Jupiter and his large globe, streaked with mysterious bands, like wisps of vapor floating in his atmosphere, and attended by his retinue of moons, a fitting pageant to his regal pomp, burst upon the view with wonderful grandeur, while

numerous little stars, far too minute for the naked eye, gleamed out like sparks of diamond dust, on the black background of the sky.

The Moon, which was just in her first quarter, was then brought into the field, and the mild and gentle Queen of Night resolved herself, beneath the searching gaze of this magic tube, into an assemblage of mountains, and valleys, broken, sterile, wild, and desolate, as any that our less poetic earth can show. By this time the air was slightly hazy, and a light fleecy cloud hung in the neighborhood of the moon, and soon threw a streamer of its fringed skirt over her face, slightly obscuring the view on one limb, but leaving the other unclouded.

"When I consider the Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Oh, what a radiant halo of glory surrounds the mind of the ardent devotee to Astronomy! Always enthusiastic in the pursuit of his favorite science, he delights to gaze entranced in wonder and in awe, upon the mystic myriads of Heaven, flashing forth their exhaustless fires and bathed in the illimitable depths of ether, while his bosom swells with feelings which are ever striving to refine themselves into thoughts, and his fancy goes roaming back, away through the long vista of ages, to the primitive days of society, and accompanies Isaac when he goes out in the fields at the eventide to meditate, while the Pleiades shed their "sweet influences" around the holy Patriarch, even the lost one adding its tiny lustre; or lays down with Jacob on his way to Padan-Aram, when he takes a stone for a pillow, and sees in the visions of night that glorious ladder ascending from earth to Heaven, and resting upon the shoulders of Orion, flaming then as now, in radiant glory, on the coronal of Heaven; or, watching with those who tended their flocks by night, looks upward, attracted by the radiance of the advancing Messengers who come to announce the glad tidings of life and salvation to a fallen world, and sees the twinkling sentinels of the sky, looking down from their unchanging watch towers, the same that were assigned them at the first dawn of the creation,

and renewing the hymn which then they sang, when all the Sons of the Morning shouted for joy,—the only objects which the eye of man beholds that never, never change.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DARGLE—MEETING OF THE WATERS—THE VALE OF AVOCA—ROAD FROM RATHDRUM—CITY OF DUBLIN—BOTANIC GARDENS—GLASSNEVIN CEMETERY—IRISH BULLS—ADIEU TO IRELAND—BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE—BANGOR—RAIL ROAD ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF WALES.

"Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."—*Moore.*

COUNTY Wicklow, next to the lakes of Killarny, is the great resort of Irish tourists in quest of scenery. A few miles from Bray is a romantic mountain dell called the Dargle, through which flows a noisy foaming stream, prying into every nook and cranny, and often becoming entangled in difficulties, from which, like other busy-bodies, it has no little trouble to get itself clear again. Entering a gate at the roadside, the traveler pursues a gravel walk, leading along the brow of a steep hill bordering the stream. A side path leads down to the water's edge, where a mass of rocks obstructs the course of the stream, and the waters are dashed into foam as they plunge from side to side, as each rock meets and resists their course, till the stream is whitened as if a mass of snow or hoar-frost were pouring down from an exhaustless fountain; while a little higher up the rivulet comes dashing through a narrow rocky defile with a very steep descent, and the mingled foam and spray, together with the brilliant play of colors which the rushing waters assume, give the scene a charming character of life and animation, in harmony with the mountain slopes on either

side, where evergreens mingle their dark and sombre foliage with the rich vernal hues of the oak, and the delicate tints of the maple and the willow.

Ascending again to the main road, we soon find another path leading down to the bottom of the valley, where the Burnt Rock, seamed with many deeply colored strata, rises abruptly from the edge of the water, and overhangs the stream to meet a rock on the opposite bank, which however recedes from the contact, and the waters come dashing and foaming through the gorge as they round the sudden curve. It is truly a wild and picturesque view. Some distance further up the stream is the Lover's Leap, a rounded promontory of naked rock, jutting out from the general slope of the hill, and overhanging the grassy meadow below. A little above this again the hills fall back from the water, and open up a delightful view of the valley above the Dargle.

But one of the choicest gems of natural scenery in Ireland is the Meeting of the Waters in the sweet Vale of Avoca, over whose transcendent beauty Moore has thrown such a halo of beauty, such a spell of enchantment, in one of his sweetest melodies. The Avoca is formed by the confluence of two small mountain streams, the Arklow and the Avon, that come murmuring down their sandy beds, bordered with grassy banks that rise into lofty hills crowned with forests, and flanked by cultivated fields. Just above the first Meeting of the Waters an ancient stone bridge is thrown across the stream, which a little below, falls in a beautiful ripple over a bed of rocks that lines the bottom, below which it receives its sister stream in a loving embrace. They meet in perfect tranquility; each clear and sparkling, and flow on through a vale of surpassing beauty to the second Meeting of the Waters, where the Avoca takes in the Derry Water, which comes hurrying down another mountain valley; and the sister streams, thus mingled in one, go murmuring on in their brightness and joy to their home in the boundless sea.

From this point is a delightful view. The varied valley of the upper Avoca, recedes in the distance with a wind-

ing serpentine course; the Derry Water comes sweeping down a narrow defile of exquisite beauty, and the united streams bear away almost straight to the town of Hartley, whose church is seen on the hillside which closes the view, and sends the river winding around its base to seek an outlet from the beautiful vale.

The road from Rathdrum to the Vale of Avoca, is the most completely beautiful I ever traveled; a wide open turnpike, smooth almost as a parlor floor and solid as stone itself, bordered by grassy banks, on which are thick-set hedges; now of thorns, forming a close network which even a bird could not penetrate; and now of furze, whose brilliant yellow bloom makes it a continuous wall of gold; while much of the distance it is bordered with noble old oaks, whose wide-spreading branches intermingle over the middle of the road, and form one unbroken arbor stretching away for miles; and the dense shade thrown down by the newly opened foliage, checkered with innumerable patches of sunlight struggling through the branches and dancing on the solid floor, form a cool and delicious retreat, gratefully refreshing, where the weary traveler would gladly repose from the toils of his journey, and reluctantly yields to the stern necessity that hurries him through these delightful bowers.

The city of Dublin is rich in monuments of literary and scientific worth. In the centre of Sackville street, the great leading thoroughfare of the city, is a proud monument to Nelson, a lofty pillar crowned with a colossal statue. The old Parliament House is a magnificent structure. The House of Commons has been greatly changed, and is now used as a banking house. The House of Lords remains just as the nobility left it in 1800, at which time the Irish Parliament was incorporated with that of England, and transferred to London; the walls are covered with tapestry, the ceiling is adorned with elegant devices; a marble statue occupies the place where the woosack stood, and the room is a monument of the lost independence of this subject land.

The Botanic Gardens contain a rich collection of plants. The glass houses for the tropical plants are models of

beauty and elegance. The gardens are delightful; gravel paths wind here and there over the lovely grass turf, among beds of flowers and arbors of delicious vines, and trees of every species that can bear the Hibernian seasons adorn the extensive grounds, scattered irregularly or disposed in beautiful groups, over which the freshness of early spring breathes a delicious fragrance. The Zoological Gardens in Phoenix Park, are richly worth a visit. The hawthorn trees which cover a portion of this beautiful pleasure-ground, are singularly gnarled and twisted, and present a curious appearance.

In Glassnevin Cemetery, the chief Catholic burying ground of the city, is a monument to Daniel O'Connell, a circular tower, smooth and plain, in imitation of the Druidical round towers of Ireland. It stands on a large artificial mound, and is surrounded by a wall and moat. At present the great orator lies in a vault in another part of the grounds. A flight of steps leads down to the iron grating, in which his coffin is seen covered with scarlet velvet, and decked with gilded mountings, but all mouldy and tarnished with the death-damps of the vault. Grattan's tomb is also here, a double scroll of marble resting on a large sarcophagus. These were men whom Ireland delighted to honor.

It has been remarked that the Irish ought to be the most polished people in the world, for they receive more rubs than any other; and it may perhaps be conceded that the Irish bulls exert a greater influence in civilized society, than their more solemn relatives which are turned out to roam over the world from the pastures of the Papal See. Whilst mingling among the people of Green Erin, I caught one specimen of the genuine critter which is worth preserving. Two fellows were talking of the size of the river Shannon; one remarked, with surprize, that it was not so wide at a certain town as at another higher up. Oh yes, says his comrade, it's narrower there on account of the bridge.

But adieu to beautiful Ireland. The poetry that is wont to linger around her, is not dispelled by a nearer acquaintance, but deepens in lustre and brightens in

beauty by treading her world-famed Causeway; by mingling among the thronging crowds that people her ancient capital; and loitering in her delightful dells, where the mountain brook hurries with headlong haste through the rocky defiles of the Dargle, or the limpid floods of the sister streams go singing along by the flowery banks, and dancing over the sparkling sands of the lovely Vale of Avoca.

I returned to England on a lovely afternoon, landing at Holyhead, where the coast, which is a high bleak promontory rocky and barren, is almost perpendicular: scarred, seamed and rent, as if an earthquake had disturbed its repose; and the mighty chalk beds of England whiten its frowning brows. The sea was smooth as a garden lake, light clouds sported on a gentle breeze, and the voyage was most delightful.

Across the island of Anglesea the road crosses a sterile tract for several miles, when the country becomes better in appearance, green and fertile fields stretching away over a long succession of rolling hills, forming landscapes of great beauty. After about an hour's run, the great Britannia Tubular Bridge was seen just in advance of us, floating away in all its giant proportions through the vacant air, from shore to shore of the Menai Strait, and connecting the island of Anglesea and the coast of Wales. In another moment we were thundering through this iron tunnel enveloped in midnight darkness. This great bridge is one thousand eight hundred and forty-one feet in length, and one hundred feet above high water.* In the centre of the strait is an enormous rock called the Britannia rock, on which the central tower is built, and from which the bridge derives its name. It is entirely constructed of plates of wrought iron, and consists of two tubes, one for each track, entirely separate, with an iron roof covering both.

From the Cærnarvon end of the bridge, Mount Snowden

* The tubes are each 14 feet 8 inches wide, 30 feet high in the middle, and 23 at the ends. The two centre spans are 460 feet clear, and the total length of the iron tubes is 1513 feet.

and the Pass of Llanberris are visible, distant sixteen miles. Oh, how I wished to visit them; but I am compelled to forego the pleasures of this grand and sublime mountain journey. I am not fitted for a mountaineer, and must limit my wanderings to the tamer scenes of nature and the busy haunts of men. It is no easy matter to tear myself away from the vicinity of these great attractions, but circumstances are unyielding and submission is my lot.

The town of Bangor, two miles from the bridge, is celebrated for the wondrous beauty of its location. It stands in a rolling valley at the base of a line of cliffs, beyond which, from the high grounds of upper Bangor, a fine view is obtained of the rugged summits and towering mountain peaks, that stud the northern coast of Wales.

From Bangor to the Britannia Bridge, the road winds along the valley of the strait at some distance from the water's edge, affording most delightful views of the opposite shore, with its grassy fields and shady woods; its blooming orchards and tufts of shrubbery; its splendid palaces and delightful parks, that checker the landscape and clothe it with the most enchanting beauty.

Along the northern coast of Wales the rail road follows the seashore. In many places it required immense labor to level the solid rock, to bridge its yawning chasms, and tunnel its projecting headlands. The route is beautiful. The steam-horse goes picking his way along the shore, now trembling on the edge of a precipice, he almost overhangs the wave; now winding around a rocky ledge, he thunders along his iron pathway, and anon he pursues his impetuous flight along the open valley, while his piercing shriek resounds through the mountain passes, plays a treble note to the melody of gray old Ocean's surge, and dies away mid the rocky heights of the mighty Penman-maur.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SCOTLAND—HER GREAT MEN—EDINBURGH—OLD AND NEW TOWN—HOLYROOD PALACE—QUEEN MARY'S APARTMENTS—CROWN AND REGALIA OF SCOTLAND—GRAVE OF HUGH MILLER—TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY—ASCENT OF ARTHUR'S SEAT—VIEW FROM SUMMIT—VIEW FROM NELSON'S MONUMENT—FOOTSTEPS OF GENIUS.

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy Palaces and Towers!"—*Burns*.

OF all the lands of western Europe, few claim a higher place in the mind of the tourist than Scotland. I felt my heart bound and the blood leap through my veins with a surging tide, as I stepped on the land which had given birth to a Wallace and a Scott, a Douglass and a Burns, a Knox and a Miller; that land which had attained so high a place in the world of song and story, whose deeds of daring by her ancient and her modern heroes have rarely been excelled, and whose literature has so few superiors.

Where a Dugald Stewart, a Macaulay, a Nichol or a Wilson, pause in the race of knowledge, human nature will do well to hesitate; where a Pollok and a Burns check their poetic fancies, it is folly to attempt to soar beyond; where a Blair sets bounds to his religious exhortations, let uninspired humanity forbear to trespass on the realms above; when a Robertson and a Hume have told the story of a nation's deeds; when a Miller has depicted the sublime truths of science, and translated the wondrous stony volumes of geology, with a warmth of fancy, a fertility of thought, and a burning glow of diction which the world has not exceeded; when a Scott has exhausted his inventive faculties, and sported with the graces of delightful fiction; let others read, and reverently admire, but be certain that the inspiration of superior genius prompts them, ere they venture on the treacherous realms where these great spirits stayed their sublime and adventurous flights.

Of all the British towns the second place is undoubtedly due to the proud Capital of the North. Edinburgh is a city of magnificent contrasts. The plot of the town presents some singular natural features. A high narrow ridge in the centre of the town, rises gradually from the east to a height of over four hundred feet, and abruptly terminates in a perpendicular ledge of rocks. On this giddy height stands the far-famed Castle, looking down in frowning grandeur on the level grounds below, over which the town spreads far away till it mounts the first rise of the Pentland Hills. The ascent on High street, which follows the crest of this ridge, is very gentle and easy.

Along the north base of Castle Hill is a narrow defile, beyond which, at some distance to the east, this singular phenomenon is repeated on a somewhat smaller scale;—Calton Hill rising gradually in the same manner, and terminating in an abrupt rocky ledge. This hill is crowned with several monuments—to Nelson, to Burns, Dugald Stuart, and Professor Playfair. Here is also an unfinished national monument to those who fell at Waterloo, intended to be a model of the Parthenon. Twelve noble columns are erected, forming one side and one end of the building, and surmounted by a rich entablature. There it stands, like a magnificent ruin.

At the lower end of High street, at the sloping base of Castle Hill, stands Holyrood Palace, so famous in the eventful history of Scotland; and just south of this the strange features of Castle Hill are again twice repeated on a greatly expanded scale. A hill towering upward rather abruptly from the east, to a height of over eight hundred feet, forms the famous Arthur's Seat, and then drops suddenly off to the west with a very steep declivity. The summit of this hill, seen from some parts of the city, presents the exact outline of a lion crouching, and seemingly guarding the Palace, which lies almost under his paws.

From the western base of Arthur's Seat, a gentle grassy slope again ascends to the east, over five hundred feet in height, and terminates in a rocky terrace absolutely perpendicular, from the base of which a very steep slope of

debris falls away to the plain. Such are the chief features of the site of Edinburgh.

But the contrasts of Edinburgh are not confined to the ground on which it stands. It is divided into the Old and New towns. The Old town occupies the southern side of Castle Hill, and is an intricate labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, between antiquated houses of six and eight stories, which Time seems to have forgotten in his rapid career, whose stone walls have often lost every trace of an artificial face, having mouldered and crumbled away till the original surface is gone; with projecting upper stories overhanging the side-walks, and two, three, or four separate quaint looking gables, rising from the top of the walls. These narrow highways of the olden time, seem not unlike a ravine torn through the living rock.

The New town is of a totally different character. The buildings are modern, and of the most elegant architecture. Several streets consist entirely of palatial residences, which yield in no respect to those of London. An extensive terrace of uniform architecture, with canopied doorways, and windows projecting in arches, with heavy classic cornice and miniature flower beds in front, is almost a peculiar feature of this Queen city of the North. Indeed in some respects the great metropolis must yield the palm to Edina. Here, it is true, is no St. Paul's; no Westminster Abbey; no Crystal Palace; no British Museum; but on the other hand, London has no Castle Hill; no Princes street; no Arthur's Seat; no Calton Terrace.* The smoke and exhalations of the city hang over it in a cloud more or less dense, whence it has received the familiar name among the people of Auld Rickey; which, being interpreted, is Old Smoky.

The first point of attraction is †Holyrood Palace, so intimately connected with the history of the great, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a very handsome building, on a small plain at the base of Arthur's Seat. A beautiful fountain stands in front of the palace

* Regent's Quadrant is a comparative range of shops.

† Holy Cross.

of highly ornamental design, around which, a series of lion's heads spout the water into the basin. The palace is closed to the public, except the picture gallery, Lord Darnley's rooms, Queen Mary's apartments, and the ruined chapel and abbey. Upon entering the court, we turn to the left and ascend a flight of stone steps which leads to the picture gallery, a long room, plain and old fashioned, hung with a series of portraits of the Kings of Scotland, historic or fabulous, from the misty times of Fergus I., B. C. 323, down to the reign of James VI.

We now enter Lord Darnley's rooms, a series of apartments of no great size or splendor, indeed decidedly shabby. The ceilings are of paneled oak with armorial devices, and the walls of crumbling plaster. We now ascend another flight of stairs, circular and elegant, to Queen Mary's apartments, one of the most interesting series of rooms in Europe, and truly the hand of innovation has respected their solemn interest. They do not appear to have been retouched or remodeled for many a long century. In one room stands her bed, the curtains of which,—of damasked silk,—are moth-eaten and hanging in shreds, and the bed itself is in the same condition.

In her supping room, which is only about eight feet square, and the walls of which are completely ruinous,—the plaster crumbling and falling away, and the ceiling and floor decaying,—was enacted that terrible tragedy of the murder of Rizzio, which figures so largely in her history. He was stabbed while clinging to Mary's dress, pleading her protection, which she would gladly have given him had she been able; and was then dragged to the head of the stairway where he expired, having received fifty-six wounds. Just at the head of the stairs is a stain of some kind, quite common in old lumber, which is soberly declared to be the stain left by the blood of the infamous sufferer. And this in the nineteenth century! And this in enlightened Scotland! Well may scepticism laugh.

The crown and regalia of Scotland are kept in a small room in the Castle arched with stone, without a window, and lighted by four lamps. These insignia of Scottish

royalty were long concealed in the very room where they are now exhibited, in an old chest which yet stands by them. They were long thought to be lost, the secret being confined to Sir William Wallace and a few of his faithful friends. Here is the crown supposed to have been worn in a simpler form by Robert Bruce. It consists of a crimson-purple velvet cap surrounded by a rim of gold richly set with gems. The upper edge of this rim is bordered with leaves and fleur-de-lis. Four arched segments rise from the sides and meet at the top where they support a cross and gem. Here is also the scepter of Scotland,—a six-sided rod of gold, ending in a taper ornamental wand. Two ferrules encircle it, and a richly engraved knob forms the base. The sword of state with a highly ornamented scabbard, presented to James IV. by Pope Julius II.; the Lord Bishop's rod of office, the finger rings which the Scottish Sovereigns wore when crowned; two brooches; badges of different orders of knighthood; and a chain of gold; constitute the rich and gorgeous regalia of Scotland. The whole rests on a white marble table enclosed in a strong iron railing—the crown on a cushion of crimson velvet in the centre, supported by a pedestal of white marble.

On a lovely Sabbath afternoon I visited Grange Cemetery, to indulge a solemn thought at the grave of Hugh Miller. This great man stands in the very foremost rank of writers. His language is unsurpassed in sweetness, in strength, and every attribute that denotes a leader in the literary world. He is too modern, too near our own times, to permit us to see him in all his greatness. Such master spirits, like the great works of the architect, require a certain distance to enable us to see the just proportions and perfect harmony of the entire structure. We are dazzled by the glare of ornament, the perfection of finish, we are bewildered by the variety of dependencies which unite to form one harmonious whole;—in like manner are we baffled in attempting to form a proper estimate of the newly dead, by the influence of personal affection, and the very excusable pride we must all feel at being identified with an age which was honored with so great a mind.

He lies in the north west corner of the cemetery, in a vault faced with plain sandstone and surmounted with a pediment. A small tablet bears this simple inscription :

HUGH MILLER.

Died 24th December, 1856, aged 54 years.

A stout iron railing, supported by stone pedestals, encloses a small space in front, in which the cowslip, white clover, and daisy are sprinkled over the rich green sward, in the midst of which a small bed blooms with the choicest flowers, a fit emblem of the gentle and lovely spirit which scattered so profusely the flowers of eloquence, and the glorious creations of his poetic mind among thousands of admiring readers.

Dark clouds overshadowed the close of his useful life. His mind, overcome by the incessant toil of study, gave way before the wild and fantastic creations of its own disordered powers; visions of more than mortal horror flashed through his ever active brain; and terrors, of which inferior natures can form no conception, arose before the mental vision of Scotland's gifted man. Overcome by the fearful phantasms of his own creation, he gave way to despair, and in a moment of frenzy terminated that life by violence, which had been so bright an example of mildness and peace and joy; of cheerful happiness and contented toil. Yet sleep in peace, thou great and mighty spirit. Thy works remain a monument of glory such as will never grace Victoria's tomb. The *Testimony of the Rocks*, translated by thy able pen, will speak to future ages, not only of the early records of our globe, but also of the master genius who interpreted their mystic symbols. How infinitely superior is a crown like thine to all the glittering diadems of earth!

From the cemetery I climbed to the summit of Arthur's Seat, where a most noble prospect meets the eye. The city lays at your feet, as it were clustering to a point beneath you. The Frith of Forth glitters with many a winding curve far away in the interior, beyond which the whole of Fifeshire forms but the foreground as it were of

the picture, which sweeps to the north and west till lost amid the mountain ranges and gloomy defiles of the Highlands; where the hoary summit of Ben Lomond towers above its fellows, like a giant pyramid stretching up into the ethereal blue. Ben Ledi is a little to the west, and a broken range of rugged highlands mottles the view to the right, where the prospect is bounded by the Grampians, and lost in the misty clouds that hover o'er the German ocean. On the other hand, the range of the Pentland Hills forms a framework, as it were, for the city, beyond which a rugged landscape falls away to the south to the distant range of the Cheviot Hills, which rises in the background of the view, and terminates this magnificent perspective.

The Water of Leith flows through a deep ravine on the eastern borders of the city, over which a most beautiful stone bridge is thrown at a great height from the water. From this bridge the view is exceedingly fine; the frith, the city, the coast of Fife, and the surrounding scenery combine to form a delightful prospect. But in Edinburgh where shall we go to avoid a scene of grandeur and of beauty? From the top of Nelson's Monument on Calton Hill, is a view which is pronounced equal to the bay of Naples. The scene is the same on a much smaller scale as that from Arthur's Seat, except that the noble Frith, a lovely sheet of water with a tortuous winding outline, is much better seen from this point of view, and spreads itself out like a liquid mirror; the leading feature of the scene, which, combined with the suburbs of the city, and the tufts of woodland and artificial groves scattered here and there amid the hills and valleys, constitute a landscape over which the Spirit of Beauty has thrown her fairest mantle.

In the Calton burying-ground repose the remains of that great man, that deluded sceptic, that powerful writer, David Hume. His monument is a plain cylindrical stone tower, encircled with a band of delicate carving. An iron grate in the wall gives a view of the cold, empty, blank interior. In Grey Friar's Cemetery, Robertson, the

historian, Hugh Blair, the preacher, and Allan Ramsay, the poet, are buried.

The residence of Allan Ramsay is preserved with much care, and the gardens are kept in neat order, but have been entirely remodeled, and are not thrown open to the public. Yet it is a spot to which the heart of the patriotic Scotchman turns with pride, as one of the rallying points for the common sentiment of his countrymen. The footsteps of Genius illustrate the humble haunts where it dwells, and Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd holds a place with the lovers of Scotch literature, which will long hallow the scenes connected with its gifted author.

But the fairest visions must fade away, and we cannot linger in the pleasant city. I crossed the Frith to the coast of Fifeshire, and took my last view of Edina as our gallant bark swept across the water; and I thought, as it gradually vanished away in the mists of the morning, that this beautiful city, which has so long lingered as a fairy creation in the mind, would henceforth be a not less pleasing, though a more definite object, for the fancy to clothe with its glowing hues.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MELROSE—ITS ABBEY—HAWTHORNDEN—ROSLIN CHURCH—
AYRSHIRE—THE LAND OF BURNS—STIRLING CASTLE—
BATTLE-GROUND OF BANNOCKBURN—THE OLD MAN'S EN-
THUSIASM.

"Honor the Scotch brigade,
Honor the charge they made,
While the world wondered."—*Tennyson, adapted.*

Scots wha hae' wi' Wallace bled!"—*Burns.*

THE town of Melrose stands in a beautiful valley on the Tweed, a "fair river," but not very "broad and deep." Here is a ruined Abbey, rendered famous by being the scene of Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. It is a glorious ruin, and well worthy of its high reputation. Much of the elegant carving of

he capitals and other ornamental portions still remains as fresh and perfect as if just from the artist's hands, the finest lines and most delicate leaves and tendrils being entirely uninjured in the lapse of many centuries. Under one of the elegant windows the heart of Robert Bruce lies buried. In one of the aisles is the grave of Michael Scott, the bard who sang the last lay, which Sir Walter has so beautifully paraphrased, and the cloisters are still shown by the guides—merely an enclosure in one of the angles of the outer wall.

From several points in the burying-ground the view is very fine, and the gray old Abbey looms up to the vision, as a Spirit of the past, frowning on the innovations which time and progress have made upon the surrounding scenes, its fragment of a tower rising far above the mouldering walls and overlooking the beautiful valley of the Tweed, while the shriek of the steam horse, as he speeds on his wild career almost under the shadows of the Abbey, rings and reverberates through the lonely aisles and deserted halls. What a change has come o'er the spirit of the scene since these hoary walls were reared, and the ghostly monks chanted their doleful music over this lovely vale!

Hawthornden is a beautiful mountain defile, a few miles from Edinburgh, through which flows the river Esk, now foaming through a rocky chasm, now rippling gently over a sandy bed, and now sleeping in dark and silent pools beneath the thick shade of a cluster of mountain shrubs, till at a sudden bend of the river, the perpendicular cliff is crowned with a stately mansion on the very brink of the precipice, with turrets rising from the corners, and an air of antique neatness and splendor pervading the entire building. This was the dwelling of Drummond, a great historian and poet, and a friend of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. Tradition sayeth, if indeed it be not history, that Ben Jonson traveled on foot from London to this place, to spend a social time with his brother poet, and a jolly visit it was.

Near the upper end of Hawthornden stands the little tile-covered village of Roslin, famous for its gorgeous

miniature church,* but little larger than a common dwelling house, and yet finished with a profusion of workmanship, a splendor of ornament, and a perfection of design, which throw many famous cathedrals far away in the background. The ruins of an old castle, and ruins indeed they are, only a few fragments of the walls remaining, stand on a steep rocky bluff with precipitous sides, projecting like a promontory into a deep bend of the river Esk, and overlooking a lovely vale bordered with steep romantic hills, through which the stream goes dancing in a series of successive rapids.

I made a rapid tour through the heart of Ayrshire, the birth place and home of Scotia's peasant Bard. Who would not wish to visit the bonnie Doon, and to ramble entranced in enthusiastic reverie amid the scenes illustrated by his plebian muse? And this is the land of Burns! the land of a glass and a *sang*! where he toiled with life's stern realities, where he held the plow, and wielded the unpoetic axe; yet enraptured with more glowing visions floating through his burning fancy than ever visited his maniac sovereign, or flashed across the vapid mind of that haughty lordling whom he so thoroughly scorned when forced to the conclusion that "Man was made to mourn." Truly this is poetic ground. To my mind, the Doon and the Ayr are second only in the list of classic streams, to the Scamander and Illysus, the Tiber and the Avon.

The town of Stirling is one of the most interesting localities of Scotland. Its site is somewhat similar to that of Edinburgh. The castle stands on just such a rocky prominence, rising gradually from a level in a sharp ridge or spine and terminating in a perpendicular bluff of solid rock, commanding the valley of the Leith, which flows at its base. From the top of the walls you look down a fearful depth, to a mass of broken rocks that form a shelving base to the cliff.

From the parapets of the castle magnificent views are obtained, reaching away to Ben Lomond and mountains

* Only sixty-eight feet long.

beyond on the one hand, and to Arthur's Seat and the Pentland hills on the other; while the wide expanse of the valley of the Forth, dotted with farm houses and villages, occupies the intervening space. The exterior of the castle is of singular character: flying buttresses support the walls, from the top of which rise pinnacles or statues, while horrid grotesque figures, with visages distorted into every conceivable deformity, hydras, griffins, and gorgons of frightful countenances, glare down upon you from the cornices, from the offsets of the buttresses, from the window caps and the keystones of the numerous arches, while others start out from the solid walls, or lurk in some obscure corner, giving a strange and wierd complexion to this stronghold of a nation's liberties. The building is magnificent within itself; when viewed through the gorgeous-tinted halo with which the authoress of the Scottish Chiefs has invested it, it becomes sublime.

It was with feelings of no ordinary character, that I visited the battle-ground of Bannockburn, two miles from Stirling. Here you will find a people proud of their nationality. The Scotch in this vicinity can scarcely speak of that day, or survey that glorious field even yet, without stretching themselves up to their fullest proportions, and showing, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, that innate pride and prestige of renown, which Bruce and his gallant army bequeathed as a perpetual legacy to the whole body of the Scottish clans, and which, even to this day, is cherished by their grateful posterity as one of the brightest gems in the rich casket of their nation's jewels.

Whilst standing all alone by the stone where Bruce planted his flagstaff, on a gentle eminence overlooking the battle-field, vainly endeavoring to fix the location of the more prominent features of that eventful day, a genteel Scotchman, who was passing into the decline of life, came leisurely sauntering along the road and stopped to take a view of the interesting scene. I approached, and respectfully asked him to point out the position of the

armies, and the scenes of the chief events of Scotland's proudest day.

Certainly, said he, with pleasure will I do it. This flat valley in front of you, through which flows the little stream, or as the Scots call it, the *burn* of Bannock, was at that early day a morass, and the Bruce who had planted his banner on this stone, in which you still see the hole that was drilled for the purpose, had dug numerous pits along the banks of the stream, and planted pikes in the bottom to arrest the charge of the English cavalry. As he mentioned the Bruce, I noticed a very perceptible elevation of his tone.

Here was Bruce's station, said he, and his small but undaunted army of thirty thousand men, lay on this hill-side and on the grounds back of us, while on yonder hill to the right and slightly in the rear, he had placed a large company of wagoners and sumpter boys, provided with banners to give them the appearance of a large army, and his left wing guarded the open valley, which you see yonder leading down to the castle of Stirling, which was then in possession of the English, under the command of Philip de Mowbray; while the English King, with his one hundred and fifty thousand men, occupied the low ground and the gentle elevation beyond the stream.

On the evening previous to the battle, when the English approached, Bruce led out his cavalry, and a sharp conflict ensued, but the enemy were allured among the turf-covered pits prepared for their reception, and fell into confusion, whilst the Scots, who knew the ground, charged upon them in their disorder, and gained a decided advantage. Bruce engaged in single combat with Henry de Bohun, and with one stroke of his battle axe cleft his head in twain. He fell at the foot of that hill where you see a clump of trees, just beyond the burn.

The ensuing night was short at that season of the year, and in this northern clime, and when the day again broke, Edward led his forces to the attack, and the Earl of Gloucester, his nephew, who commanded the left wing of his cavalry, dashing on with indiscreet ardor, became

again entangled among the covered pits, whilst Sir James Douglass, who commanded the Scottish cavalry, gave them no leisure to rally, but gallantly pressed the advantage, and they fled over the rising grounds to the right beyond the stream. While the English were startled by this unfavorable beginning of the action, the body of Scotsmen who were planted on these hills, made their appearance with banners flying, and the English mistaking them for another powerful army, were seized with a panic and began to give ground.

Edward, as a last resource, detached a powerful company to force the passage to the castle, which was guarded by a handful of patriots. The encounter was severe, the valley yonder to the left was covered with the slain, and the Bruce, alarmed for the consequences, sent a force to support them, but finding, when they were not more than half way to the scene of conflict, that the English were giving ground, he countermanded the order, saying that as the guards had so gallantly defended the pass, they should have the entire honor of the victory. Edward's forces fell back in confusion and dismay, and the whole body of his army, panic stricken and discouraged, threw down their arms and fled.

As the old man thus proceeded in his narration, his enthusiasm kindled with the theme, his stooping figure became erect, his dull eye flashed with patriotic fire, and his whole demeanor bespoke a conscious pride of Caledonia's prowess, and her deeds of daring and of valor. Enthusiasm is contagious, and I could scarce repress an involuntary shout of triumph as he concluded with the remark, "From that day to this, the English have hated a Scotchman, but dared not show us any disrespect.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DAY OF PLEASURE — THE MISTS OF LOCH LOMOND — ROUGH HIGHLAND SCENERY — SUNLIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS — APPROACH TO LOCH KATRINE — BEN VENUE IN HIS GLORY — ELYSIAN LANDSCAPE — ELLEN'S ISLE — A DREAM OF BEAUTY.

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled."—*Scott*.

"There is a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet
Like mosaic raven:
And its roof is flowers and leaves,
Which the Summer's breath enweaves,
Each a gem engraven;
Girt by many an azure wave,
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm."—*Shelley*.

"And oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this,—it is this."—*Moore*.

THIS day has been a day of pleasure. I have made the tour of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine; have witnessed the scenery of the mountain lakes in its utmost perfection; landscapes of whose transcendent beauty I had no conception; Edens in the midst of a wilderness of mountains; islets of bliss springing up from the bosom of the crystal deeps; and a paradise embosomed in that sweet enchanted dell, where Loch Katrine sleeps in the shade of Ben Venue; where the dome-like summit of Ben A'an towers up in solemn grandeur, and the wild romantic Trosachs form a coronet of glory for the brightest jewel in this girdle of silver lakes that gem the Scottish Highlands.

The town of Balloch stands on the shore of Loch Lomond, at the point where it finds an outlet in the Waters of Leven; a name said to have been derived from the melancholy fact of eleven brothers and sisters having been drowned in it whilst returning from their mother's funeral—a truly tragic origin for a most melodious name.

The day was cloudy, and the mists hung heavy on the earth, at times coming down in slight drizzling rain, and completely hiding the distant mountains from view, but

when we embarked on the Mountaineer, a little steamer that glides like a fairy over this beautiful lake, the fogs gradually dispersed, and though the clouds did not break, the shores were perfectly clear; while a light veil of mist still hung upon the islands that lay just in front of us, like gems in a mass of liquid silver, and at times obscured the wild mountain gorges further up the lake.

A strong breeze was blowing down from the mountains, and the effect was truly magical. The mists floated away as we approached and shifted from place to place, now skirting the shores with a film of hazy vapor, and now falling like a gossamer mantle on a beautiful emerald isle; now crowning a neighboring mountain with a cap of fleecy snow; and now pouring down a rocky defile like a torrent of feathery foam, always resting on the lake just in advance of us, but never allowing us to reach it; it by turns obscured and revealed the beauties of every portion of the scene. This, perhaps, was no disadvantage to the view, for the glorious beauties of these mountain lakes, with their verdant isles and magnificent shores, have a peculiar charm under the mellowing and softening influence of a subdued and diffused light; when every part assumes its proper hue, and comes out in due relief, without the strong contrast of light and shade an unclouded sky would produce.

The lofty summit of Ben Lomond, hid through nearly all the voyage by a dense mass of vapor, was, like all other parts of the landscape revealed for a few minutes just as we were passing its base, and his giant head, towering up into the region of storms, sent down a torrent of sparkling water that streaked his sides with a line of foam, and poured into the lake from a rocky height with a fearful and terrible bound.

The mountains now contract together, and the lake narrows almost to a frith. Deep valleys break up into the hills from the margin of the water, and the scenery becomes wild and desolate. I reluctantly landed at Inversnaid, a few miles above Ben Lomond; but my regret gave way to a new excitement when the coach drove up for Loch Katrine.

The clouds now began to lift, and the wild scenery came out in more magnificent grandeur ; soon bright patches of sunshine began to chase each other over the rocky wilderness ; now flashing back from a mountain peak ; and now dancing over a stunted forest ; or, lingering on the moss-covered hills, it gilded the scene with transcendent beauty, and touched the hoary mountains with a halo of glory, sublimely contrasting with the wild and desolate grandeur of those parts still enveloped in shade. Among the singular features that attract attention on this mountain route, is a hill called the Cobbler, but little inferior in height to Ben Lomond itself. Its summit is divided into three separate peaks, the central one round and regular, while on each side a sharp point shoots up, not merely perpendicular, but seeming to curve over toward the central hill as though attempting to form an arch above it ; like an enormous crescent cut transversely in the centre, and set on each side of the hill, with the points projecting toward each other.

On every hand were barren wastes of rocky hills, where not a trace of vegetation was perceptible, save a scanty covering of moss and lichen, barely sufficient to give a hue of green to the almost naked rock ; while here and there the valleys threw up a stunted forest of brushes and hazel where the hare and the fox could find a covert, or the partridge hide her timid young ; it was a scene of desolation, wild, dreary and romantic, beyond what I had ever imagined of the sublimity of Alpine regions. Yawning ravines broke deep into the body of the hills, and tore up their rocky sides into fearful chasms, into which the sun could never penetrate, and towering peaks tossed their heads, bald, bleak and hoary, into the regions of the upper clouds. It was a fair sample of the Highland fastnesses, in which the hardy mountaineer, unused to the refinements of society, formerly secreted himself : from whence he committed depredations on his neighbors, defying the restraints of law, and eluding the hand of justice : might was his measure of right, and his sword was his only arbiter.

Five miles through this rugged scenery brought us to

that lovely lake, which none can see without a thrill of rapture ; and none describe in words that will not dim the sparkling beauty of its mountain-girdled waters, and the halo of poetic glory which the magic pen of Scott has thrown around its coronet of islands, and its verdure-tufted shores.

The little steamer, the *Lady of the Lake*, floated like a swan on its tranquil bosom, and we stepped on board, impatient for the moment of departure to arrive. At this place, the upper or eastern end of Loch Katrine, the scenery does not meet the high expectations of one whose mind has been fired by the glowing imagery of that interdicted novel whose scene is laid upon its shores. The lake is one unbroken expanse ; no islands checker its bosom ; its waters lave the base of gradually swelling hills, covered with grass and heather, that fall back from the margin of the water, and leisurely swell up into miniature mountains, forming separate features in the landscape.

At the appointed time we started. The mists had partially fallen again, and hung thick and heavy upon the hill-tops to the east, and closed the upper portions of the valleys ; but left the face of the waters, the lower grounds, and all the western landscape perfectly clear. As we skimmed down the lake the mountains closed in towards the water, and the hoary head of Ben Venue seemed to lift itself proudly upward as we approached ; his noble outline starting out in bold perspective against the sky, as we rounded a projecting headland ; and Ben A'an shot up a pointed dome of naked rock ; "a thunder-splintered pinnacle," while the crevices on the mountain sides, wide ruinous rents, torn deep and dark far down amid the rocks, assumed a wild, savage and grotesque appearance, as our position changed with the motion of our swan-like skiff ; and the waters *seemed* to grow still more and more limpid and crystalline ; still deeper, and darker, and purer, as they caught the full reflection from the deep green foliage of the banks.

Soon we approached the western extremity ; and the scene became indescribably beautiful. High banks, clad in richest foliage, varying through every shade of green,

drew closer and closer together, and the little lake narrowed to their encircling embrace; pillars of rock of most graceful proportions rose here and there to vary the shore line; fantastic hillocks and isolated pinnacles lay thickly strewn on the narrow margin between the water and the sublime heights of the Trosachs; large rocks projecting beyond the bank and clothed in mountain verdure, let fall a rich drapery of heather and evergreen drooping down to the tranquil waters. which lay in inky blackness beneath; the trout dimpling the surface as it sported beneath the wave, and now and then darting into the air as if for very wantonness; the eagle sailing majestically around as if delighted with the scene below; the universal yet ever-varying robe of green which draped the hills and mountains, save just enough of the native rock to relieve, and give effect to the scene; a little nook of water creeping in between two rocky cliffs, that almost met in the heights above; and especially that delightful spot, so familiar to the fancy, so full of poetic perfections, where the melody of birds resounds amid the fragrant bowers of Ellen's Isle, which rises among its sister islets, crowned with luxuriant verdure, like a mighty emerald floating on the liquid mirror,—all combine to form a scene of enchanting beauty, where the Fairies might hold their moonlight revels, and dance in their rainbow-tinted halls.

But we sped rapidly through these delightful scenes; their brightness and beauty flew by like the fitful and flashing Aurora: our little boat glided into her narrow haven, and this glorious vision of ethereal beauty vanished forever from my view. Oh, what a dream was that! so fleeting, fantastic, and fairy-like! so delicate, so mildly beautiful, so like the unreal fancies of a vision! And yet it was no dream; it was an absolute, a tangible, yet an almost ethereal reality. It seemed to me the effect was finer than it would have been under an unclouded sky; but it is a scene of just that character, that, see it as you may for the first time, you will be fully persuaded it is under the most favorable circumstances possible.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SCENES OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE—HIGHLAND LEGENDS—BRIGG
OF BRACKLYNN—CALLENDER—ASCENT OF BEN LEDI—VIEW
FROM THE SUMMIT—DESCENT.

"The hills, the everlasting hills,
How peerlessly they rise!
Like earth's gigantic sentinels,
Discoursing in the skies."—*Halleck.*

"Nor do I, of that isle remember aught
Of prospect more sublime and beautiful,
Than Scotia's northern battlement of hills."—*Pollok.*

Now took coach again for Callender, nine miles. Our route lay through the scenes of the Lady of the Lake. The spot where Fitz-James lost his gallant Gray, was pointed out by our driver; the glen where Roderic Dhu whistled up his five hundred men, and the rock against which Fitz-James leaned while flinging out his bold defiance,

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I;"

Ranlach mead where the clans were ordered to assemble, a level nook in a bend of the stream, perhaps an acre in extent; Duncraggan where the cross of fire first rested in its rapid passage to arouse the clans to arms; Coilantogle ford, the outlet of Loch Vennachar, where James Fitz-James and Roderic Dhu fought their deadly duel; and other places which Scott has invested with poetic interest, came crowding upon me with bewildering rapidity.

At one place where we rounded a mountain point, the Trosachs burst upon the view with startling grandeur, encircling the head of Loch Achray, which slept in its romantic dell, and the lofty summits of Ben A'an and Ben Venue formed the background of this magnificent landscape. Soon after we came to Loch Vennachar, and skirted along its beautiful shores, with a high chain of hills to our left and a lovely valley in front. Beyond

this we crossed the Brigg of Turk, an ancient stone arch thrown over a wild mountain torrent, that comes leaping down from the highlands. Here Fitz-James lost sight of his companions in the exciting chase which opens the story to which this region owns its classic interest :

“ And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The foremost horseman rode alone.”

Not far from the town of Callender is a stone bridge thrown over the Kelty, remarkable for its antiquity, and for being the centre of its own progeny of superstitious legends, which claim to range away back into the misty days of old, though really less ancient than the Lady of the Lake, previous to whose advent this region was unnoticed and almost unknown. When that delightful work was sent forth to the world, it was found to be so perfectly in unison with the nature of the Highland mind, that it at once became a legendary tale, disentombed as it were from the rubbish of the past. On the same field from which the fiction-loving knight reaped so bountiful a harvest, sprung up a luxuriant after-growth of legend and of story, rapidly assuming the semblance of antiquity, which was soon mistaken for the reality. These legends, of necessity requiring a location, fastened upon the antique sites of this vicinity for their respective scenes, drew to their company a host of wild indefinite tales that had long been floating at random in the Highland fancy, and finally have transformed these mountain regions into the classic ground of Scotland.

Not far from Callender is the Brigg of Bracklynn over a small stream, the Kelty, which comes rattling down a valley of very common appearance, between two hills whose wooded or grassy sides form a smooth and rather steep bed. Suddenly the ground becomes most wildly broken; rocks piled upon rocks obstruct the stream, and a yawning gorge opens below, down which the water plunges with furious haste, dashing over several successive falls, now foaming through a narrow broken channel, now laying in inky blackness in pools of unknown depth, down, down it goes in its headlong career, till it reaches

the bottom of the gorge, when it again becomes an ordinary stream, the whole wild frolic being acted in a distance of forty rods.

The structure of the ground here is singular. It seems as though a series of regular walls had been built of Cyclopean masonry, dressed by the square and straight edge, not perpendicular, but inclining considerably to the north. These walls vary from a few inches to several feet apart, the intervals being filled with loose earth and gravel. Some sharp convulsion may then have broken through this rocky barrier, with a sudden explosion from below, acting in a line across the line of walls, and throwing out a series of blocks, in some places eight or ten, in others only one, which still lay in confusion as they fell. Across one of these chasms, where a single block has been tossed clear of the wall without disturbing its fellows, the rustic bridge is thrown, consisting of two sticks of undressed timber, light and fragile, protected by a simple hand-rail. The intervals between the walls have been emptied of their loose filling by the rains and floods of centuries, forming a series of narrow crevices, running back from the main abyss, and forming dangerous chasms, into which the unwary wanderer might stray and never be heard of more.

The town of Callender stands in a most romantic situation. The giant bulk of Ben Ledi lies in full view, a few miles to the north, and a spur of Ben Voirlich sweeps around the town to the east, faced with a precipice of enormous height, which is covered with a beautiful growth of pines, like a mighty curtain of highly wrought tapestry. In this high northern latitude the summer days are very long, the sun being more than eighteen hours above the horizon. Twilight links the evening and the morning in a golden chain together, and at midnight we can easily read by the light of the alternating day.

Early on a bright morning in June, I started to scale the heights of Ben Ledi. The air was beautifully clear, —not a cloud floated in the sky,—the sun was glancing across the landscape, throwing the shadows of the bald and naked peaks across the gloomy valleys, pouring along

the mountain ranges a flood of crystal light, and giving those desolate regions a touch of summer glory. The hoary summit of Ben Ledi rose like a sleepy giant in the background of the landscape, as I took my course up the stream that descends from his shaggy brow. It required a walk of seven miles, mostly over a barren wild where human footstep seldom treads, to gain the highest point. A long gradual ascent brought me to the base of a conical-looking hill, which I climbed slowly and cautiously. In one place a soft velvety grass plot offered an inviting footing after a clamber over stony ground, but suspecting the fair appearance, I got above it, and picking up a stone tossed it into the beautiful green. It went down with a sudden chug, cut through the thin grassy covering, and sunk in a quicksand of unknown depth. Not caring to investigate the hidden mystery, I made good my retreat.

From the top of the first rise,—the base of another gradual ascent terminating in a second steep,—my path was easier, and I went on at a good pace till in climbing the second hill, I was stopped by a loose, black, boggy-looking soil, covered with scanty vegetation and broken into deep gullies. Proceeding forward with extreme caution, trying the ground at every step, I soon found it was not so treacherous as it appeared. Gaining confidence, I scrambled over many of those ravines, and finally got upon firmer ground once more. Another steep ascent and laborious climb brought me to the "second top," from which is a fine view of the valley of the Leny. The rugged sides of Strathire and Ben Voirlich rose wild and craggy from the dark and gloomy valley, and many brother mountains tossed up their hoary heads, and grouped themselves into the most grotesque combinations.

Still I was far, very far from the summit; up, up, up I went, sometimes on smooth and easy paths, sometimes up rocky heights; now picking my way among bewildering gullies, and now following a winding path worn by the flocks that browse amid these lonely wilds. At last on winding around a rocky height, I saw the topmost

summit just ahead of me, and could see distinctly that nothing higher lay beyond. One more tiresome climb, one more contest with the stony path, and I was at the aim and end of my pilgrimage. On reaching the summit I looked round for the first time on the strange and wonderful scene. What a view was there! I stood on the highest crest of a long range of hills that rose gradually from the south, and swept away to the north till lost in a series of similar hills that checkered the distant landscape. On either hand a wild mountain valley lay far, far below me, and the hillsides plunged down with a precipitous descent; to the south lay the long gradual slope of the spine of the mountain up which I had ascended, and to the east a wide open valley, broad, level and fertile, stretched away to the heights of Stirling Castle, and far beyond this the eye ranged unconfined to the bald summit of Arthur's Seat, and the beautiful town of Edina; all else was a wild and desolate mountain view, whose hoary peaks shot up clear and sharp against the sky. Ben Lomond reared high his rocky head, the monarch of these dreary wastes; the nearer mass of Ben Venue, and the rocky crest of Ben A'an, tossed up their giant heads in proud sublimity; between them slept the glittering waters of Loch Katrine which gleamed and sparkled like an emerald in a waste and savage wilderness; Loch Achray, Loch Vennachar, and Loch Lubnaig, like a girdle of gems, encircled the base of the hill on which I stood; to the east the lofty range of Uam-Var swept away in a long and winding curve, and the background was filled with a multitude of lofty hills, and over this extended landscape not a tree, not a shrub was to be detected, even with the glass, nothing but a scanty growth of stunted mountain moss, save that in the valleys here and there, light timber or small copses of brushwood lined the streams, and struggled up the hillsides, but without attaining any considerable elevation.

It was about eight o'clock when I reached the summit: the air was clear as crystal; a slight haze had begun to gather on the further hills, and a delicate fringe of clouds hung over the distant horizon; but the view was wholly

unobscured, and the conditions most favorable for a satisfactory observation. Soon after, the mists began to gather, the distant mountain tops were blotted out, a haze hung over the valleys, smoke wreathes crept up the hillsides, and floated along the mountain passes, and the scene gradually lost its charms.

After lingering about an hour, I began the descent at a place where the hill plunged down to a valley almost on a level with the lake below. The descent was more fearful than I had supposed, and scarcely less fatiguing than the ascent, though more quickly performed; the ground was mostly firm and the footing good and solid.

I returned to my lodgings weary and foot-sore, but far from regretting the rugged mountain journey.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HO! FOR FRANCE—MY FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA-SHORE—DISTANT VIEW OF THE CLIFFS OF DOVER—ROUTE TO PARIS—ARRIVAL—BOULEVARDS—LOUVRE—TUILLERIES—GARDENS OF THE TUILLERIES—MUSEUMS IN THE LOUVRE—NOTRE DAME—VESTRY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE—COLUMN OF JULY—MADELINE—OBELISK OF LUXOR—INTERPRETING ITS DIALECT—PLACE DE CONCORD—GRANDEUR OF ITS SCENERY.

“Why this is France!

Where nature is only a living romance.”—*Bailey.*

“Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.”—*Goldsmith.*

EARLY in the season I took passage from London to Boulogne, en route for Paris. We had a delightful sail across the strait of Dover, whose waters were perfectly calm, reflecting the flitting clouds of Heaven in their deep unfathomable mirror, but ruffled with a multitude of waves that went rippling over their tranquil bosom, far back in the wake of our little vessel.

The next morning I rambled down the pier to the light-

house at the entrance of the harbor, and had my first view of the sea-shore. The tide was coming in, and the waves came dashing over the rocks with a ceaseless roar, as they sped landwards from the restless bosom of the boundless deep, and their moaning sound seemed like the indignant wail of the water nymph, that her wild and free and unfettered career had been at length arrested.

It is somewhat of a singular incident in my history that I have crossed the ocean from my native land to England, and again from London to Boulogne, to have my first view of the sea-shore, and first to hear the murmur of the waves upon the sands of the bonnie land of France. Yet so it is. I have seen the waters tossed into foaming waves upon the bosom of the mighty deep, have heard the terrible voice of the ocean when lashed by the sweeping tempest, and glided day after day upon its tranquil bosom when gently heaving with a lively breeze, but had never heard the soothing voice of the sea-shore; the rippling of the waters at the limit of their course, where it is said to them by that Voice which winds and waves obey. Thus far shalt thou go but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Whilst ascending a hill to have an extensive sea view, my attention was attracted to a bright line of silvery light gleaming in the western horizon, with the brilliancy of burnished crystal. As the day was extremely cloudy, I was baffled to account for it, but at length it suddenly flashed upon me that I was looking upon the far-famed heights of Dover, whose white chalk cliffs were glittering in a stream of sunlight that broke through an opening in the cloud, and fell full and fair upon the fearful precipice of Shakspeare's Cliff, investing it and the neighboring hills with a beauty and splendor that made them burn and glow in the distance, like a rim of burnished silver encircling the dim horizon, while all the rest of the landscape was enveloped in deepest shade.

My first introduction to French society was not unpleasant, though I labored under many disadvantages, being unable to speak the language. But the glorious city of Paris is before me, and all the probable privations of a

few weeks are welcome, if I but have a ramble through its shady boulevards, and see the Louvre and the Tuilleries; the Obelisk of Luxor and the Madeline.

Early on the morning of a beautiful day, I took the train for Paris. For some distance we skirted along the sea-shore, through a waste and dreary country, which, however, became more beautiful as the morning advanced, and especially as we approached the city of Amiens. I was anxious to see this place, but merely caught a general view of it, and a glimpse of its grand old cathedral, as we rolled along the outskirts of the station. The country now became very fine, and an occasional favorable position presented us with a widely extended landscape, while noblemen's residences, snugly nestled in beautiful parks, with long avenues of trees either straight or serpentine, interspersed with fountains and ornamental canals, would peep out at intervals amid the rural scenery and enliven our progress as we sped forward in our impetuous career. Here and there a ruined castle, an ivy-mantled abbey, or a fine romantic church checkered our way; and a little after noon the country again gave evidence that we were nearing a populous city. Beautiful country seats were perched upon slight eminences, or slept in the shady recesses of artificial forests, while spacious avenues of trees leading out to the open highways, and extensive gardens blooming with the choicest flowers, decked these patrician pleasure grounds; and neatness, elegance and order, told that we were already within the influence of the taste, fashion and etiquette of the proud capital of France.

We soon passed through an archway that cuts the city wall, and dashed screaming and thundering into the confines of this exceeding great city, which expanded before us in all its ideal beauty; a labyrinth of humanity in its every phase, its highest flights of grandeur and elegance, its refinements of civilization and art, its brilliant mental development and sublime flights of thought;—and on the other hand its lowest and most groveling features of filth, degradation and shame; its wastes of moral desolation, and dark fens of pollution.

Having engaged lodgings, I started out to survey the

beauties and the novelties of my new location. Of course my first destination was the Louvre and the Tuilleries, famous the world over for their architectural splendor and the museums of nature and art with which they are enriched. A long walk down the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the Boulevard de Sebastopol, a populous thoroughfare, bordered on each side with a row of shady trees, and buildings of light, airy and graceful architecture, brought me to the Seine, whose classic floods have been glimmering in the eye of fancy from the sunny days of my childhood. Here I examined my map of Paris, and turned down the stream to find the Louvre.

At length as I rounded a crowded corner, a magnificent palace with a colonnade of lofty Corinthian columns opened upon the view, and I knew that I had at last seen the master-piece of modern architecture, the pride and the glory of France, and the delight of a long line of Gallic sovereigns. On the principal front of the Louvre are twenty-eight fluted Corinthian columns, coupled in pairs, forming a grand colonnade, behind which runs a deeply recessed gallery, with windows flanked with columns surmounted with capitals of the same order in relief. At each end a wing projects forward as far as the colonnade. Over the centre of this magnificent vestibule rises a tympanum, in which is a large group of marble figures. The effect of this colonnade is extremely fine, the play of light and shade among the columns is enchanting, and the whole scene is such as few buildings in the world can equal. The basement is penetrated by an archway leading into an open court in the centre, around which the inner walls of the Louvre present a magnificent array of splendid columns, sculptured walls, ornate capitals, recessed doors and windows, elaborate cornices, and pediments filled with exquisite bass-reliefs in marble.

Adjoining the Louvre on the east is the Tuilleries. This building, so intimately connected with French history, is most elaborately decorated, indeed overloaded with ornament. The columns are encircled with richly carved bands of flowers and wreathes, and large stones with oval panels containing fantastic groups, are frequent

in the walls, serving rather to distract the mind with their intricate designs, and leaving not enough of plain surface to relieve and give effect to the elaborate decoration.

The Tuilleries, which is over a thousand feet in length, encloses a court called the Place de Carousal, in the centre of which are two lovely gardens enclosed in iron railings, laid out in gravel walks and enlivened with the gentle murmur and the sparkling spray of fountains, around which classic statues stand in graceful attitudes, and birds of brilliant plumage flit from flower to flower. Through this court pass several public thoroughfares, along which pours a constant stream of carriages, omnibuses and promiscuous travel. The inner walls, like the outer, are too copiously ornamented.

On the east of this royal residence are the far-famed Gardens of the Tuilleries. An extensive pleasure garden is enclosed with iron palisades, and interspersed with shrubbery enlivened with groups of statuary, and cooled with beautiful fountains whose liquid murmur mingles with the music of the birds that sport around the margin of their marble basins. Through these pleasant grounds a walk leads up to the royal entrance, but guarded by two ugly sentinels beyond whom none can pass save the courtiers who wait on royalty. Here is the residence of the august Louis Napoleon, and no sacrilegious commoner dare intrude his unhallowed presence within the lordly precincts of his royal courts. In front of these gardens is a space similarly decorated, which is open to the public, and the balance is set with forest trees, forming beautiful avenues running towards the Palace, but without order at right angles. The gardens contain sixty-five acres.

The Louvre is the great repository of the national museums. A long series of rooms is occupied with the gallery of paintings, and few indeed exceed it in the splendor of the collection. It has been said by those who are considered competent authority, and cautious in their decisions, to be inferior only to that of the Vatican. The Egyptian and Assyrian Galleries are also extensive, but inferior to those of London. Napoleon's state rooms are thrown open to the public, in which are his royal

robes, his scepter, crown, and sword of state, and other insignia of royalty, his body-arms and the caparisons of his steed, together with many articles of his domestic furniture. The scepter and prayer-book of Charlemagne, the bible of St. Louis, and other relics of the early sovereigns of France, are of great interest as memorials of a remote antiquity.

A room, appropriately called the Long Room, being over thirteen hundred feet in length, extends through one wing of the Louvre and the Tuilleries. It is beautifully ornamented with pillars and marble work. But the gem of the whole is the *Gallerie de Apollo*, which is decorated in a style of grandeur that would seem to admit of no improvement. The arched ceiling is divided by rich gilded figures of ideal designs, into distinct compartments, with a magnificent allegorical painting in each, representing *Amphitrite*, *Aurora*, *Spring*, *Night* and *Poesy*. The walls are also divided by panels, between which are windows on the one side looking out on the *Gardens de Infanta*, and on the other false doors for symmetry. The room is profusely gilded, and tastefully ornamented with brilliant colors in beautiful designs, and lacks but little save the grand obscurity of stained glass windows, to approach the *Alhambra* itself in beauty.

The Cathedral church of *Notre Dame* is situated on an island in the *Seine*. Two towers rise from the western end, and a long slender spire from the centre of the building, like a finger pointing to a better land. But on entering I was disappointed to find the interior far, far below the majestic dignity of the exterior. With a most depraved taste, the noble pillars and arches are painted in checker work of various bright colors and figures, more or less fanciful, and most absurdly splattered over the whole interior. The effect is repulsive. The ceiling is spangled with gilt stars on a blue ground. And I have lived to be disappointed in the church of *Notre Dame*! How greatly inferior to the noble simplicity of the *Louvre*, and the magnificent but harmonious decorations of the glorious *Madeline*!

The vestry of the church of *St. Sulpice* is supremely

fine. A circular apartment encrusted in marble, and hung with curtains of gilded velvet, arched overhead in the form of a dome, with a wide opening leading up into a second dome in which is a brilliant painting of the Ascension, form the outlines of this small but gorgeous sacristy. At intervals around the vestry are Corinthian pillars of the finest marble, while the intervening spaces and the surface of the lower dome, flash with gold and silver disposed in beautiful designs. Between the two pillars at the back of the vestry, an open space reveals a second apartment lighted by tinted glass from above. Here the Virgin in marble, with the child in her arms, is standing on a large globe which has lodged upon the rocks of a steep mountain declivity, and the gorgeous tinted light, as it falls like a violet veil from the unseen glory above, on the beautiful marble group and the shaggy mountain side, throws over the matchless apartment a beauty and a glory that utterly defy description.

On the site of the old Bastille, stands the Column of July, erected to the memory of those who were murdered by the infuriated mob in the terrible "three days" of July, 1831. It is a large bronze column, inscribed in gilt letters with the names of the victims of that savage massacre. On the capital rests a large gilt ball, surmounted by a colossal figure of the Genius of Liberty. He stands on one foot, with the other raised, the wings expanded, and the hands, one bearing a laurel branch, and the other a torch, in the attitude of taking flight, and leaving his former haunts to seek a resting place elsewhere; and an American might remark that his face is turned to the west. It is an appropriate emblem of the times it commemorates. The Genius of Liberty indeed departed for a season during the fearful commotions that attended these wild outbreaks of the popular frenzy of this highly excitable people.

On a lovely Sabbath morning I walked down the Italian Boulevard, one of the great arteries of Paris bordered with trees and crowded with the fashion and the gaiety of this ideal people, the splendor of whose buildings is in keeping with the rich liveries and gorgeous equipages

that go thronging through its shady avenue. It leads to the Madeline, the crowning glory of Paris. This magnificent church, which is modeled after the Parthenon, and from which again our own Girard's College is copied, stands on an elevated platform of marble,* around the entire margin of which runs a colonnade of fluted Corinthian columns, leaving a spacious corridor between it and the walls of the church. The southern portico, being the principal entrance, has a double row of pillars, and a lofty vaulted ceiling with wreaths deeply cut in stone, set in separate compartments. The entire cornice is trailed around with garlands of flowers and laurel wreaths, supported at regular intervals by angels and genii in playful and sportive attitudes, and here and there heads of angels project from the eaves, breaking up the monotony of outline, and giving greater variety to the view.

The southern pediment contains a large sculpture. The figure of Christ, eighteen feet high, stands in the centre, with Magdalen at his feet. On his left hand the angel of Vengeance repels Hatred, Lust, Hypocrisy and Avarice, and a demon precipitating a lost spirit into the abyss, fills the corner. At the right hand of Christ are the angels of Mercy, Innocence, Faith, Hope and Charity, while in the corner an angel greets a spirit, just rising to eternal life.

The form and proportions of the building are Grecian. It is not of a monstrous overgrown size, like too many public edifices; there are no little mincing decorations to detract from the general harmony; no projecting wings to break in upon the unity of design; each part is in perfect keeping with the whole; nothing is superfluous; nothing is wanting. It completely fills and satisfies the mind, and is undoubtedly one of the most perfect examples of architecture in existence.

Internally the Madeline is glorious. It consists of a vast nave, each side interrupted by four projecting piers, fronted with lofty Corinthian columns supporting colossal arches, from which rise three cupolas, each containing a

* It is 328 feet long, and 123 wide.

large circular sky-light, by which alone the church is lighted. The cupolas are encircled at their bases with gilded work, and in the vacant spaces at the corners are figures of the Apostles supporting the dome above them. Between the piers runs an Ionic colonnade of clouded pillars, with a marble balustrade, which under each arch becomes a Corinthian pediment with columns. On the ground floor a railing of pure white marble separates the nave from the side aisles. The walls are lined with polished marble, and ornamented with pictures in the highest style of art.

A little distance in front of the Madeline stands the Obelisk of Luxor, one of the most interesting objects of this or any other city. The Place de Concord, of which it forms the chief ornament, is an open square just beyond the Gardens of the Tuilleries at the further end from the Palace, and in view of many of the great curiosities of the city. This Obelisk is one of the two that formerly stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor, where they were erected by Sesostris the Great, B. C. 1550. It was brought from Egypt by order of the French government, and erected here in 1836. It is a single block of red syenite, over seventy-two feet in height,* covered on each face with three lines of hieroglyphic inscriptions running from top to bottom, commemorative of Sesostris; the middle line being most deeply cut and most carefully finished; consisting of figures of men and animals, birds and reptiles, which are as accurately defined, and in as perfect preservation as if just from the chisel of the sculptor.

This venerable monument which has witnessed the flight of more than thirty slow-revolving centuries; surviving the nation which called it into existence, and a long succession of dynasties that rose and flourished on its ruins; comes down to us charged with a precious record of the times of old, but locked up in that uncouth

* It is a four-sided shaft, with a pyramidal summit 72 feet 3 inches high, 7 feet 6 inches square at bottom, 5 feet 4 inches at top, weighs 500,000 lbs., stands on a pedestal of granite 27 feet high, and has 1600 hieroglyphic figures.

figure, which long defied the anxious attempts of those most deeply versed in antiquities to decipher its hidden meaning, and reveal the tale it told to the comprehension of the modern world. Fully persuaded that treasures of knowledge lay concealed beneath its strange devices, the most persevering efforts were made by the learned to wrest its hidden meaning from the ceremonial mystery in which it was enshrouded, and interpret to the world the story which it told with its strange mysterious voice. At length the key was discovered by Champollion, in the famous Rosetta Stone, which is now in the British Museum, and the uncouth figures clustered around this wondrous shaft, gradually fell into regularity and order, and arranged themselves in intelligible groups, till at length the whole assumed the harmony of regular connected thought, and this ancient monument of a primitive age yielded up its long cherished secret, and revealed the story of three thousand years ago. And now "behold a wonder." The story thus rescued from the ruins of a nation's literature long since vanished, proves to be in strict conformity with the Sacred writings, and the two records thus mutually verify and confirm each other.

The Place de Concord may be called the very heart and core of Paris. Two noble fountains play on either side of the Obelisk, one dedicated to maritime, the other to river navigation, and the decorations of each are suitable to its object. On one side lay the far-famed Gardens of the Tuilleries, through whose artificial groves the noble palace gleams with its gorgeous architectural decorations, its sculptured walls and ornate windows, its numerous turrets and ugly quadrangular domes, its eventful history and varied associations; on the other the Champs Elysees,* the pride of modern promenades, stretches away through a continuous artificial grove to the Barrier de l'Etoile, which bounds the view in this direction, while a panorama, several cafes and places of amusement, in light graceful and fantastic buildings, are interspersed among the trees, which here and there are disposed in geometrical figures,

* Pronounced *Shaws Eleesey*.

with secondary avenues, circles enclosing flower gardens, and fountains warbling forth their liquid murmur, and sparkling with silvery lustre when the sunbeam glances on them through the clustering foliage. On the south of these extensive grounds flows the beautiful Seine, whose classic floods have laved the feet of Charlemagne, and ministered to the wealth and power and pleasure of a long line of haughty sovereigns; now sweeping in one wide unruffled flood from bank to bank, it rolls along in its pride and power, and now broken by the piers of numerous bridges, it murmurs a plaintive tone as it surges and eddies around them.

At right angles to this line of vision, other noble prospects open upon the view. To the north up the Rue* Royale, is seen one corner of the glorious Madeline, with the thick cluster of tasteful and elegant buildings in its immediate neighborhood, while to the south a fanciful bridge spans the Seine, on whose opposite bank rises the noble portico of the Legislative Hall, and the scarcely less imposing facade of the University of France, while beyond these towers the mighty dome of the Hotel des Invalides, beneath whose gorgeous canopy repose the ashes of the great Napoleon; the taper spire of the Notre Dame shoots upward its tiny finger; the florid magnificence of the Palace of Luxembourg, and the lofty towers of the church of St. Sulpice, are distinguished amid the wilderness of houses, and the view is bounded by the chain of lovely hills which borders the Paris basin.

Such is the Place de Concord. Such the view which greets the eye of the classic student, and thrills him with a feeling of triumphant joy, when first he stands beside the Obelisk of Luxor, and gazes on this wondrous scene. He who has mingled with the surging throng that eddies round this hoary monument of more than thirty centuries ago, and indulged the solemn feelings that come throbbing on his bosom as he gazes on the proud area round him, till he becomes bewildered with the fervor of his own reflections, and his eye begins to ramble listlessly

* Rue, street.

over the Madeline and the Tuilleries, or to gaze in dreamy frenzy on that solemn shaft, upon whose top the Genius of Antiquity sits enthroned, has felt one of those deep emotions of which the human heart is capable; has witnessed one of those proud localities whose wondrous features stamp the supreme dignity of Man, and make the circuit of the earth a joy.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE—A REVERIE.

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain."—*Shakspeare.*

"Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers."—*Shirley.*

"It is but a dream—it will melt away."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ON a rising ground in the outskirts of the city, which flanks the eastern borders of the Paris basin, is the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. Here I wandered among the beautiful green bowers of the graveyard, beneath which sleep the numerous dead, whom fond affection has conveyed with weeping and sighs to their final resting places. Near the entrance are the tombs of Abelard and Eloiza united in one, an old structure, weather-beaten, mouldering, and time-worn, but full of interest from the touching story of their lives, so fruitful of sympathy through all succeeding ages, and so beautifully memorialized by Pope in his paraphrase of their epistles of love. Here are many monuments to men of world-wide fame. Volney reposes beneath a large quadrangular pyramid. The Reverend Sidney Smith, an Englishman of great fame, has laid down to rest among the people of this hostile land. Gay Lussac, the chemist, Parmentier, Moliere and La Fontaine have elegant monuments. Here is also the tomb of Laplace, the great astronomer, a pedestal from which rises an obelisk surmounted by an urn, and ornamented by figures

and inscriptions, illustrative of his favorite science and great achievements. Here is the grave of Marshal Ney. No monument marks the place of his rest, but it is enclosed by an iron railing, and the ground is laid out in a beautiful garden, planted with flowers, and intersected with miniature walks.

A chapel stands in the midst of the graves, a little fairy mausoleum, like a summer-house of wicker work for the revelings of the elves and gnomes that hover round the graveyard; and a rosary and wood-vine bower, where the daisy and violet bloom amid beds of fragrant myrtle and knots of curious verdure, and here the angels are wont to linger, that guard the portals to the future world. In front of this lovely little chapel is a space enclosed with a hedge of hawthorn, thickly set with ornamental trees, and decked with flowering shrubs. From the terrace which borders this chapel yard, where the eye ranges unconfined over the whole extent of Paris, a flight of marble steps descends to the general slope of the ground.

Seated in a cozy little nook on the platform at the landing of this stairway, where a neighboring cedar threw its sheltering arms athwart the sombre passage, and screened me from the glare of the noonday sun, while a ceaseless tide of human life went murmuring by, eddying through the winding paths and vine-clad arbors of the grounds, or reclining amid the fragrant bowers that deck this great necropolis, I fell into a train of serious thought on the vicissitudes of life.

Before me lay the great city of the living, its mighty heart beating ever responsive to the stimulus of a selfish policy, its leading arteries throbbing with unceasing pulsations of business and of pleasure;—around me was the city of the dead, whose gloomy thoroughfares lead to the confines of a world unknown, the inmates of whose narrow temples are done with the fleeting things of time, and amid whose rosy arbors fond affection lingers to drop the scalding tear and breathe the tender sigh, around the vault where lay the last remains of an earthly joy; and as I gazed and pondered, my mind was soothed into a tranquil repose by the melody of happy birds that war-

bled in the leafy bowers,—and lulled by the liquid murmur of a fountain that sang its ceaseless monotone in unison with the gentle whisperings of the breeze playing through the trembling leaves, till the scene became shadowy and indistinct, the fancy sported independent of the will, and a reverie slowly stole upon my mind.

A beautiful female figure which I had been casually noticing as she leisurely rambled among the graves where rest the sons of poverty and toil in a distinct corner of the ground, now turned her steps toward the chapel, and as she approached a change came over her every feature. Her countenance seemed to glow with a mild and unearthly radiance, a sprig of myrtle in her hair became a wreath of amaranth, her robes now lost the hues of earth and assumed the brilliancy of celestial white, tintured with a light cerulean hue, a willow twig which she carried became a silver wand, the ample folds of her drapery seemed to expand from her shoulders and developed into wings of dazzling lustre, that came mantling o'er her breast, and she was rapidly transfiguring into an angel of light.

I was filled with awe as she approached, and bowed my head in reverence when she directed her steps to the place where I sat. I arose respectfully, and she took my hand,—a thrill of feeling unknown before ran through my nerves, the cells of Fancy were opened, and I felt the dregs of sensation rapidly distilling away. Mortal, said she, wouldst thou see the changes of human life, the vicissitudes of man? Yes, said I, shew me them, I beseech thee, if thou countest me worthy. She replied, with a smile of ineffable kindness, No man is *worthy* of a heavenly vision, but it is sometimes granted from the abundance of grace which Heaven bestows on her exiled sons. Then laying her hand on my head, the films were cleared from my spiritual eyes, and I saw with a vision surpassing that of mortal man. I was transported from the outward world, and placed at once amid the unseen and the eternal. Look now, said she before thee, and tell me what thou seest.

I looked and beheld a dazzling scene that startled me

with its enchanting beauty. I see, said I, in an ecstasy of joy, a happy valley, embowered with delicious arbors where sparkling fountains and murmuring waterfalls play amid groves of stately cedars, and the luxuriant vine clings to the shady forest trees, and mounts to the crown of the lofty palm; while in the midst a garden of celestial beauty blooms with the choicest flowers, among which I see a frequent knot entwined with the rose and myrtle of earth, the balm and amaranth of Heaven; and a light above the brightness of the noonday sun beams down from the smiling skies, whose intense azure hue is tintured with a flush of rosy red, as though not light alone, but love, was poured from the realms on high; and two beings—yes, but two—I thought I saw a third of other form—invested with a dignity and grace I never saw in mortal man, seem sporting amid these delightful bowers, now engaged in pleasing converse as they pass from flower to flower, or repose beneath a shady arbor, where blooming violets checker the myrtle bed, and the daisy and the cowslip shed ambrosia round; and now raising their eyes to Heaven, they seem lost in thanksgiving and praise; and in the midst of the garden a tree of exceeding grandeur, and beautiful to the view, towers upward till its summit is lost in the heavens, while its leaves seem invested with the dews of life, its flowers distill a perfume of nectar that pervades the air even to this distant hill, and its fruit looks not of a kind that mortal hands should touch. Tell me, I pray thee, is this sweet vale on the shores of the River of Life in Heaven? No, she replied, thou seest the primitive home of man, the garden is the garden of Eden, that lofty tree is the tree of Knowledge, that happy couple are the parents of the human race. But look again, a change has pervaded the scene.

I looked, and behold, a third being had entered the garden, whose image perhaps I had dimly seen before. In general outline he resembled the others, but was every way deformed and hideous; his countenance betokened the most intense envy of the happy pair, and when he raised his eyes above, it was with a look of hatred, mingled

with hardened defiance; his breath formed a murky cloud around his head, incapable of mixing with the pure atmosphere of Paradise; his footsteps blasted the opening flowers, and his pathway could be traced by the deadened vegetation, and a fog of bluish vapor, through which flickered livid flashes of lurid flame, that hung over the shrinking foliage;—he was a blot on the fair creation a foul stain on the face of virgin nature. He approached the happy couple, transformed himself into an outward form of beauty, talked a moment with them, then springing to the tree of Knowledge, he rapidly scaled its trunk, plucked a handful of fruit, and descending, gave it to the wondering pair, who ate of the tempting apples.

Instantly a change came over the landscape; the light of heaven was dimmed, an angry cloud gathered overhead, fitful flashes of lightning gleamed from the wrathful sky, muttering thunders began to roll through the lowering clouds, gusts of wind swept across the pleasant valley, and soon a terrific tempest raged over the trembling earth; a sulphurous odor was diffused through the air, earthquakes rocked the solid mountains, Paradise was blotted from my view; ruin and wrath reigned triumphant, and chaos seemed to have come again. I turned in terror to my Instructress, who said in a solemn tone, The wrath of God is terrible; shall mortal man contend with his Maker? Thy parents were commanded not to touch the tree of Knowledge, and forewarned that in the day they ate its fruit they should surely die. This was the only sign of their allegiance to Heaven, all else was theirs beside. Yet they rashly disobeyed. Look now and see the fearful results.

I obeyed with trembling, and lo, the fury of the tempest had passed away and left a scene of general wreck. The blooming garden was transformed to a withered heath; the tree of Knowledge was stripped of its goodly branches, and stood a scathed and blasted trunk, angry clouds still lingered in the horizon, and fitful gusts swept at intervals across the barren plain; the pair before so happy, were cowering for shelter beneath the

blasted vines of their delightful bower, shivering in the pitiless blasts of sleet and gusts of pelting hail; with terror depicted in their countenances, and anguish engraven on their forms; the heavens above them were as brass, and a dim and sickly radiance took the place of the dazzling splendor of their happier estate; the earth beneath them was as iron, and yielded only thorns and brambles; the Evil One sat on his throne of ruins, and his baneful presence banished peace and happiness from the earth; while a shadowy form of most beautiful kind, mild and gentle as an angel, with a radiance in her beaming eye that told of a higher sphere, and a lustre in her silvery robes that had not been soiled by the storm of wrath, flitted around the desolate bower, and at intervals spoke to the wretched pair. The glance of her eye seemed to shed a mellow light around them, and their spirits revived when they listened to her words.

A gleam of light now caught my eye in the clouds. Looking upwards I saw a form of beauty descending from heaven—an Angel of superior order, girt with a gem starred zone, and waving an olive branch in his hand; his countenance bright with a smile of love, and a garland of flowers twined in his flowing locks, his robes bespangled with sparkling gems and his wings enameled with starry eyes; he descended and sat on the blasted trunk of the tree of Knowledge. A few buds swelled beneath his wing, and the tree gave signs of a sickly life. He looked around on the dismal scene, then slowly expanding his radiant wings, descended and stood by our common parents. He addressed a few words to them, and a change came over their whole demeanor. They cast a look of stern defiance at their grisly king, who quailed before their steadfast gaze, then turning to their heavenly visitor, bowed themselves reverently to the earth, then rose and went forth cheerfully to toil, and repair the havoc which the storm had made. Multitudes soon joined them in their allotted task. The thorn and the thistle were pruned away, and the vine and the olive cherished.

Turning to my guide I said with deep emotion: What

meaneth this general wreck? What form is that sitting on the throne? And tell me, I pray thee, who are those beautiful figures clad in robes of light? She replied in accents stern but mild: The wreck is the wreck of man after transgressing the command of God. The being who now rules in the world is the Prince of Darkness. The spirit thou sawest whispering to thy parents is Hope, who alone remained behind when sin exiled the Heavenly host, and the mighty Angel that descended and sat on the tree of Knowledge is the Angel of Mercy. He spoke to the man and the woman words of comfort. He told them the glad tidings of a coming redemption from the power of the Adversary, and their spirits revived at the assurance. The Tyrant cowered before their glance, as knowing that in the end he must fall and lose his present power. But the wrath of Heaven is unappeased, and gloom and perplexity still prevail. Thus the cup of life is mingled with the joys and sorrows, and smiles and tears alternate in your path. But look again; a further vision is before thee.

I looked, the valley was filled with a populous crowd,—the sound of revelry and riot ascended to my ears,—the Evil one still sat on his throne, which was now transformed to a gilded tomb; his subjects bowed obsequiously to his power, and eagerly performed his every will, all save a select few who dwelled apart in a city by themselves, in which was a temple of gorgeous splendor.

This peculiar people had a casket of transparent crystal confided to their keeping, which beamed and glowed with dazzling lustre. It was guarded with jealous care by a select band, who wore a garb of embroidered stuff and a breastplate of glittering gold, on which I could distinctly trace the form of characters I could not read. Then a man appeared of noble and commanding mien, who ruled the people by Divine commission, and held converse with Heaven as man with man. He approached the sacred casket and reverently dropped into it five jewels of celestial lustrè, which he had received in trust, directly from the hands of a winged messenger, with a charge to guard them with faithful care. An Angel de-

scended among the elders of the city, selected one of their number, a man of heavenly countenance and dignified demeanor, led him forth to the porch of the Temple, touched his brow with a golden wand and breathed into him the spirit of divine knowledge, then gave him a precious gem, a pearl of priceless value, with a charge to place it in the crystal casket for the use of the chosen people. He bowed his head in reverence, and joyfully deposited the sacred treasure among the people's jewels. Then from time to time, men of the finest mould and most exalted natures, commissioned by a heavenly messenger, placed each a precious gem in the same repository. Many of them were graven with beautiful figures of dim and shadowy outline, ever blending, yet ever distinct. The sparkling gems reflected rays of heavenly light, too pure for mortal eyes,—a vestige of the glorious light of Paradise, which the sin of man had veiled.

The Heavens seemed to open above the favored city, and a beam of celestial light fell upon it,—the only bright spot amid the general gloom, while the wrath of the Prince of darkness was aroused against the people of the city, and he waged a ceaseless warfare with them, specially desiring to get the casket of jewels in his power and trample them under his feet; yet it was ever beyond his reach, and its precious contents were never soiled by his baneful touch. Thou seest, said my Instructress, the conflict between light and darkness. The Prince of the power of the air now rules in the kingdoms of the earth, and he maketh war on the sons of light and ever seeketh to overcome them. Tell me, I pray thee, said I, the meaning of that glorious casket and the gems deposited therein. What are those mystic figures, beautiful but indistinct, with which they are engraven. These, said she, are the Oracles of Divine Revelation, given to man to illumine his steps through the gloom which sin has caused. They are fragments from the paving stones of Heaven, and the curious inscriptions, all wrought by the finger of God, are emblems of events that shall come to pass hereafter.

She made a pass with her silver wand and the scene was

changed. The grisly King became much alarmed,—he trembled on his throne; he clutched his sceptre with convulsive power, as though he feared it would elude his grasp. I marveled much at this, for his dominion seemed more firmly established than before, even the people of the favored city seemed to have transferred their allegiance and accepted him as their lord. The light still shined on the temple, but dimmed by surrounding clouds, and the gems in the crystal casket still sparkled with undiminished splendor, while all beside was dim.

I heard the sound of a trumpet and the rollings of many thunders, and a herald's voice proclaimed from the clouds, He comes, he comes, prepare his way before him! Then a child appeared in the temple, with no outward token of power, yet all eyes were instinctively turned upon him. He seemed a child above his years,—he grew and increased in favor; he asked no honor, yet all looked upon him as a being hastening to a wondrous destiny. Look now, said the Angel, on the Prince of darkness. I looked, and lo, he was writhing in his wrath; his eye was fixed on the heavenly child with a terrific glare of hatred and envy; he foamed, he gnashed his teeth. Then suddenly calming his agitation, he leaped from his throne, assumed the appearance of a shepherd, approached the child (now, however, become a man in the full vigor of life; for my good Genius, with a pass of her wand, shifted the scene from year to year), and with mock humility and guileful reverence, bowed as to a kingly power, though receiving but a frown of scorn in return, then led him away into a lonely wild, where he attempted to win his allegiance by promises of worldly honor. But the youthful being, strong in the panoply of virtue, indignantly spurned him from his presence, and in another instant he was again sitting on his throne, his visage marred with tenfold greater deformities, and an angry cloud gathering around his head. He sent his emissaries out to work the man's destruction. They endeavored to ensnare him in his words, or condemn him by his law, but in vain; he walked among men as a God; he did good wherever he came: but the clouds gathered again; the air became

denser and darker ; I felt the angel by my side tremble with agitation ; the minions of darkness rushed on the heavenly stranger, and slew him in their wrath. Then the heavens were blackened again ; the earth trembled exceedingly, and the Devil and his angels sent up a shout that rang through the vaulted sky. I turned in terror to my guide, and perceived a tear-drop trembling in her eye. Tell me, said I, what meaneth this fearful scene. Alas, said she, the Powers of darkness are again triumphant. They have slain the Son of God, who came to redeem the world. But look again ; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.

I looked. A sepulchre hewn in the living rock, and women weeping thereby. The world was a universal ruin ; man was palsied with astonishment and trembled with fear. A stream of lightning shot from the upper heavens, and a thunderbolt rocked the earth's foundations. An Angel stood by the sepulchre,—the stone was rolled away without hands, and the heavenly stranger of the former scene came forth from the grave, clad in the robes of eternal righteousness and crowned with a wreath of immortality. His countenance beamed with celestial love, and a sceptre of gold was in his hand. Satan reeled for a moment on his throne, and then was hurled to the ground. He slunk away in his shame and wrath, and called his legions off. The clouds of heaven now floated away, and a brighter day beamed down from above, but yet the sky was dull and gray, and the fullness of light did not return. The favored city was gone, and its people were dispersed. Gems of still greater value were now deposited from time to time in the sacred casket by men whose mission was from on high, not to a single city alone, but to the race of man at large. The earth now yielded her fruits ; thorns and brambles amid the apple groves, and tares amid the corn.

I turned to the Angel at my side. A smile of joy illumined her face, and a flush of triumph played across her brow. Behold, said she, he is risen ; he hath gained the victory ; he hath conquered the Evil one ; he hath led captivity captive, and given gifts unto men. Mortal, look once more ; another scene awaits thee.

She waved her wand and the valley was filled with a populous city, gay and exceeding beautiful. Palaces and towers rose on every hand, spires shot upward from numerous temples; the din of labor and the hum of pleasure came floating up from the rushing crowds; a feverish happiness seemed to pervade the race of man; but the same wan and sickly light came from above.

I perceived amid the crowds of the city two forms of celestial beauty, who ever mingled with their rulers, and were present in the assemblies of her leading men. The one was staid and dignified; her hair was lined with a silvery thread, her cheek had lost the freshness of youth, but her eye flashed a ray of living fire; her form was vigorous and strong; health glowed in her ruddy countenance, and she was in the very prime of womanhood. Her robes were plain and exquisitely neat; she wore a sprig of laurel in her hair, and a dazzling gem upon her breast; she carried a plummet in her hand, and a measuring line loosely thrown around her neck.

Her sister, more youthful in appearance, but no less dignified in demeanor, was in the full bloom of youth and beauty; she trod with a light and airy step; her eye rested with a keen and piercing glance on whatever caught her notice; she carried an optical tube in her hand, and a scroll suspended by her side, on which the compass and quadrant were engraven; her girdle was set with starry gems; her vesture reflected the light of the sun, and a rose wreath bound her golden hair.

They were generally seen together. They carried themselves with the air of Queens; their mien was stately, and somewhat reserved; ever demanding respectful approach, and sternly repelling familiarity. Their jewels illumined the city with a mild and beautiful light, less pure than the beam that descended from Heaven, but often mistaken by men for the same. Blinded by the glare of the double illumination, they often saw in the flickering light a dim and shadowy phantom waving before their bewildered eyes, and eagerly seizing it as a reality, mistaking the semblance for the substance, were led into frequent delusion.

Turning to the Angel at my side, I inquired with wonder, Tell me, I beseech thee, who are those two fair forms that mingle with the children of men ; what is that light they shed around them, which seems in harmony with the beam from Heaven, for methinks it is of a kindred nature, yet at times deceiving those whom it seems to aid ? The beings thou seest, she replied, are the sisters Science and Art. The elder in appearance is Art. She has long made her dwelling with men, and instructed them in their labors. Science was long rejected, and men refused to receive her. But they have now become enamored of her light, and often mistake it for the light of religion. She points him ever to the truth ; she ever leads the way. But man, rashly presuming that her light alone is sufficient, often trusts to his own reasoning powers, guided by her ray, and she then becomes a delusive light, that leads him but to bewilder, and dazzles him but to blind. But look now at the place where thou standest ; a change will speedily appear.

I looked. The place where we stood was a place of graves. Around me were the silent myriads of many generations sleeping in the deep repose of death. Thou seest, said the angel, the final earthly resting place of man. Thither all the generations of thy kindred have gone ; thither thy brethren and thyself are hastening. But this is not the ultimate end of all ; a higher destiny awaits you. The inmates of these silent tombs, the busy throngs of yonder city, must yet be mingled in another scene. Dost thou not perceive a change already ? I saw and behold a thrill of terror and a hush of mighty expectation fell on all mankind. The pallor of fear and the quiver of intense excitement were visible on every lip ; the shadow of some coming great event seemed thrown, like a sombre pall, on the face of nature ; the sky became more serene ; and the winds were lulled to a perfect calm.

Behold, said my Instructress, the course of time has nearly run its round, and nature trembles to its final end. As she spoke a meteor shot athwart the heavens. An angel stood above the city and sounded a golden trumpet. I felt a trembling beneath my feet, and heard a rustling

among the leaves. The dead were rising from their graves, and myriads crowded the lonely field. I turned to my guide and trembled with amazement. She pointed to the east, while her countenance beamed with a smile of joy. Look, said she, how glorious! I looked, and lo, the eastern horizon was on fire with a heavenly flame. The sombre pall that had veiled the sky was lifted and rolled together, and a burning light was rising to view like the dawn of an immortal day, and driving the clouds of wrath before it in dark and tempestuous folds. As the mantle of clouds arose in the heavens, the air became thick and heavy, and lo, the form of the Devil was seen retreating in front of the storm. Terror and amazement were in his eye; he fled from the power of a conquering foe; he looked behind him with trembling fear; he was pursued with lightnings and scarred with thunders; and all his hellish hosts about him were flying in dire confusion. Men trembled and shrank from the coming storm, they called on the hills and mountains to cover them. But in vain, no shelter could be found. The tempest came upon us in its fury; a whirlwind of omnipotent wrath. Men were caught in the eddying blast, and driven away like chaff from the summer threshing floor. It struck me and I trembled. I strove to stand but in vain: I staggered and was about to fall, but the angel caught me by the hand, and supported me till the storm was overpast.

What a scene was then before me! The heavens were clear as crystal, and a light fell from above bright as the early day of Eden. The city was cleansed of all pollutions, and the people that remained were filled with wonder and with joy. The storm swept on to the westward, and the retiring cloud was spanned with a radiant bow.

A host of angels now came flying from the east, their wings glittering with celestial hues. They descended and alighted at the entrance of the city, and lo, the chariot of the KING eternal was seen approaching from afar. It was wrought of wreathen flame; a rainbow canopied it o'er; rubies and sapphires enamelled its borders; its floor was inlaid with jasper and diamond; its pathway was paved with iron, and the sound of its wheels was like the

rumblings of mighty thunders. The steed was a war horse noble and powerful. His sinews were of iron and steel, the voice of his neighings resounded through the mountains, his speed was the speed of the whirlwind, and the clang of his hoofs was terrible; he had wings like wisps of vapor, a flame issued out of his mouth, lightnings flashed from his glaring eye, sparkles of fire played around his head, and a pillar of cloud stood above him.

All men hastened to receive their SOVEREIGN, and as he approached they greeted him with a triumphant shout of joy. He now ascended his throne of beaten gold wrought with vines and gems; and I looked, and lo it was he whom I had seen slain by the minions of darkness, and come forth again from the tomb crowned with a wreath of immortality. He now wore a robe of purple, an azure girdle encircled his loins, in his hand was a sceptre of olive and amaranth, on his breast a jewel of celestial lustre engraven with mystic characters, and on his brow a diadem of gold inwrought with sparkling gems of amber, and encircled with a wreath of the Lily of the Valley entwined with the Roses of Sharon. His government was peace; the law of his kingdom was love. Science and Art were his handmaids, Reason and Virtue his ministers. Men now communed together saying, What gift shall we offer to our king, for all that we have is too poor. The most precious gift in our power is the casket of jewels; let us offer it for his footstool. So they took it and offered it. He received it with a smile of celestial love, and bestowed in return on each of his subjects a stone of heavenly lustre, engraven with a new name, more precious than all the jewels combined.

I turned to the Angel, entranced in wonder and in joy. She clasped her hands on her breast, bowed to him that sat on the throne, and bade me follow her example. I obeyed, and a hymn of praise burst forth from ten thousand tongues, saying, Worthy is the Lamb, for he was slain for us. When the music of the anthem ceased I turned again to the Angel, and said with deep emotion, Tell me, I beseech thee, what meaneth this glorious vision? She looked upon me with a smile of love, and replied in tones

of angelic harmony, The wrath of Heaven is appeased; the clouds of sin are driven away; the light of God's reconciled countenance beams once more upon the earth; the city before thee is the New Jerusalem, and the King upon the throne is the Lord of life and glory. Thou hast seen the history of man pass in review before thee, and thou now lookest upon the new Heaven and the new Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

I turned to look once more upon the pleasant vision, but instead of the New Jerusalem, the city of Paris was before me, and my eye rested on the towers of Notre Dame, and wandered among the silent tombs of the beautiful Père la Chaise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON—CITY LIGHTS FROM THE OBELISK—VIEW OF PARIS FROM MONTMARTRE—VIEW OF PARIS BY LAMP-LIGHT—PARALLEL BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH—ADIEU TO PARIS.

"Nature to thee is lavish of her store,
Wealth showers her pearls, and Art refines them o'er."—*Brown, imitated.*

"Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget."—*Shakspeare.*

THE tomb of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides, is, without exception, and beyond comparison, the most gorgeous I have yet seen of the shrines erected to the memory of the great. The view which greets the eye on entering is most supremely fine. The floor is inlaid with marble of various tints in tasteful patterns, and a heavy circular railing of snow-white marble surrounds a large opening in the centre. The lofty dome, which is one of the most sumptuous structures of the seventeenth century, is gorgeously ornamented with gilding and painting, and encircled with a series of windows filled with light blue glass. In the spandrels formed by the meeting of the several arches supporting the dome,

are beautiful paintings each surrounded by a single line of gilding, waved and checkered with elegant design, like a tasteful frame to the picture.

Beyond the circular balustrade at the further side of the dome stands the altar. But who shall describe its gorgeous splendor? A flight of marble steps leads up to a platform, on which stand four spiral pillars of clouded marble, most exquisitely polished, from the capitals of which spring diagonal waving arches, supporting in the centre, at the point of intersection, a ball, an eagle and a cross, while on a beam on the capitals of the two front pillars, sit two cherubim holding between them a wreath and scroll. Within the quadrangle formed by these four pillars, stands a cross on which is suspended the figure of Christ. This cross and image, with the arches, and all above the capitals are gilt and look like solid gold. The side-lights of this altar are of deep yellow glass.

The day was very cloudy, but just as I entered a sun-beam broke through an opening in the cloud, and poured such a flood of glory over this scene of dazzling magnificence, that the eye could scarce endure the glare. The golden light, streaming through the altar windows on the gorgeous marble and gilded decorations of that superb apartment, and the delicate azure tint which the windows in the base of the dome, mingled with the glittering whiteness of the polished marble walls and sculptured ornaments of the great rotunda, produced an effect similar to what the poets feign, in the gem-sprinkled homes of the Genii, amid the coral caves of the ocean.

On going to the circular railing in the centre, we get a view of the tomb itself of Napoleon, an immense block of red porphyry, resting on the sarcophagus—a block of the same material; which again rests on a bed of green granite. On the floor around the tomb is drawn a circle, on the circumference of which are inscribed the names of twelve of his most noted victories; these are again encircled by a wreath of green laurel, outside of which again is another circle, from which, as a base, spring long tapering rays of yellow and deep orange. The points of these rays touch the base of a platform of small elevation, which

serves as a pedestal for twelve marble pillars supporting the floor where we stand. In front of the pillars stand colossal caryatidæ, with scepters and garlands in their hands. In each alternate interval between these statues, is a staff bearing the flags taken from the various nations that opposed his ambition. Outside of these pillars runs a circular gallery adorned with statuary. A stairway leads down to the entrance of the crypt, which is closed to the common visitor.

It is a resting place fit for a man who has diffused peace and happiness over the world, rather than a demon who has scattered desolation and havoc in the frenzy of his mad career.

During the dark evenings I frequently lingered near the Obelisk of Luxor, to admire the splendor of the city lights. The extensive area of the Place de Concord and the Champs Elysees, sparkled with myriads of lamps,—they streamed along this noble promenade to the mighty triumphal arch de l'Etiole, like two chains of fiery splendor,—on the right, up the Rue Royale, they stretched away to the Madeline, whose lofty columns were faintly visible in their feeble glare,—on the left they ran across the Pont* du Concord, and glistened on the Legislative Hall,—to the north the lights of the Tuilleries and the splendid luminaries of the Rue de Rivoli beamed out with a dazzling radiance, while hundreds of carriages and omnibuses, carrying lamps, were playing through the streets—on every hand thousands upon thousands of lights of every hue were sparkling in the gloom of night, thrown into beautiful and fantastic groups by the effect of perspective, twinkling and flashing as the myriads of passengers hid them from view for an instant, and forming a scene of animated beauty, that detained me long in silent admiration.

On a hazy Sabbath morning I visited the Madeline, and sat awhile amid the crowd of votaries at the shrine of the Mass, but was untouched by the solemn fooleries,—my mind was engaged in admiring the glories of the arch-

*Pont, bridge.

itecture and the splendid decorations of that superb temple. I then strolled through the Gardens of the Louvre, and finally made part of the circuit of the city walls, which rise in terraces on the inner side, beautifully sodded and kept in the neatest repair. It is proposed to convert them into one long and brilliant flower garden,—then will Paris be indeed a singular phenomenon on the face of the earth,—a city girdled with a zone of flowers,—a distinction worthy of this gay and tasteful capital.

I then climbed the hill of Montmartrie to have a birds-eye-view of the city. I was delighted to find the fog gradually clearing away, and the sun shining brightly on some parts of the landscape. I sat down in a comfortable place to watch the gradual shifting of the scene. The day was warm and pleasant, and a gentle breeze was playing around, slowly shifting the curtain of vapor that hung suspended over the valley, and discovering the beautiful city reposing in all its magnificence in that delightful basin. My seat is at the extreme northern limit of the town: the city lies like a map before me: every building of note is distinctly visible. The Paris basin is an oval about four miles by five, and perhaps the number of human beings reposing in their dwellings, or pouring through its beating arteries on this lovely Sabbath afternoon, is not less than fifteen hundred thousand.

The scene now before me has been burning in my fancy from a child, with scarce a hope of ever seeing it realized, and now behold the city of Paris is before me, rising as it were like an exhalation, slightly obscured by the hazy mists of the Seine, but glowing in a brilliant sunshine; like a garland of gems on the golden crown of France. On a broad flat beneath me, thousands of people are enjoying the evening air, sauntering slowly about, sitting in picturesque groups, or collected around different points of attraction,—a swing, a cake stand, a party of youngsters playing football, and last and least, a telescope, which stands almost deserted.

I lingered till darkness closed around to see the city by lamplight. The fairy vision gradually faded away, as the shades of evening fell upon it, and the more distant parts were soon lost to view and seemingly blended with

the surrounding battlement of hills. The curtain of darkness gradually crept over the beautiful scene, hiding dome after dome and tower after tower in the folds of its sombre pall, till the great Paris basin was blotted from view, and appeared with its untold wealth and immensity of life to be but a blank vacuity. But while this change was progressing, myriads of lights were springing out of the darkness, and sparkled in the surrounding gloom, till hundreds of thousands were glimmering like brilliant diamonds, and the sky above assumed a very perceptible glow. The city lay in the blackness of night, or sparkled with myriads of stars, according as the lamps were hid or revealed by the surrounding objects, while a faint line of the finest sparkles illumined the brow of the hill on the opposite side of the valley, and gleamed along the thoroughfares whose course lay open to my view.

Whilst mingling among the life and gaiety of Paris in their favorite resorts, in her gardens and her parks, and along her lovely boulevards, I have endeavored to observe countenances with some attention, and should judge the French are generally an honest and intelligent people; though unable to converse with them, there is something in their character and appearance that favorably impresses me. In general external appearance they certainly compare favorably with the English. The French have more animation in their countenances, the English more of the Johnny Bull. But while the English perseverance is apt to degenerate into stubbornness, the French vivacity very often evaporates with a series of slight oppositions.

The character of the two nations is shadowed forth in no very faint manner, in the appearance of their respective capitals. London, heavy and massive in its architecture, its buildings of that peculiar character which gives the appearance of increased strength and solidity, even to stone itself, seems to be built for eternity,—seems not to be imbued with the elements of decay, but destined to stand unscathed by the devouring ravages of time, till the thousand years of Millenium are ended. Paris, built of the same material, but of a much lighter color, is all airy and graceful, seemingly more transient in its nature,

but no doubt equally durable. Its buildings are generally without the channeled joints, and its window-casings of light perpendicular fluted work, give it an air of evanescence and vivacity, animated, lively and elegant; full of beauty and full of grace;—the one, a reflex of that unyielding energy of character, that determined perseverance and throughgoing earnestness, which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race; the other, the embodiment of that light fantastic disposition, that incessant yearning for the gay, that exquisite taste, and that ardent appreciation of the beautiful, which plays with such brilliant and fairy-like grace in the mind of the modern Gaul.

But I must bid adieu to Paris. Forever? Forbid it, my favoring Genius. A city of so much beauty, the fountain of taste, the home of science, the glory of France, and the gem of Europe, when once beheld can never be deserted. What though my outward eyes shall behold thee not? what though the foam-capped waves of Ocean shall roll between thy form of beauty and the land where I shall tread?—yet shall thy glorious image never depart from my mind,—yet shall thy proud structures still gladden my mental vision, and when the powers of nature are absorbed in the slumbers of the night, I will glide along the colonnade of thy Louvre, will float in the glory of thy Madeline, will ramble through thy gardens, thy palaces and parks, and wander along thy Boulevards in dreams.

Yet adieu, a long and a fond adieu. Though the glorious web of rainbow hues which Fancy has long delighted to weave around thy radiant brow, has now assumed the firmer texture of Memory's more substantial robe,—yet regrets must ever mingle with my pleasant memories of thee. Thy beauties and thy glories were but partially revealed to my admiring view,—my visit to thy haunts of joy was transient as a dream of bliss—the casket of thy precious gems was opened for an instant to my sight, and their glories flashed upon me with a dazzling lustre that tells me how little I have seen, and creates a ceaseless longing for a more familiar knowledge. Yet let me cherish what I have—it is the brightest gem that decks my crown of life, and will be an exhaustless fount of pleasant memory and thought.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROUTE TO FONTAINEBLEAU—PALACE—PARK OF VERSAILLES—
PALACE—STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC—STATE APARTMENTS
—GALLERY OF PAINTINGS—PERFECTION OF LANDSCAPE.

"It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody."—*Rogers.*

FROM Paris to Fontainebleau the rail road traverses a most beautiful country, for some distance skirting the Seine, which winds and rambles among the hills and through the valleys, then striking out from the river bottom it plunges through tunnels and climbs over the highlands, while the view is now bounded by encroaching hills, and now ranges over a lovely landscape, till lost in the distance on either hand. In one place a rampart of low hills winds like an amphitheatre around a circular arena of fruitful fields, through which winds a merry stream, the gentle slopes dotted with orchards and artificial groves, and crowned with noblemen's residences, just at the proper distance from the road for the best advantage of view. In another, the river winds up from a great distance close to the roadside, sweeps by in a graceful curve, and wanders off again in its devious course, enclosing a wide champaign meadow of wonderful beauty in its graceful and ample fold. As we approach Fontainebleau, the road for miles is bordered with evergreen hedges, through the far-famed Forest that has for so many ages been the hunting ground of French royalty.

The Palace is rather plain and uninteresting, externally, and has but few pictures inside. The museums are not thrown open to the public, except by each party taking a guide. It derives its charm from the splendor of the State apartments. The ceilings are sometimes heavily ribbed, or scrolled and gilded. The chapels are very fine, especially that of Saturnalia, which was consecrated by Thomas a'Becket, and in which the Pope offered mass when a captive under Napoleon. My guide, who was very talkative, but who jabbered the Kickapoo language for

aught I knew, showed me the secretary of Napoleon, which is very plain, also his bed and chairs, most gorgeously ornamented. Satin, flowered and tinted, and silk curtains, bright and beautiful, were enough to charm to repose the mind and body of the grim old Warrior, even after the fatal day of Waterloo, had they been transported to his prison halls on the distant shores of St. Helena. The Park around the Palace is a pleasure ground of most elaborate ornament, and the Forest offers some views of unrivalled beauty from elevated points.

At Versailles, a few miles from Paris, is the finest Park and one of the most elegant Palaces of France. A wide avenue, bordered with trees and intersected with walks, leads up to the front of the Palace, which is an assemblage of different styles and different ages, totally devoid of any unity of design. A wing on each side projects far into the foreground, forming a wide open court, enclosed by successive buildings, and falling further and further back, as wing after wing contracts on either side. It is paved with stones and enclosed by a beautiful iron palisade. In the centre stands a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

The Palace, which was built from age to age by several successive kings, but whose completion and ultimate ornament was the great work of Louis XIV. stands on an eminence from which the ground falls in every direction. On the Park side, terrace after terrace drops gradually down to the general level of the gardens. From the main parterre a flight of over a hundred marble steps leads down to the second. I rambled through the magnificent Park, with its gardens of unequalled beauty. They are extensive, as they are expensive. The great Park is sixty miles in circuit, and the entire cost is estimated at a thousand millions of francs.

The gardens are laid out in exquisite taste, ornamented with a profusion of statuary, checkered with gravel walks, and enlivened with arbors of brilliant flowers and beds of lovely green. Fountains of the most elaborate workmanship and beautiful designs, alternate at intervals with gaudy flowering trees, and evergreens growing in native

luxuriance, or trimmed in regular geometric figures, with statues, vases and marble groups; while beyond this delightful garden view, is a range of woodland, laid out in broad avenues or shady walks, with artificial ruins and wild rocky caverns; in the midst of which and directly in front of the Palace, a wide canal stretches away in the distance, where pleasure barges float and the gay gondola flashes in the sun—cottages peep out from among the trees, statues repose in cool shady nooks, and the cheerful song of birds resounds through the fragrant groves, while the noble Palace, with its long Ionic front, forms an appropriate border for this beautiful picture of mingled nature and art.

This immense building is entirely occupied with a vast collection of paintings and a gallery of statuary. Entering at one of the wings, you go winding about, up stairs and down, through a labyrinth of sumptuous apartments constantly surrounded by the choicest productions of the pencil, till you are bewildered with the intricate windings, and baffled to select any object of peculiar merit, where all are so supremely fine. The combined length of the galleries is perhaps over two miles.

A few of the sculptures, of which the collection is not large, strongly arrested my attention. A statue of Charlemagne, and one of Charles Martel,—the first one of the greatest monarchs that ever filled a throne,—and the last the deliverer of Europe from the benumbing influence of the Saracens, arresting their progress, and setting bounds to their empire at the decisive battle of Tours;—and a lovely statue of Joan of Arc, who stayed the devastating progress of the English arms when invading France, effectually driving them out of the realm and saving her King and his army from destruction, and her country from conquest, are perhaps the gems of the collection. This last is peculiarly fine. She stands in an attitude of deep contemplation, with her arms folded, clasping a sword, and her head drooping upon her breast;—her expressive features are beautiful and regular,—her hair is neatly tied in a knot, instead of flowing in ringlets over her shoulders, and the whole figure bespeaks one of

the leading spirits of human nature, meditating some great design with meek but stern resolve.

The state apartments are thrown open to the public. In many of these the perfection of workmanship and splendor of design are truly worthy of a royal residence. The chapel is a most gorgeous apartment, the high arched ceiling, covered with gilding and carving, and the pillared and paneled walls, are its most prominent decorations. The altar piece is a beautiful marble group, representing the ascension of Mary Magdalene in the arms of two archangels.

The paintings are mostly historical, and may be said to tell the story of the French empire from the times of Pharamond down to the present, in a series of hieroglyphics of most elaborate execution. Some of the landscapes connected with the battle scenes, especially those of Sebastopol, Solferino and Magenta, perhaps have never been excelled. By looking attentively upon them, keeping the eye screened from the surrounding light, the whole picture springs out into the most wonderful perspective, the aerial distances assume their natural transparency and the sky its proper curvature;—the lights and shades blend into solid forms, and the tints become mellowed and softened as the objects recede in the distance; the trees seem to wave and the clouds to float on the wings of an imaginary breeze, till the canvas gradually melts away, the painting disappears, and the picture frame becomes a window casement, through which you look, as in a wizard's mirror, on a real landscape of nature.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WINDSOR CASTLE—MANCHESTER—HUDDERSFIELD—ENGLISH
PEASANTRY—THEIR LANGUAGE—ADVENTURE WITH A
YORKSHIREMAN—TOWN HALL OF LEEDS—CATHEDRAL
OF ELY—CAMBRIDGE—OXFORD—ADDISON'S WALK.

"The bliss of man could pride that blessing find,
Is not to think or act beyond mankind."—*Pope*.

"An arrow aimed at the noonday sun will describe a more lofty flight
than if leveled at the horizon."—*Persian Proverb*.

RETURNING to England, I made a cursory tour to many of her most noted localities. On the bank of the Thames, about twenty miles above London, is the town of Windsor. The glorious old Castle at this place is a relic of hoary antiquity. William the Conqueror laid its foundations and erected a fortress here, which was enlarged by Henry I. who made it his royal residence. Edward III. greatly enlarged and improved the original plan, and raised it to something like its present magnificence.

Windsor Castle, one of the favorite residences of the Queen, crowns the brow of a hill just outside the town. From the angles rise heavy circular turrets of massive masonry, and at intervals along the sides square or octangular battlements overtop the walls, narrow loopholes and ports, mounted with heavy guns, break the stern monotony of its grim exterior, and the national colors are flung to the breeze from the top of its great Round Tower, whose lofty summit looks down in frowning grandeur on the wide area of a dozen counties.

A splendid Park lays back of the Castle, in which an avenue of oaks borders a gravel road three miles in length, and fountains and statues deck the pleasure grounds with all that profusion of ornament which the most exuberant fancy could desire. This park covers a wooded surface of over three thousand acres, and the little park of five hundred acres, lying just around the castle, is especially interesting as the scene of the

midnight revels depicted by Shakspeare in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The city of Manchester is one of the great centres of population in England, and one of the greatest manufacturing places of the world. Over four hundred thousand people derive their subsistence directly or indirectly from the manufacturing interests of the place. Cotton reigns as supremely here as in South Carolina. Free Trade Hall is a fine building that may well compare with any similar structure, and is but little less capacious than the famous Exeter Hall of London. The Infirmary is an honor to the charitable element of the age, and the grand old Cathedral is a hoary relic of the long ago. Shudehill market is one of the most extensive in England. The market house is merely an enormous canopy of glass, supported by a forest of light and elegant iron pillars, and crowded with marketing and merchandize of every description. The throng in this place on a Saturday evening is fearful, and the scene most animated and impressive. Hundreds of gas lamps throw down a flood of light on the surging masses of human beings below,—the endless perspective of pillars dwindling down to mere wands, and the reflection from the crystalline canopy above, form a scene which is perhaps no faint image of the far-famed Bazaars of the East.

I walked out on the high grounds above the town of Huddersfield and had an extensive view of a landscape presenting the true English characteristics of commons covered with heath and bracken, alternating with fields enclosed in stone walls and hedges, and a beautiful grove of evergreens offered a delightful walk, in which I indulged without inquiring into the trespass laws of the land.

During this walk I had an opportunity of testing my powers in the Yorkshire dialect. The English, with their accustomed arrogance, speak of our Americanisms with all due ridicule and appropriate contempt;—contrasting their own elegant idioms with our untelligible jargon, and scouting the nasal twang of our Yankee cousins, and the primitive accent of our Kentucky backwoodsman, beyond

the pale of the English language, whilst in their own country the laborers of one locality are sometimes utterly unable to converse with those who reside a dozen miles away. Throughout the country the dialect changes with every change of place, not always indeed to any great extent, but often sufficient to be noticed by the stranger. Their peasantry, like mushrooms, grow up in a certain fixed locality,—they play, love, labor, and die, on a little spot of ground, little knowing, and little recking that a vast busy world surges and bustles around them, of which they are totally unknown and unrecognized elements. Accustomed to the society of their own immediate neighbors, and of *them alone*, they adopt the system of sounds to which their infant ears are accustomed,—they pursue the beaten track, which is dusty with the crowded travel of a thousand years,—never associating with those who have seen different customs or heard a different language, they know not that the world contains a better. They long ago arrived at a certain definite stage of progress, (?) where they have stood almost as immovable as the Chinese or the Hindoos. Their superiors have not troubled themselves to scatter the seeds of intelligence among them, or improve their social condition. What right has the laborer to enjoy the comforts of refinement, or the blessings of education? His proper sphere is that of absolute inferiority, and he would be trenching on the sacred rights of his lordly superiors, could he thrust his sun-browned visage into the arena of intelligent discussion, or sully with his toil-worn hands the silken cords of state.

The great amount of travel on the rail roads is slowly and gradually changing these things, but still it remains to be a stubborn fact that the peasantry of the adjoining counties of York and Lancaster cannot converse with each other, and he who speaks only the English tongue cannot talk with either;—so different is their language, or rather their jargon, that in some cases they can hold no further conversation than a Dutchman and a Kangaroo—Kamt-schatdale I mean. Well, I had heard of all this, but did not believe it possible. I had been told that I could not talk with a genuine Yorkshireman;—and drawing myself up

to my full height, with a feeling akin to insulted dignity, had replied rather arrogantly, I can talk with any one who speaks the English language.

In my walk this morning I saw an elderly man coming down the path to meet me, and took it into my head to prove the utter falsity of all such foul aspersions of ignorance, and rise triumphant above the base accusation of not being able to talk in my mother tongue. So I accosted him with a pleasant good morning, and a compliment to the beauty of their country. He replied in a jargon as intelligible as the cackling of a hen;—more, however, like the low, grating monotonous growl of ungreased machinery. I made some further remark, and he again responded ditto. Somewhat taken aback, I faltered for a moment, but rallying my scattering forces, I made another effort. A string of gutterals was poured forth in reply, that again discomfited me. Not easily discouraged, I tried again and again, and was always met with the same cool, heartless jabber; till finally, after at least ten minutes of valiant effort on my part, I was forced to yield to superior brass, and abandon the unequal struggle. I turned and fairly run away,—completely and forever cured of all ambition to hold converse with the hardy, unrelenting Yorkshire boor. I suppose he understood me and followed my remarks, but during our whole conversation I only succeeded in catching one word, which sounded rather provokingly like *dunce*; but supposed he used it, of course, as the representative of quite a different idea from that which it usually brings to my mind.

Leeds has little to attract the notice of a stranger, except its magnificent Town Hall, and of this it may well be proud. Its external architecture far surpasses St. George's of Liverpool. Corinthian columns are profusely scattered around, acanthus capitals deck every corner, and a magnificent cupola of most exquisite proportions, and surrounded by a peristyle of twenty elegant columns, mounts far into the upper air; and elegant miniature towers are placed at the four corners of the sloping roof, which rises far above the square to arch the ceiling of the Great Hall. The Rotunda is a model of elegance and

splendor; a colossal statue of Queen Victoria, in fine marble, occupies the centre. The interior of the Hall is very beautiful, but the general character of the decorations is not equal to the florid magnificence of the Hall of the great maritime mart.

I had a beautiful moonlight view of Ely Cathedral, which, in its own peculiar features, is not surpassed by any in England. These old Cathedrals are ever attractive. The relics of former ages,—each one a legacy of the taste and genius of its builders bequeathed to a distant posterity,—they come down to us, charged with their own respective stories, and speaking in their own peculiar styles. They are various in ornament, order, and design, according to the age in which they were built, and the taste of their leading spirits,—but each one is venerable, each is a connecting link between the restless present and the days of auld lang syne, and as the eye wanders over the shadowy nave, and ranges through each dim lit aisle, the fancy runs backward through their vast duration, as on a bridge spanning the gulf of centuries, with here and there a pier connecting the hoary structure with the age that flowed beneath it; while some of them stretch so far away into the times of old, that a misty cloud hangs over their origin, and the shores of the past to which they conduct, are lost in the haze of antiquity.

The Cathedral of Ely is a vision of beauty. As I looked upon it in the brilliant moonlight, I thought a dream had passed through the mind of some master builder of old, as he lay on the green sward beneath those shady elms, and the powers of enchantment had worked a spell upon the gorgeous ideals that floated through his lively fancy, whereby they were crystalized into form and substance as they arose to his view, and on awakening, he was surprised to find the realization of his beauteous dream, which still reveled in his mind, and, supposing it to be the delusive phantom that lingers in the mental eye during the first moments of wakefulness after a glorious vision, he gazed with intense emotion to catch its form and character e'er it vanished from his view.

The tower is square, with a round battlement at each

corner, and nine stories in height; gradually decreasing in size to the top. Each story consists of a series of very narrow gothic arches. The interior is exquisite. The heavy Norman style prevails, but with no small mingling of the elegant and ornamental. The choir is of magnificent finish. The altar screen is of cornelian and agate, superbly carved and sculptured. It is one of the most elaborately wrought screens in existence. In the Baptistry, a vaulted stone apartment of the same Norman type, two windows are pointed out as worthy of observation; each is about eight feet in height and three or four wide, consisting of a single light of stained glass, arched at the top and representing, one the Baptism of Christ, and the other, Suffer little children to come unto me. The ceiling is being painted by an artist of the first order, in a series of views representing scripture scenes from the creation to the time of Christ. The Descent of the Holy Ghost, in the ceiling of the Rotunda, promises a fine effect when the whole shall be completed. The morning was dull and cloudy, and withheld the strong contrast of light and shade, but the softened radiance that flowed through the stained glass windows, gave a beautiful effect of dim and elegant perspective. The choir is of superior finish, and the alternation of pillars of snowy white, with different shades of clouded marble, is enchanting.

Cambridge is the seat of one of the great Universities of England. Each college has a separate court or walk for its students, sometimes a fine arched passage around a green grass plot; and a spacious park, into which most of the walks and play grounds open, is a public pleasure ground for all. How often has my fancy hovered around these favorite seats of learning, in all the ardor of youthful admiration, when warmed to enthusiasm by reading some eloquent eulogium on the talent which has been there developed, in the genial climate of these classic halls.

At Oxford, the seat of the other great University, I rambled through the colleges and parks, and visited the spot where Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were burned in 1545, under the sanguinary Mary, and the martyr's mo-

monial, an elegant monument to their memory, placed in the middle of the street, close to the spot where they suffered.

In the Bodleian Library, a large collection of precious books, is shown a rusty old lantern, said to be the identical lantern with which Guy Fawkes, of Gunpowder Plot memory, was lighting himself through the dark passages of the basement of the old Parliament House, where he was discovered lurking, ready, at the appointed time, to fire the fuse that was to blow the King and Parliament to destruction.

In a meadow, or rather a swamp adjoining the town, overflowed with every heavy rain, and a scene of utter desolation, is a raised bank of earth bordered on either side with elms and oaks, and forming a beautiful walk through a shady avenue of trees. It is called Addison's walk, in honor of the great author who resided here many years, and is worthy, save for the wretched ground through which it leads, of the more than noble man whose name it bears. It is continued around a large enclosure, and returns into itself again. The river Isis flows by the town, on whose bank a fine walk leads to the platforms, where the pleasure barges lay for the accommodation of the pompous young nobles who attend these celebrated colleges.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—SALISBURY PLAIN—CITY OF BATH—BRISTOL—ROCKS OF ST. VINCENT—GIANT'S CAVE—CARDIFF—IT'S CASTLE—WONDERFUL MASONRY—WELSH PECULIARITIES—THE GREAT EASTERN.

"Through the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."—*Tennyson.*

"Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth on her fair page."—*Bryant.*

THE city of Salisbury stands on a low flat situation, surrounded by hills, at the confluence of four rivers, the Avon, the Wiley, the Nadder, and the Bourne. From the adjacent hills, fine views of the city are obtained. The Cathedral is the chief object of interest, a large building standing on a beautiful green lawn, embosomed in the midst of lofty trees, and surrounded by a stone wall. The summit of the spire is four hundred and four feet above the pavement. It declines about two feet from the perpendicular, but the most accurate observation for two centuries can detect no increase in the declination. The church is plain and large, and not of very striking architecture, and a long, slim, tapering, octagonal spire rises from the top of a lofty tower at the intersection of the nave and transept, up each angle of which runs a notched hand-hold, serving the purpose of a ladder, and offering the only means of ascent above the tower.

But "Salisbury Plain" is a curiosity. It is *no* plain, but a beautiful rolling country, with a light soil and a uniform grass sod. It so closely resembles the Iowa prairies that I could scarce detect a difference between the memory of the past and the sight of the present. It is almost exclusively a grazing region, over which the shepherd ranges with enormous flocks.

In the city of Bath is a fine old Abbey and several modern churches of great elegance, one especially, with a beautiful tower of various colored stone, stands on a hill

north of town, from which we obtain a fine view of a great part of the city and a large tract of surrounding country. Two colleges, one a Methodist, the other an Episcopal, stand just beyond this church, both magnificent buildings, and a beautiful park expands far away over the hill sides, and along the grassy valleys. The Abbey is somewhat on the plan of that of Westminster, but far inferior, both in size and style. Lofty towers rise from the intersection of the nave and transept, and segments of arches, springing from the flying buttresses of the side walls, are joined to the eaves of the main roof and greatly add to the beauty of the whole.

Bath is a dark, dingy looking city, with many fine streets however, and splendid buildings. It is situated in a valley at the base of a cliff, and the slope of the hill up which it extends gives it an agreeable peculiarity in the great number of fine crescents, which are formed by the streets as they wind up the hill sides. Many of the houses are of smooth stone walls, covered with smoke and must, and the streets have a gloomy and sombre appearance. Gay Street, however, is appropriately named. The splendor of its shops, its fashionable residences, and the throng of the better class of citizens that make it their promenade, place it foremost of all the streets of the city. It is literally a city of baths. Shower baths and plunge baths, hot baths and cold baths, scented baths and Turkish vapor baths, are advertised in flashy letters all over town.

Bristol is an antique looking town, with many narrow, crooked streets, obscured by projecting upper stories, and with but little appearance of modern neatness and elegance. Some particular buildings are very fine—here and there is an ancient church with an old fashioned tower, whose outer surface has crumbled away with the frosts and dampness of ages, till the ornaments are entirely obliterated; numerous modern spires rise from different parts of the town, and manufacturing chimneys tell of a prosperous business by her enterprising people. Red Cliff Church is the oldest in the city. Its interior is beautiful, pillared and arched, lighted with windows of stained

glass, and profusely adorned with marble monuments. The old Cathedral is very dingy and time-worn externally, but light and beautiful inside. In front stands an elegant ornamental spire,—a central column surrounded by four others, rising from a pedestal, and supporting a complicated system of ornaments.

About two miles below Bristol the Avon makes a graceful curve, breaking its way through a range of hills, whose bare, bleak and precipitous sides rise from three to four hundred feet, in some places perpendicular. An extensive park occupies the high ground below the town, on the summit of this fearful cliff.* I took a path which leads down to the foot of the precipice, and, winding along the brink of the river, the scene became terrific. The huge adamantine walls, rising upwards, with a constantly increasing height, and greater and greater inclination, frowned down on the chasm with frightful aspect, till they finally became absolutely perpendicular; while far overhead a graceful wire bridge spans the gloomy gorge like a wisp of floating vapor. This immense rocky rampart is fearfully sublime,—here springing up in one unbroken surface, there falling slightly back in rapidly succeeding terraces, as seam succeeded seam in the stony deposit, now throwing out a bold projecting head beyond the general surface, and now retiring in deep and rugged defiles where a crevice broke into the body of the cliff,—here covered with little spots of smiling green, where a rocky ledge afforded a resting place for a small portion of soil that fell from the heights above, and there mantled with ivy, springing out of the crevices of the rock, whose green and brilliant foliage was mingled with the decaying braches of other years. Numerous jackdaws had taken possession of holes and clefts in the rock, and animated the scene by their busy activity, perching on the crags at a dizzy height, and making the cliffs resound with their noisy clamor; and a group of adventurous persons was standing on the brink of the precipice above, protected by an iron railing, and gazing down into

*Called Clifton Doan, or the Rocks of St. Vincent.

the profound abyss. High up on the cliffs I noticed a yawning cavern in the rock, perhaps a hundred feet below the summit, in front of which is an iron railing. This is the Giant's cave.

I clambered up a zigzag path that leads to the height above, approached the iron railing and looked down on the turbid Avon. The surface of the wall below cannot be seen from this place, as it is perpendicular or slightly projecting. The spot where I stood, at the pier of the suspension bridge, is considerably in advance of the general surface of the wall, but close to my right hand a deep crevice fell back, beyond which the bald cliff became again almost perpendicular, and afforded an impressive view of the majestic scene.

Some distance back from the edge of the rocks, on the brow of the hill, stands an observatory, rather a pretty building, inside of which is the opening of a passage which leads down through a dark, winding and rocky tunnel to the Giant's Cave, on the face of the cliff. The descent is first down a perpendicular shaft by a flight of steps, at the foot of which is a door to prevent the draft of air, which would extinguish the light. Down, down, down I went, along this dark and dismal passage all alone, with no light save a candle, which I carried, till finally a glimmer of daylight was visible far below me. I encountered another long flight of steps, which I descended with extreme caution, and at the bottom found myself at the inner extremity of a cavern which nature had formed in the rock. In front was the iron railing which I had seen from below. I walked out to this railing beyond the surface of the rocks, and looked around. What a prospect met my view! Perched high up on the everlasting cliffs, I was standing over a blank vacuity, the smooth native wall plunging down perpendicular below me, while above towered a precipice of living rock, which no mortal man could scale, and the beautiful river far below, flowed on in its silent grandeur. I was cut off from all possibility of rejoining the busy world, save by that gloomy passage that had led me hither. I retraced my steps, and my heart beat more freely when I stood once more on *terra vitis*.

The town of Cardiff, in the southeastern part of Wales, is situated in a beautiful valley called the Taff vale. Here are the ruins of an old castle, dating back at least to the times of the first crusades. I rambled through its dingy apartments and turf-floored courts, and lingered among its broken arches, listening to a long legend of the janitress, who took a peculiar pleasure in extolling the honor of her venerable charge, and, inspired by the hope of a shilling, became more and more marvellous by degrees in her narration, and mounting higher and yet higher in her chronology as she led me through a series of dingy apartments, finally made the astounding announcement that I was now in the palace of the Kings of England in the fifteenth century, B. C., and that the old walls with which I was surrounded, were built at the same time as the Tower of Babel,—“mind you not at the *fall*, but at the *building* of the Tower of Babel.” A room or cell, where Robert, Duke of Normandy, was confined, was specially dwelled upon, and the devices cut in the stone walls “by his own hand,” commemorative of his exploits in the crusades, were pointed out with minute precision. He was kept here a prisoner twenty-one years, and the walls of his prison—now thirty-five centuries old, according to the revelations of my Clio—are yet in very good condition. What masons must have flourished in those early times! Verily the old lady must have drank deeply of that Piercean spring; no shallow draft had intoxicated *her* brain; neither was there a single drop of the fatal Lethe water in the copious bumper in which she had pledged the Muses. “The Castle was a thousand years in building”, said she; “this was the time allowed the workmen when the contract was made, and I would find, on passing around the walls, that it was none too long a time; for, mind you, there is as much masonry below the ground as above.”

Took the evening train for Port Talbot through a beautiful country, with the sea occasionally on our left, and a few rugged hills, dignified with the name of mountains, sometimes bounding our view on the right, then the land would fall back in beautiful fertile plains, or a gently

rolling surface, enlivened with picturesque Welsh cottages with thatched roofs, while the villages generally had an air of neatness and comfort; and the singular costume of this isolated people, inhabiting this little nook of earth, and keeping themselves separate and distinct from all others, surrounded with the very highest refinement, and daily hearing a language of the greatest elegance, harmony and strength, yet speaking a barbarous dialect, unknown in any other corner of the habitable world, —give the route a peculiar and rather romantic interest.

From Port Talbot a beautiful walk of five miles, along a rugged seashore, and then up the charming valley of the Neath, leads you to the town of Neath, embosomed in a bower of shadowy trees on a green lawn, encircled by a mountain rampart. From this place to Swansea, the road winds round the point of the semi-circular battlement of hills, and the view of the vale behind us, in which the town reposed like a fairy palace in a garden of loveliness, became most exquisitely fine.

At New Milford the Great Eastern was lying on the gridiron, undergoing repairs from her injuries in the late fearful disaster off the coast of Ireland. She is now nearly repaired, and is advertised for New York in a few weeks. I lingered long around the mighty vessel. The tide being down, she was laying on dry ground. I walked all around her, passed under her keel, and had a full examination of her exterior. I then went aboard and spent some hours rambling over this wonderful floating city. Her Grand Saloon is a most sumptuous apartment. The walls are divided into large panels, with gilt borders, edged with green, on which is traced a fine gilded line, and each panel contains an elegant gilded device. Around the top of the walls runs a large light border of gilding, formed of lines interlocking in circles enclosing a shell; above this is a second cornice of different design. It is lighted by side sky-lights, and an elegant railing runs round the room, dividing off a small corridor on two sides, and giving light and access to the lower tier of state rooms, laying four or five feet beneath the floor of the saloon. The ceiling is laid out in large panels,

with heavy iron ribs serving as stays to the vessel. Each panel is encircled with a light border of gilding, interspersed with brilliant colors, and specked with red and blue on a light gray ground.

A range of delicate iron pillars, with intervening arches, extends along each side of the room, while two chimneys, which rise through the saloon, are converted into large and elegant square columns, richly decorated with panel work and mirrors. On the four faces are painted views of Alpine scenery—Wetterhorn, Isenberg, the Pass of Brenner, and the Pass of Glencoe. Large mirrors are placed opposite each other and from a point between them, the double and multiple reflections give the room the appearance of interminable length.

Mahogany tables, cane seat chairs, and velvet sofas, constitute the furniture at present in the room, and at the ends rich purple silk-velvet curtains, worked into complex figures and bordered with a heavy fringe, are suspended and looped with silken tassels. The carpet is of a reddish brown ground, with plain and simple figure. The doorways are elaborate gilt arches, surmounted by rich armorial designs in gold. Two pillars stand on each side, and the fine purple curtains, with their elegant fringe, and the beautiful figured glass panels that occupy more than half the length of the door, make them portals worthy of the Great Eastern's principal saloon.

The Ladies' Saloon is of very much the same style of ornament. The coloring and decoration are of a very light order, charming the eye both with their elegance and their splendor. There is none of that heavy massive work so often seen in grand apartments. Pianos stand against the walls, and everything is arranged in the most extravagant style of luxury. The dining saloon for first class passengers is also very fine, the decorations are on a similar plan with those of the Grand Saloon, but much plainer, and a marble sideboard with shelves for dishes, backed by a large mirror, stands at one end of the room.

Her engines are masterpieces of workmanship. Four oscillating cylinders, each eight feet in diameter, and of ten feet stroke, drive the main shaft, on which her paddle

wheels are hung, and her propeller is driven by four other engines of enormous power. She is truly a monster ship. Her vast bulk as she lay on the stocks, stretching more than an eighth of a mile in length, and rising over seventy feet in height when the tide is out, looks more like the production of nature's giant powers than the work of man's puny hands. Her length is 692 feet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII:

CONWAY—GREEK CASTLE—CITY OF CHESTER—FOOTWALKS
—BIRMINGHAM—STEEL PEN MANUFACTORY—WARWICK
CASTLE—CHARMING GEM OF SCENERY—PARK—WAR-
WICK VASE—SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF—LOSS OF MY UM-
BRELLA—HOME SICKNESS—DREAM OF HOME.

"God made the country and man made the town."—*Cowper*.

"That heart methinks
Were of strange mould which kept no cherished print
Of earlier happier times."—*Hillhouse*.

CONWAY, on the northern coast of Wales, is an ancient town on a most romantic site, not very populous, but well worth a visit from the tourist. The walls are kept in good condition, and the noble castle, so celebrated among the lovers of the picturesque in scenery, is a precious relic of antiquity. Here a suspension and a tubular bridge span the Conway river, on the same model as those over the Menai Strait at Bangor. One end of the chains of the suspension bridge is fastened in the castle wall, or rather the solid face of perpendicular rock on which the Castle is built, and the towers of the bridge have turreted battlements, to correspond with those of the Castle.

The scenery around the town is very fine. The windings of the river through a broad level valley, the waving outline of the hills, towering upward on the inland side, and tossing their sharp and craggy summits to the clouds,

the graceful sweep of the valleys, the ancient city walls, and the hoary old castle, give it a character of deep and absorbing interest. Over the hills to the south of the town lies the famous mountain of Bettys y'Coyd, one of the most sublime scenes in North Wales.

Near the village of Abbergale, at the base of Penman-maur, stands a fine old building called the Greek Castle. Its noble turrets rise from the midst of a copse of green trees, often hiding its walls almost to the summit; behind it rises a gently swelling hill, which sets off its beauty to the greatest advantage, and in front a wide level lawn expands to a great distance, set with ornamental trees and adorned with fountains and grottoes.

The city of Chester is perhaps the finest example in the Kingdom of the genuine ancient town. It preserves the architecture and the city fashions of three hundred years ago, like a vestige of the past, lingering lone and solitary amid the refinements of modern days. Long lines of antiquated structures, heavy frames filled with masonry, projecting upper stories, dormer windows, and double, triple and quadruple gables, give it an air of sombre age you will vainly endeavor to find equaled elsewhere in the western world. The Water Tower, at an angle of the ancient walls, was *repaired* in 1322,—on the Phoenix Tower, Charles I. stood and saw his army defeated by the Parliament troops in 1645. Its principal streets, Eastgate, Watergate, Northgate, and Bridge Street,—its hoary old Cathedral, its ruined Castle, throw over it a mantle of age and honor, which challenges our respect and admiration.

And where are the footwalks? The street is bordered with the usual pavement, but very few persons are passing along them. The houses are three stories high, the lower is occupied by shops and dwellings, while the second stories open into each other and form lengthy corridors from end to end of the streets; these are the chief routes of pedestrian travel, the story above these thoroughfares again is occupied as dwellings. No tourist should fail to visit Chester. It is like being ushered into the presence of old father Time himself.

The city of Birmingham is the great mart of hardware manufacturing. It is a populous, noisy and bustling city, but save for its manufactories, has no great attraction for the transient visitor. New Street is a splendid thoroughfare, lined with buildings of the most superfluous decoration, and thronged by hurrying thousands. What a pity it has so ridiculous a name.

Here I visited Gillott's steel pen manufactory, being kindly admitted and conducted through the works by a gentlemanly attendant. About five hundred operatives, mostly girls, are employed. Each pen is handled separately by about twenty different persons, and the rapidity with which it is taken through the different processes by the dextrous hands of the girls is certainly very wonderful. Each girl will handle about a hundred gross a day as a regular task. At one stage of the process the pen is so brittle that a very slight touch will snap it, at another so very pliable, it is rolled between the fingers almost as easily as paper. Steam presses, cutting *each a thousand gross per hour*, are sometimes used, but hand cut pens are preferred.

The town of Warwick stands in the midst of a most delightful country. The chief attraction is the time-honored castle, whose noble turrets of light colored stone rise from a wilderness of thick embowering trees like a spirit of the Past, peering out from its secluded haunts to catch a glimpse of the ever-stirring Present. From the new bridge across the Avon, a lovely little landscape is seen, the resort of artists who delight in exquisite scenery. The river is straight for near a quarter of a mile, bordered by a thicket of trees, overhanging it with their drooping boughs,—here and there a little nook of water runs back into the shady recesses of the bank, or a tuft of sod, enameled with daisies and violets, shoots out into the tranquil water; a single arch of a ruined bridge, mantled with ivy and wreathed with blooming shrubbery, stands in the stream, entirely disconnected with the shore, and the beautiful white towers and time-scathed walls of the grand old castle, decked with flying buttresses and antique windows, rise from the surface of

the living rock, against which the river washes, and making a sudden turn, is lost from the view. The beautiful castle forms a rich mellow background to this enchanting little gem of natural scenery.

The Park, in which the Castle stands, is a beautiful place. Here the noble Cedar of Lebanon flourishes luxuriantly among thick groves of the more hardy exotic trees. In a beautiful little summer-house in these extensive grounds is a precious relic of Grecian art,—the famous Warwick vase, one of the choicest productions of ancient sculpture. It is of marble, of the most exquisite form,—the handles wrought of vines that are twined together and then blend with the body of the vase, or form a border around its edge, which is gracefully folded over it. From this girdle descends a panther's skin, which is lapped around the vase and falls about half way down the sides. It holds over one hundred gallons.

Shakspeare's Cliff, near the town of Dover, is a high, precipitous bank, rising about four hundred feet immediately from the sea-shore. It is supposed to have been considerably higher, and to have projected far beyond the perpendicular in early times; and is thought to be the scene in Shakspeare's mind when he painted that fearful picture in King Lear of the old blind monarch attempting to throw himself down a precipice into the sea. The rail road passes through a tunnel under the Cliff. I walked along the base at the water's edge, and the precipitous wall towered high above me in frowning grandeur. I then climbed to the summit, and had a lovely view of the surrounding country,—of the strait of Dover and the coast of France beyond.

At the rail road station I set my umbrella close by my side, amid a crowd of people, while entering a note in my memorandum book, and when I took it up again *it was'nt there*. Some fellow, evidently not a clairvoyant, had snatched it. Poor man, how I pitied him! How his conscience must have smote him when he found what he had stolen,—when he attempted to raise it to the rain, and the broken ribs drooped helplessly around his rascally head,—when the streamers fluttered in the

breeze, and the flimsy muslin covering gathered up in beautiful wrinkles as the bows expanded ! Poor fellow ! He will no doubt console his wounded conscience with a glass of beer, and disperse his sad reflections in the graceful clouds of vapor from a nasty dirty pipe. So adieu to the old umbrella.

And yet I regretted to part with it. It had been my stay and support in many a weary hour,—it had steadied my tottering footsteps on the rolling waves of the ocean ; it had sheltered me from the dripping rains of London, and been my constant attendant through her parks, her gardens and her thoroughfares ; I had carried it over the downs of Wiltshire, to the ruins of Stonehenge, through the beautiful land of Wales, and the enchanting scenes of the Emerald Isle ; I had flourished it in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the Parks of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and had intended, on returning to my native land, to have it converted into an ornamental cane and preserve it long as a memento of the scenes through which I had passed.

Occasionally, though rarely, in my devious wanderings, a slight touch of home-sickness would steal over me. Far, far from home, with no one I have ever seen before,—not one familiar face to cheer a lonely hour ; I have only the treasures of memory to fall back upon as a fund from which to draw when the present palls upon the mind,—and the treasures of Hope, which glow in the future with a brightness that dispels all gloomy mists and illumines the horizon of the heart with a radiance unknown before ; as the endearing ties of domestic affection bind me closer and closer to that old familiar mansion in the daisy sprinkled meadow by the babbling stream, and the intense desire arises that we may yet mingle once more amid those cherished scenes ; no single heart-string broken, no discord in our melody of happiness and joy.

During one of these periods of solemn thought, I had a pleasant dream of home. The mutual joy was great at meeting,—all the circumstances of home came fresh and bright before me, not in that confused, wild and disconnected manner so usual in dreams. Then the thought

occurred to me that it might be a dream, *for I could not remember coming home.* I found myself there with no connecting link between that place and England, and I remember fearing to do anything that might dispel the illusion, if such it should prove to be. But the vision gradually vanished away without any grotesque transitions, and I awoke, hoping e'er long to meet my friends, not only in the visions of the night, but in the less fleeting, though scarcely less illusive dream of life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARDS AMERICA—EXCITEMENT ON THE "TRENT AFFAIR"—THEY WILL WALK INTO THE YANKEES—HOSTILITY OF THE NOBLES—QUEEN'S SENTIMENTS—DEMOCRACY NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR REBELLION—OPPRESSIVE WEIGHT OF THE NOBILITY—REBELLIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND—MATERIALS OF THE HUMAN MIND—RECIPT FOR TESTING YOUR PATRIOTISM—SLANDER OF OUR RULERS—IS LONDON SAFE—THE ENGLISHMAN AT HOME—WEALTH OF ENGLAND—FEELING OF THE IRISH TOWARDS US.

"The true end of visiting foreign parts is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own."—*Spectator*.

"He foreign countries knew, but they were known
Not for themselves, but to advance his own."—*Lluellin*.

A FEW days after I landed in Liverpool, advices arrived of the capture of Mason and Slidell on the Trent, and the wrath of Johnny Bull was instantly aroused. He posted off a messenger at once to demand that these two arch-traitors be forthwith surrendered to his care and restored to freedom. So jealous is he for the interests of the slave power that he offers war as the only alternative of our refusal to release them. I was not prepared to find the state of feeling toward us which really exists in this country.

In many places there is a warm sympathy with the Confederates, and an ill concealed hope is entertained that the days of our glorious Republic are numbered, and that ruin now inevitably coming upon us which the rotten despotisms of the old world have so long and so confidently predicted. The feeling against our government is stronger than we at home have been aware of, and has only been waiting for a pretext to crop out in public expression. They are loud and long in their complaints of our repeated insults to their flag, which England has borne with the patience of a martyr in the cause of peace.

On the train from Manchester to York, I fell in company with a gentleman who, judging from my conversation that I was a foreigner, said to me, I fancy you're a Yankee, sir? I replied in the affirmative. Ah, says he, with a savage leer in his eye, we're a goin' to *walk into* the Yankees pretty soon now. Perhaps so, said I, but I calculate you'll find it pretty deep wadin'. Not pleased with the reply, he broke out in a passionate denunciation of the proud and insolent North,—declared that if there was a grain of common sense left in Lincoln and his Cabinet, they would make any concessions England might demand, and thank her for peace on any terms, for it would not require one month of war to annihilate the American navy, and with a little further provocation, England would be ready to exterminate the Yankee nation. I replied that I believed, from the state of feeling they seemed to entertain towards us, she was *ready* now, and sincerely regretted that she lacked the power. I reminded him also that the Englishman was not suited to our climate, when he came with uniform and musket, and did not always find it 'ealthy for his constitution, as certain events of '76 and '12 would seem to indicate. The public sentiment of the company, however, sided with him, and the train arriving at my station, our conversation was here interrupted.

An American in England, at this juncture of affairs between the two nations, must expect to have all to bear that quiet and unobtrusive natures are wont to endure. The excitement of feeling during the pending of the ne-

gotiations on the Trent affair was intense, and the anxiety to hear the result of the diplomacy with the Washington government absorbed almost all other subjects. The morning papers were eagerly sought to hear the final intelligence of weal or woe to two great rival powers; and it may be supposed that one thus thrown adrift amid an adverse element, so far from the land which holds all that is dear to him, and for which the fires of patriotism glow with increasing fervor as time and distance increase the separation, and the dark hour of her peril draws nigh, would not feel less interest in the great decision.

It is amusing to listen to the arguments which are often advanced to justify the South, and the gross errors under which they labor with regard to the North. I have frequently heard it claimed in conversation, that the South had submitted long enough to the domination of the North! that she had paid heavy taxes year after year to be monopolized by her lordly rivals to their own aggrandizement!! till it was not wonderful if human nature did revolt, and claim for themselves the administration of their own affairs!!! A few of the rapacious New York merchants, bad luck to them, had monopolized the Southern trade! and a tax of twenty-five per cent. had to be paid by the patient and suffering Southern planter to convey his goods to market in New York and Boston, when, if they were allowed their equal rights, they could just as well be sent from Charleston and Norfolk!! and, at any rate, when a section of country wished its independence, why not let it have it?!!!

And one of the leading London papers stated not long ago, that "the North had broken down the terms of the compact between the States,—had denied the South the exercise of her undoubted constitutional rights by arbitrarily prohibiting slavery in the Territories in violation of the fundamental principle of their government,—that the majority must rule,—and these incursions on their rights and privileges had been carried to such an extent that the South had a perfect right, both in law and justice, to advertise the dissolution of the compact, and the nations of the world justified her in the act." These

sentiments, the legitimate result of Lord John Russell's rascally declaration, "That the South was fighting for independence and the North for empire," seem to be the general voice of the press, and public opinion has become at least deeply tinged with the same hue.

The prevailing ignorance of the English respecting our country, its institutions and its customs, is greatly owing to the willful misrepresentation and malicious slander of the press, which, in this country, is generally under the control and servilely devoted to the interests of the aristocracy, whose antipathy against our government is based upon the sure foundation of self-interest and self-preservation. Feeling that our prosperity in years past, even in defiance of the clogs in our way in the curse of slavery, was a severe though a silent rebuke to them, and a sure presage of a better day dawning on the masses of their own land, when their gaudy fabric of social superiority must fall; they have long been studying the system of American policy, with a keen eye to its defects; and, foreseeing with that deep insight into political events, which their own past history has specially nurtured, that we had folded the viper to our bosom, which would one day give us a deadly wound if not cast out, they have long used their influence to cherish its poison in our political veins, and anxiously waited for the reptile to receive that irritation which would cause it to strike its fangs at the bosom which shielded it.

Finding that many of our Northern papers were sufficiently abandoned to adopt the same views, they have long chosen to make up their budget of American news, to be retailed to the reading masses from those disaffected papers, well knowing that they did not represent the feelings or the sentiments of the mass of our population; and while they peremptorily reject that class of journals, whose ability, whose candor, and whose patriotism, make them the true index of feeling among us, they resolutely adhere to those which give that view of our cause, approximating the nearest to their wishes. Hence, while our loyal, patriotic journals are relentlessly scouted from the editorial sanctum, they retail the semi-traitorous

effusions of the leading radical opposition papers,* well knowing that in so doing they suppress every trace of candor and every vestige of generosity towards a sister nation ; but accepting as a full recompense the fact that they are thereby enabled to give a less favorable report of our situation, and shade with a deeper tinge the short comings of our government, inexperienced as she is in military matters, and crippled in the opening of the conflict, not only by organized, but even official robbery of our arsenals, and a world-wide dispersion of our navy; thus leaving her utterly powerless in her gigantic struggle for life in the grasp of a deadly foe.

But amidst the general antagonism to our free institutions among the aristocracy, it is a pleasure to know—and we greet the fact with the most cordial welcome—that the Queen herself is apparently free from those contracted prejudices, and, rising above the narrow minded policy of her ministers, regards us not in the gloomy light of rivals, but in the more generous character of honorable competitors in the race of human progress and the happiness of man.

Professor Silliman, in his narrative of a tour to this country, says that he was often asked the question, even among the higher classes, if the English language was the prevailing tongue in America ; and the answer seldom failed to call forth expressions of surprise. In my intercourse with the promiscuous assemblages of hotels and other public places, surprise was often expressed that I should speak the English language so fluently, coming as I did from so distant a country.

A large proportion of the press openly espouse the rebel cause, and nearly all treat the final success of the Rebellion as a fixed fact, declaring that the full triumph of the Federals is an absolute impossibility, while one of the leading journals, in a late issue, draws a parallel between the two sections of our country, in which it makes the rather startling discovery that the Slave States are the bone and sinew, the strength and vitality of our

*The Pro-Slavery, Pro-Rebel sheets.

nation; that the free States are not self-supporting, and could not subsist without the generous aid of their abused sisters of the South.

The Rev. Frederic Webster Maunsell, in a lecture at Shroton on the subject of the United States and their troubles, after a tirade of abuse against us, closes thus: "We were as far removed from envying their prosperity as we are now from exulting over them in their adversity." No doubt of it, Reverend Sir; no one will charge *this* as a lie; but it would require the most accurate observation, aided by the finest microscopic powers, to detect *any* remove between you and envy on the one hand or triumph on the other.

The great Republican bubble has burst; the great experiment of Democracy has proved a disgraceful failure; Man is not fitted for self-government, and can never endure too much liberty; these are the doctrines which the leading papers are industriously inculcating as a check to the growth of Republican sentiments in this land. No doubt they are dictated by the agents of the government and the jealousy of the titled aristocracy, who thus take advantage of the calamities into which we are unfortunately plunged to show their inferiors the *inevitable* tendency of popular government, not forgetting meanwhile to strengthen their position by the example of the French in their wild and fanatical revolution, and the singular state of confusion into which England itself was thrown during the turbulent interval between the accession of Charles I. and the Restoration; but entirely forgetting, or ignoring the fact, that the great experiment of self-government on a basis of freedom remains as yet untried, and that it is not the too great liberty of our country that has brought on our present troubles, but the element of despotism we foolishly endeavored to incorporate therewith. The world will yet have to wait long before the great problem receives a final solution, if we are not successful in our present struggle, and the revulsion of feeling caused by the consequences of our great mistake, will materially retard the acceptance of the proof. "Freedom and Slavery cannot exist together,"—

has become a household word in our own land ; here the sentiment takes a different turn : " Free governments cannot stand ; witness the great American failure "

In the case both of England and France, the democratic forms of government were established among a people whose previous education and prejudices were in favor of monarchy, and hence had a powerful conflicting element to contend with, which, co-operating with the difficulties inseparable from the establishment of a new form of government, and with the uncertainty and doubt always attending a great untried experiment, gradually undermined the sentiment of freedom, and brought about the re-establishment of the former systems, in which the masses acquiesced as a matter of necessity rather than choice.

It is really startling to find of what materials the human mind is composed when left to its own workings, defying the restraints of government and spurning the softening influences of religion as we have it shown to us in the Revolutions of France and England, and the inhuman barbarities of the so-called Confederates in our present rebellion in America. And we no doubt owe it to the genial influence of the deep seated sentiment of rational religion, inherited from our Pilgrim ancestry, and the consummate wisdom and prudence of the fathers of our Republic, that we passed the stormy and critical period of our own great Revolution, so nearly unscathed by the blighting scourge of fanatical enthusiasm.

A favorite theme for the witticism of the press is the conduct of the American war, the condition of the American finances, and the principles of our American policy, not omitting an occasional intimation that the state of society among us is rapidly retrograding. Everything American is open to the widest license of unfriendly criticism. I have yet to meet with almost the first expression of genuine manly sympathy for us in all the numerous leaders in the daily papers which have come under my notice ; and where a regret does escape the editorial pen, it is mostly coupled with an allusion to the state of trade in this country, and especially the stagnation in the cotton market.

Would you have the strength of your patriotism tested? Would you ascertain how indissoluble are the ties that bind you to your country? Would you find how closely the love of our national banner nestles around your heart?—how fondly you cling to the memory of our past history, brief but glorious? Would you know how dearly you hug to your bosom the venerated name of Washington? How proudly you claim political brotherhood with our Lincoln and our Seward,* our Chase and our Sumner? then go with me to what we have been accustomed to consider the friendly shores of old England, when our country is grappling in a death struggle with a traitorous foe; where you will expect to meet that cordial feeling of political friendship, which you feel is so justly our due, and which is nothing more than the dictate of natural justice, of common honesty, and even of self-respect; and you will long to give vent to the pent up bitterness of your mind, and the burning indignation that will boil and rage in your blood when you find the press, as with one voice, ringing throughout the length and breadth of the land the basest misrepresentation and most ungenerous slander of our country. With what feelings will you read the morning papers, teeming with abuse of our government, with ridicule of our rulers which you know to be utterly unmerited, and triumphing in the prospective destruction of our sea-board cities, and the total annihilation of our commerce? Can you retain your composure when you see Jefferson Davis extolled as one of the great leading spirits of the world, as “the creator of a new nation;” when you read the insulting taunt, that “such men as he and his co-adjutors are worthy of a better fate than to be dragged at the chariot wheels of a conquering democracy, intoxicated with victory and accustomed to indulge their passions with the most unbounded license?” Can you suppress your indignation when you see our glorious Lincoln, whose name is the touch-stone of loyalty, denounced as a low buffoon, actuated by sordid motives, devoid of principle,

* This was written before the murder of Lincoln,

with no administrative ability, and scourged forward in his career of folly by his restless but imbecile ambition? —when you hear Seward almost daily denounced as devoid of statesmanship, and Chase as lacking financial capacity? Would not your bosom swell with indignation when you see those men, whose fathers would gladly have consigned our Washington to a felon's cell, and our Jefferson, our Adams, and our Franklin to the gallows; gloating over the fact that our Republic was dismembered and a rival President inaugurated within our borders, on that day sacred to the nation as the anniversary of the birth of the honored Father of our country?

Then would you be roused to that pitch of feeling in which, after having long borne their sneers and their taunts at our weakness and our imbecility, you could scarcely avoid joining me in giving an involuntary shout of triumph when, on a bright summer morning, you should be startled by the *Times* openly debating the question whether London was safe. During the night preceding that day, "a change had come o'er the spirit of their dream." The swift-winged messengers of the ocean had wafted to their shores the intelligence of the capture of New Orleans, by the iron-clad navy of Farragut running contemptuously past the bellowing forts at the mouths of the Mississippi; and the apprehensions of John Bull, before somewhat disturbed by the decisive contest between the Monitor and the Merrimac, are now fully aroused, lest Brother Jonathan should take it into his ugly head to pay the same compliment to Sheerness and Deptford, and show his respects to the Tower of London by gently touching off his thousand pounders under her battlements, and playfully tossing a few of his twenty inch shells over her frowning walls.

But with all the contumely and scorn at present thrown upon our ill-fated land by the anxious lordlings of Merrie Old England, and all the pains that are taken to defame our institutions, the aristocracy can lay their finger on no one feature of society among us, excepting alone and forever the accursed system of slavery, which exercises so depressing an influence on our people, as their own oppres-

sive weight on the groaning masses beneath them. Whatever may be the future of our country, let us not bequeath to our posterity the baneful legacy of a privileged aristocracy. Then would our fair prospects be overshadowed with a lowering cloud, and we would feebly struggle with the fell incubus, that would irresistibly drag us down to political perdition. Better submit a little longer to the dominion of the sovereign *mob*, which England is so fond of taunting us with, than bow our necks to the domineering will of the titled few.

The system is fraught with evils, that become more and more apparent as we study the subject;—evils inherent therein, and evils immediately, though not necessarily resulting therefrom; and I am proud to *know*, that with all our faults, it would require a long course of demoralization and a powerful pressure of necessity to bring the masses of our Northern States into that condition in which they would tamely submit to such a degradation, and peacefully assimilate with such discordant elements of society. There is something in the American character that would nobly scorn, not only to take their place among the lower ranks, but even to assume the factitious honors and empty pomp of sounding titles, if offered to them, and thus raise themselves to ephemeral distinction by treading on the necks of their fellow-countrymen, whose natural rights and social claims are *equal* to their own.

The more we dwell upon the subject, the more it glooms and blackens; but one other feature of the system may be brought to view: England has about the area of New York, with the population of the entire free States. Under these circumstances, I am surprised at the amount of waste land in this over-crowded country. Enormous parks waste their broad acres on the pompous pleasures of the useless gentry and the burdensome nobility. Their amusement is the supreme consideration, and everything must yield to the pampered lords of this title-ridden people. When engaged in the hunt, they claim and exercise the privilege of riding through and trampling down the poor man's crops, if the fox should chance to take them

in his flight, and the poor farmer is left without redress, *but with no reduction of his rent*, and must touch his hat respectfully to his lord, while winter stares him in the face, and his children cling around him pleading for bread with that eloquence which a parent only can properly appreciate. American blood cannot patiently endure such wanton desolation of the sustenance of the toiling millions. Amid our stalwart independent men, such high handed injustice would not meet the bland submission it does amid the more congenial elements of lordly domination and cringing servility.

The modern Englishman, in his own home, is certainly an anomaly. With all his enlightened liberality of views on science and general literature, with his wide scope of thought, and his powerful and searching investigation, he closes his eyes with bigoted prejudice against the merits of any form of government at variance with his own, and sternly denounces whatever conflicts with the long-established usages of his own land; and his social system has been so thoroughly incorporated with the prejudices of a long succession of ages, that it has become hereditary in his blood, and descends from father to son by right of primogeniture, till the higher classes would scarcely be less forward to resign their privileges than the lower to be elevated to the giddy and dangerous height of social equality, with those who, from time immemorial, have stood so immeasurably above them.

Much is said here of the enormous wealth of England compared with our American States; and here again it appears to me the contrast is over-estimated. A few wealthy London bankers, especially with a Rothschild at their head, give a nation the appearance of immense wealth, even though they are surrounded with crowds of starving mendicants and hosts of penury-stricken laborers. If the wealth was more equally distributed the share of each would surely not be exorbitant, and less money would flow into the treasury, for each would retain a competence for himself, and more would be reserved to maintain in comfort the entire people than it now requires to keep up the state of the few, and *support life* in the many.

There is perhaps more money invested in our system of rail roads than in those of Great Britain, but distributed over so vast a territory, that our roads are necessarily less complete than theirs. Single tracks predominate with us, and it is a matter of time to bring them to perfection, while here the whole system is condensed in so small a compass that they can be completed in superior style, and all their various and expensive appendages conveniently and quickly supplied. The same principle applies in other improvements. In many particulars they are no doubt greatly in advance of us, while in the general summing up of advantages, social, civil and political, we hold a position to which it will cost Merrie Old England many a severe struggle and many a year of untiring effort to attain.

The feeling manifested toward us by the Irish is generally much more favorable to the cause of right and justice than on this side the channel. America has been the refuge for the Irishman, and he looks upon it as an asylum from the wrongs and oppressions, the exactions and privations of his mother land. Hence he feels an attachment, a warmth of gratitude towards our land, the abode of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and often his own prospective home, where he hopes at no distant period to enjoy the comforts of life and the blessings of independence; where plenty abounds in the outward world and freedom in the world of politics; where no censorship is exercised over religious views; and where the honest, industrious, intelligent poor are not trampled in the dust by those whose fortunate birth, superior speculating abilities, or more refined rascality, has succeeded in gathering a little more of the gold and silver of the world, the representatives of all commercial value, and hence, by an abuse of power, and an inversion of the true principles of nature, made the representative of social worth.

CHAPTER XL.

EMBARKING FOR HOME—THE GREAT EASTERN LEAVING LIVERPOOL—OPENING OF THE OCEAN VIEW—PARTING WITH THE LAST FRIEND—FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND—COASTING ALONG IRELAND—DROPPING THE ANCHOR—VISIT FROM IRISH NOBILITY—DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND—SUNSET AT SEA—THE WAKE OF THE VESSEL—NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPHAL CAR—FOURTH OF JULY AT SEA—TRIBUTE TO MY NATIVE LAND—STORMY EVENING—A SABBATH AT SEA—ICEBERGS—TWO MILE FOOT-RACE AT SEA—SHORE OF NEWFOUNDLAND—WHALES—IN SIGHT OF AMERICA—ONE OF LIFE'S FAIREST DAYS—LAND AT NEW YORK.

All hail, once more, thou glorious Ocean! Let me again enjoy thy moments of intense excitement, thy hours of absorbing interest, and thy days of dream-like, soul-entrancing beauty.

"Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."—*Byron*.

BUT my visit here is ended. My last Sabbath in Europe is passed. It now only remains to embark for my native shores, and commit myself once more to the uncertainties of the sea. I bade farewell to the families by whom I had been so kindly treated, and reluctantly left them, it may be, forever.

On the morning of the first of July I stepped on board a tender that was lashed to the Great Landing Stage at Liverpool, which soon floated off and conveyed me to the Great Eastern, laying at her moorings like a lazy monster, in the channel of the Mersey. Immense crowds of people gathered upon the shores to see the mighty vessel float down the river. Steamers, loaded with crowds of anxious spectators, came playing around us as the hour of our departure drew nigh; farewell salutes were waved and shouted as friends recognized each other from ship to boat, and a deep friendly concern was manifested in the welfare of the monster ship and her numerous passengers; dense volumes of smoke began to pour from her iron chimneys, and the bustle of preparation deepened into a most intense excitement, when a few minutes after twelve

the moorings were loosed, the steam was turned upon the ponderous pistons, the giant wheels began slowly to revolve, the cannon boomed out their boisterous farewell to old England, and the iron monster floated down the tranquil river amid the shouts and salutes of the thousands who thronged the shores and crowded the wharves, the landing stages, and every vacant place.

Onward we glided, smoothly and gently, but it soon appeared with what velocity we were moving when the little steamers, spluttering and splashing, began to fall behind in the race, and were unable with their utmost efforts to keep pace with the stately tread of this monster of the deep. The city of Liverpool passed rapidly by as a floating panorama, streets, temples and palaces appeared in rapid succession, the river gradually widened as green fields and sandy banks took the place of houses and thronging business marts, and the gray old Ocean expanded before us in all his hoary majesty; the wind was blowing a heavy gale, and the whitecaps foamed on his raging waves; Leviathan heeded it not; he sped gaily forward in his proud career, dancing and sporting on the rolling billows as though he bade defiance to the winds and waves.

The tender, which had been lashed to our side, now prepared to leave us, and my friend, who had accompanied me on board to assist the agent in clearing, bade me a last hearty farewell, passed down the stairway from our deck, and left me once more alone. There is something solemn in thus parting with the last friend amid the opening grandeurs of an Ocean view; to feel that you are left to struggle alone with the sublimities of nature in her highest terrestrial developments, and must stifle all those stirring thoughts, those impassioned feelings, which ever and anon come gushing up from the deep fountains of life within you, when conversing with nature in her loftiest moods.

We skirted along the coast of Wales for several hours, till we passed the heights of Holyhead and stood out across the Channel for the southern coast of Ireland; when I took my last lingering look at the shores of old

England. I gazed long and earnestly on this hoary promontory as it faded away in the mists of the evening, and among the reflections that crowded upon me, the desire sprang up with more than usual fervency, that the ill feeling which unhappily exists between our two peoples, may subside and a friendly intercourse be renewed.

And now farewell, a long farewell to merrie and powerful England. Her great historic renown has placed her in the foremost rank of nations,—her works of art have given her a place in the student's mind to which few lands have attained; her London is the pride and glory of the world; her grand old Cathedrals, her ruined Abbeys, her relics of the olden time, throw over her the odor of antiquity next to the hoary honors of Greece and Rome; her literary immortals, that have taken their place among the chief of Earth's honored sons, her Shakspeare and her Milton, her Bacon and her Newton, have given her a name that can never die in the annals of human renown. But adieu, a heart-warm, fond adieu. Thou hast ever been a favorite theme for Fancy, over which she has flung the flimsy veil of her gossamer web of beauty; and now that thou art clothed with Memory's more substantial robe, thy name and thy fame will ever be a chosen shrine, to which I must henceforth bring the choicest offerings of esteem and admiration, and a place must be assigned thee, second only in honor to that of my native land. To the one is due the richest tributes of the mind, to the other the sacred homage of the heart.

On awaking the next morning and "looking forth from the windows of the ark," the coast of Green Erin was seen laying close on our starboard, and we were skimming over the turbulent waves as smoothly and gently as a skiff on a tranquil river; hill after hill, and cove after cove, coming successively into view, while on the other hand the vision was lost in the waste of rolling billows, which were chasing each other as if in sportive glee, and dancing in brightness and beauty as the sun tinted their crests with purple and gold, while the white-caps were foaming up in beautiful feathery wreaths far off in the watery distance.

Our anchor hung suspended at the bow, its giant flukes expanded like two monstrous arms to grapple with the obstacles around. On arriving off Queenstown, at the proper moment the axe descended on the slender cord that held it at a great mechanical advantage; it dropped quick and sudden and cut beneath the wave, and its ponderous bulk plunged down, down, down with ever increasing rapidity, dragging the mighty cable after it deeper and deeper still, and the giant bulk of the Great Eastern quivered to the rapid motion of the heavy links as they clattered over her iron guards. Our vessel swung round with the current, and her tremendous weight came surging on the massive cable that chained her to the Ocean's floor; the iron links creaked, strained and parted, leaving the anchor safely lodged on the bottom, and we found ourselves floating out to sea at random. She was headed up again for the harbor, and remained beating about the balance of our stay.

Here again we were visited by the curious, the fashionable and the fair. The *Telegraph*, a swan-like steamer, came plowing her way through the waters and fluttered around and around us, now running close under our bulwarks to give her passengers an idea of the immense size of our vessel, and now taking a wider circuit for a more comprehensive view. She was loaded with the aristocracy of Cork and vicinity. Gold and jewels flashed from the youthful and the old; silk handkerchiefs were waved by delicate hands; banners were flung to the breeze by the rougher sex; the mellow strains of "God save the Queen," and glorious old "Yankee Doodle," came floating up amid the din of preparation, and several hearty cheers rang along the bosom of the ocean, that sounded very much as if this superior race was only human. They were answered with hearty enthusiasm; a mutual interchange of civilities betokened a mutual regard, and our distinguished visitors, having given us an earnest of their best wishes on our voyage, turned the prow of their boat to the shore and went tossing away on the gentle waves to their home in the Emerald Isle.

We were detained here about ten hours waiting for the

passengers and mails. The harbor was full before us; a beautiful cove opening up into the land, encircled by the mimic city and backed by a range of romantic hills, while the tranquil waters reflected like a liquid mirror the rural beauties of the scene. When at length all were safely on board, the steam was again admitted to the mighty engines, the head of the vessel was turned to the west, the cannon once more thundered forth their emphatic adieu, and the monster Leviathan walked out again upon the bounding billows of the ocean.

As the shades of evening gathered around, and the mantle of night fell like a sombre veil on the face of reposing nature, the land receded in the distance, and the verdant shores of the Green Isle of the Ocean faded from my view, and my bosom harbored a lingering regret at parting from her beauteous scenes. But when I turned to the west and looked out on the wide expanse of waters, when I saw with what a rapid pace we were speeding on our way, I began to realize that I was not so much parting from dearly loved scenes, as returning to those still nearer and still dearer; the shores of my own America already loomed up to fancy's view beyond the mists and shadows of the western horizon; home, with all its endearments, beckoned to me in the distance, and our gallant ship, bounding forward as on eagle pinions, promised a most delightful passage.

• In the evening, in the rays of the setting sun, the scene was resplendently beautiful. A dark curtain of sombre clouds hung just above the northwestern horizon. Near the west this bank rested apparently on the water and was repeated beneath its surface. North and east the fading azure of the clear sky looked down upon the beautiful silvery tint of its own lovely image, while the rich orange tinge of the sunset horizon was reflected with gorgeous splendor in the thousand waves that sported over old Ocean's rippling and turbulent bosom.

The next morning we were far out of sight of land, and the waters are rapidly assuming the more decided character of the wild unfathomable deep. The mighty ocean is again around us, naught but sky and water comes

within the scope of the keenest vision ; the winds are hushed and the waters calm ; scarce a ripple plays upon that gentle everlasting swell that rolls over the bosom of the open sea and slowly rocks our floating city as her paddles alternately act with greater or less force upon the waves. The color of the ocean, of a saffron tint near shore, gradually and imperceptibly deepens into a most beautiful and vivid sea-green, stretching away, away, away in the distance, deepening in color and increasing in beauty apparently to the utmost confines of the world, where the sky and water meet but do not mingle.

We are now in the deep, deep sea. The waters again have that dark, intense green, tintured with blue, which characterizes the mighty depths of ocean. I lingered long leaning over the stern, admiring the beauty of our wake. Far back in our rear this milky path, cut sharp and clear like a river of foam in a verdant prairie, finely contrasts with the intense dark hue of the ocean, and with the limpid pools of emerald green that come boiling up through the seething flood, while the constant hissing of the waters, as they go raging on in the troubled wake, and the undulations of the waves as they bound across its lengthened line, give no inadequate idea of the fabled sea-serpent, writhing and hissing in his wrath when his peace is disturbed by the bold intrusion of this wild Steam Ranger of the deep.

Near the vessel the wake presents a most beautiful appearance, boiling, foaming, hissing, seething as it escapes from beneath the stern ; a film of snow-white foam boils and bubbles along the surface, ever and anon breaking into irregular openings, through which the quiet waters come boiling up in pools of deep unfathomable blue like upward pouring cataracts, while mist-wreaths, faintly visible beneath the surface, rise gracefully from those briny depths, come bubbling up and open out like feathery snow or flakes of hoar-frost, and mingle with the sparkling foam that dances on the troubled waves.

The Great Eastern may well be considered one of the wonders of the world. The luxurious splendor of her glittering saloons, the gorgeous architectural decorations

which are lavished upon her, and the inherent principle of life which seems to pervade and inspirit her every movement, as she performs her graceful evolutions, sporting like a swan upon the billowy element, requires but little aid from the fancy to invest her with the classic honors of the olden time, and transform her into Neptune's triumphal chariot; the subject waters calming down their boisterous waves, as their Sovereign proudly trod his liquid realm; the dolphin heralding his approach, the porpoise attending his progress, and the huge unwieldy whale playing his uncouth gambols as the Monarch's car swept by.

The morning of the Fourth of July opened upon us bright and beautiful. As we had many Americans on board, the captain kindly gave permission to fling the star-spangled banner from the mast-head, and fire a salute to its honor. At twelve o'clock the glorious old flag was run up aloft, and floated from the two foremost masts; the English colors flying from the two hinder ones, and as the Stars and Stripes streamed out to the breeze the heavy booming of the cannon thundered out a noisy welcome, and the sound was lost in the watery waste; no echoes returning to repeat the salutation from any distant object around; yet there they floated, as gaily, as proudly, as though the salute had been returned by a thousand echoes, and the reverberations of public acclaim.

So stands our country at present, exposed to the storms of dissension and discord, and our proud banner flaps and flutters in the wild tornado, while the shouts of filial affection, which her faithful children send up to her, are not re-echoed by the neighboring nations; all around us is the silence of hatred and contempt, and a murmur of triumph in our troubles is heard, in a more or less ominous sound; and yet she pursues her independent career, boldly contending for her existence, conscious of strength within herself, though utterly without consolation or sympathy from abroad—fondly cherishing the memory of a WASHINGTON, who sweetly sleeps beneath the hallowed cypress of Mount Vernon, the only spot of old Virginia

that justly retains the name of sacred soil ; and proudly obeying the mandate of an HONEST MAN,* which Pope declares to be the noblest work of God, now seated in our Presidential chair.

All honor to glorious old America ! May she yet rise with renewed strength and vigor from the conflict in which she is now engaged ! May our noble Eagle once more flap his wings in triumph, and, unlogged by the shackles of slavery, soar aloft in the pride of his might and power to the highest regions of the political empyrean, boldly shrieking defiance in the Lion's ear, and commanding the love and respect of a wondering and an admiring world.

And the star-spangled banner, oh "long may it wave!"
 And guard and protect us from youth to the grave ;
 May true hearts rally round it, strong arms be its stay,
 Till it sweeps the last long-lingering tyrant away ;
 And becomes, what it promised, when first 'twas unfurled,
 The EVANGEL OF FREEDOM to a down-trodden world.

The next morning opened upon us beautiful and clear, the sun shining brightly and the crystal waters gleaming beneath his rays ; the canvas was flung to the breeze, and all was happiness and gaiety aboard. But about noon a change came over the beautiful scene ; a sombre pall enveloped the face of ocean ; mists began to hover in the western horizon ; clouds, angry and dark gathered around ; the fogs condensed into rain ; the gentle breeze became rougher and wilder, and moaned in fitful gusts over the watery waste ; the waves swelled into wrathful surges, and went bounding away in their headlong career ; white caps foamed and roared on every hand, and a tempestuous evening evidently awaited us. As the day wore on the Ocean became grander and wilder, the winds howled and the rains descended, and the Iron Monster rolled and tumbled in a style that would have done no discredit to the old Wyoming. Eight men were sent to the wheel, and all was prepared for a stormy night. The roll-

*"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished ! How—are the mighty fallen ! !" 1866.

ing of the ship created more merriment than fear, and some of her tidiest lurches sent things rattling about the rooms in rather noisy confusion, amid the mingled shouts, laughter and terrors of the motley crowd. For once, at least, the passengers on this vessel had a liberal experience of sea-sickness. The night closed around us, not long nor dark, for the moon tempered the "palpable obscure," and sent us reeling to our beds, where we were rocked to sleep like so many children in our mighty cradle, while listening to the boisterous lullaby of Ocean.

Another Sabbath at sea. How pleasant, how solemn the thought, while our friends at home on either side the Atlantic are gathering in their respective places of worship, we are plowing our way through the pathless Ocean, denizens of neither world, and voyagers, in a double sense, on the great ocean of life. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the mighty deep.

The mystery of Life, both the present and the future, is ever deepening to our apprehension, as we endeavor to look into its profound relations. What are we? A vapor, an exhalation of the morning, which the breezes of the day waft off and disperse in the vault of heaven, and no one knows they ever existed, save an occasional wreath of beauty that lingers awhile to view, and flings back a gleam of heavenly glory as it hovers o'er the western horizon. Such is man in the present life. But in his more exalted nature he is destined, if he properly fills his mission, to a dignity no tongue can tell, no mind conceive; a candidate for Heaven; a younger brother of God's risen Son; an inmate of that glorious mansion where the children of the Supreme Father dwell forever beneath the canopy of His paternal love; a being destined to run the race of unceasing improvement through the endless ages of eternity; a mystery of mysteries; "an embryo God; a spark of fire divine."

The next morning while lounging in bed awake, I was electrified by the alarm of an iceberg in sight. This was

a new phase of sea life, and I was not long in getting on deck. There it was, a great mountain of ice, floating away on our larboard at a few miles distance, but the mists gathered suddenly around and quickly obscured it from view. We are now on the banks of Newfoundland, and heavy fogs hang over us, condensing at times with astonishing rapidity, and again as mysteriously clearing away. After noon another monstrous berg loomed up ahead of us, and as we approached, it increased in size and beauty, and grandeur. Its appearance changed as it swung with the motion of the current. At one time it looked like a large L house, with a thatched roof and a spacious porch around one end and side; then a high quadrangular block came floating around into view, and anon it was transformed into a gigantic hayrick, with two sphynxes seated on the opposite ends, looking out on the troubled sea. The ice was a clear white, like a mass of snow, and when the sun broke out it glittered like a mighty crystal, while streaks of emerald green and azure blue ran through it, and varied the color of the mass with the most beautiful tints.

During the day the passengers got up a series of games for amusement. The most prominent feature was a two mile foot-race, rather an unusual occurrence at sea, being eight times around the deck of the vessel, which is over an eighth of a mile in length. A humorous rope performance was also given; a chalk line on deck, forty feet above the water, was carefully walked with mimic caution by some buffoons, and a clown added his awkward tricks.

Soon the shores of New Foundland came in sight, and we coasted along it for several miles, and about noon stopped off Cape Race to exchange papers with a small boat which put out to meet us. Here we received the startling news of the retreat of McClellan from before Richmond. We made rather a quick passage, bringing advices from Queenstown in five days and seventeen hours. New Foundland looks like a desolate abode. The coast is here rocky, but not high; sterile in appearance, and almost uninhabited except by a few fishermen. For

many long months its shores are icebound, and washed by the chill currents that come pouring down from the frigid regions of Baffin's Bay. Its soil yields but a sparing supply of products; the fisheries are its main dependence, and a life of hardship awaits its inhabitants.

On going on deck after dinner a large cake of ice was seen directly ahead of us, at a great distance. As we neared it, it assumed very large proportions, while at one end the sphynxes were again repeated. This seems to be rather a usual form of these enormous ice blocks; a high rounded knob splitting off in the centre, and leaving a perpendicular face, the inequalities of which often present a rude approach to the human features when seen in profile, and the head and body are formed by the mass of the block.

But another wonder awaited me; a slight spray here and there upon the water, different from the white-caps, attracted my attention, and while intently watching to see what caused it, a whale of most enormous size tossed his giant back out of the water at a little distance from the ship, leisurely rolled over on his side, gave a plunge or two with his tail, dived his head beneath the surface, threw himself into the segment of a circle, and revolved like a monstrous wheel till he was completely out of sight. Another frolic brought him to the surface again in a similar manner, and a companion close by joined in the fun. Their enormous bulk so completely broke the course of the waves, that for a considerable time the place was very perceptible, before they regained their usual flow. Hundreds of porpoises also sported in the water, darting along in the direction we were going, now just cleaving the waves with their spiny fins, and now leaping entirely into the air; they formed a scene of peculiar animation that agreeably broke the monotony of an Ocean life.

The day at length dawned which was to bring me once more in sight of my native land. The early morning was foggy, gentle breezes played across the world of waters, mists and clouds hung in the upper deep, but as the sun arose the vapors scudded before his genial ray, and a most delightful day opened upon the calm and boundless

Ocean. Every trace of mist disappeared ; a few delicate clouds, or rather flims of vapor, hovered along the horizon ; the sun shone with transcendent beauty, and touched the resplendent waters with most gorgeous hues, running through every shade from the delicate saffron tints beneath the sun, gradually deepening into the intense blue and heavy sea green of the opposite horizon.

The waters sparkled and gleamed as they danced in the dazzling sunlight ; fragments of rain-bows played around us in the spray that came bursting up from the rushing prow and the giant wheels ; the azure deep of Heaven was reflected with intense perfection in the azure deep of Ocean ; and the sight went ranging away, through the infinite depths of ether, and penetrated the clear hyaline of Heaven with a gaze of marvellous power ; while Fancy went plunging down into the mysterious depths of that profound abyss beneath us, amid whose untold scenes Imagination loves to roam and range at large, and revel with unbounded license in that wild poetic ground, where Neptune holds his mystic court, where sea-nymphs sport and mermaids play, and Neriads dance along the wire, the highway of electric thought, whose gates are closed, whose passage barred, that bound two worlds in one.

Oh, the scene was glorious ! It possessed that peculiar charm which could almost steal the heart away from one's native land, and tempt the weary wanderer to linger long, and linger fondly, on the Ocean wave.

England knows not the clear transparent atmosphere, the dazzling lustre of the sun, or the deep unfathomable sky of our western world. Her mists, her damps, her fogs, her heavy drizzling skies, are but poorly calculated to inspire that lightness and buoyancy of frame, and that hilarity of heart, which is the natural condition under the invigorating influences of our brighter, happier clime.

Soon the shores of Fisher's Island came in sight, then the lighthouse on Montauk Point, and the distant shores of Connecticut were faintly visible. We entered Long Island Sound at its narrow outlet, one of the finest bodies

of water our country can boast. Its breadth is just sufficient to give the full effect of water scenery without the terrific grandeur of the Ocean; and the rocky coast of Connecticut on the one hand, and the low sandy shores of Long Island on the other; now hovering like wisps of vapor on the distant horizon, and now waving their foliage close under our gunwales as we wound our serpentine course amid its treacherous shoals, gave it more the appearance of an inland sea than a portion of the briny deep. About four o'clock, on the afternoon of the eleventh of July, we cast anchor, and our voyage was ended.

CHAPTER XLI.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

DESIRES TO TRAVEL—MY POVERTY—SUPERFLUOUS COURTESY
—REFINED ALCHEMY—ONE GOOD RESULT OF CASTE IN SOCIETY—GRADES OF TRAVELERS—GENEROSITY OF THE GOVERNMENT—MY WAY OF LIVING—MODEL LODGING HOUSES.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."—*Goldsmith*.

IN accomplishing my little tour to the vestibule of the old world, I stepped aside from the beaten track of previous travelers, and shall also deviate as far from the usual method of telling my story, by adding a chapter, which will probably be unique in the whole catalogue of tourists.

I spent somewhat more than seven months on old world soil, including over eleven weeks in London, visiting every place described in the preceding pages, and many others of great interest, but with which it does not seem proper to trouble the reader, and the entire expenses of my journey, for passage-tickets, board, lodging, washing, guide books and guides, including both passages across the Atlantic, were less than two hundred and

twenty dollars. The object of this chapter is to give an account of my method of traveling, and the motives that induced me to enter upon the journey, under no trifling difficulties.

Having from a child read with most absorbing interest the glowing narratives of foreign travel amid the world's great centers of civilization and refinement, I had imbibed a wish, amounting almost to the ruling passion of my nature, to mingle with the crowd of votaries at the shrines of poetic Genius, and indulge a solemn thought amid the sombre gloom of the cloistered Abbeys, and the long-drawn aisles of the great cathedrals of the old world.

I have often thought a young man who reads with deep interest the classics of modern England, never knows the depths of feeling of which he is susceptible, till he stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's; till he indulges in the glow of poetic fancy that is found alone amid the shades of Westminster Abbey; till he mingles with the surging throng that eddies round the Obelisk of Luxor, where the Louvre and the Madeline throw the shadow of their glory over his awakened spirit; till he wanders amid the classic scenes of Stratford, and laves his hand in the turbid Avon; till he sees the original civilization of the old world, the starting point of the high, the perfect, the unparalleled refinement of the more intelligent classes of our own America.

Amid these scenes the fountains of a man's nature are broken up, a tide of feeling of which he little dreamed himself the possessor, comes sweeping over his mind, and sparkles of poetic thought incessantly play upon the gushing tide of new emotions that come pouring through his mind, till he feels himself transformed to another creature, and inhabiting a higher realm of thought and fancy than he had ever before attained. At least such I eventually found was the case with me.

These sentiments had grown, these feelings had strengthened within me, till they assumed the mastery of my nature, and I was as it were passive under their control. But how was I to undertake the journey? In my

case a difficulty stood full in the way, which for a long time seemed quite insurmountable. This was the want of means. We are accustomed to that haughty style of narrative by travelers, which leads us to imagine that before entering on a journey of this character, we must fill our pockets with thousands, and be ready for a heavy drain for comfort, for safety, and for show. For myself I commanded nothing but the intense desire. I have never attained even to the golden mean, save through constant attention to business, and the unceasing exercise of a rigid economy. But I began to reflect that it required but little to sustain the body in a state of health and comfort, and perhaps as little would suffice in a foreign land as at home; that it was surely but little worse to make an humble appearance among strangers than among my friends; that if I traveled in humble attire, very few would recognize the fact either with favor or censure; that my object was not to exhibit myself to others, but to catch a glimpse of the time-honored scenes of the literature of the motherland; that the condition of the purse need not affect the eyes or the mind; and that health, safety and comfort are all a traveler requires to enable him to profit by his tour.

In fine, the question was rapidly narrowing itself down to the alternative of traveling in a very humble way or not traveling at all; and it seemed to be altogether superfluous courtesy to be always turning the fair side to London, for when you land in that somewhat noted village, nameless and penniless, homeless and friendless, London will not reciprocate the compliment; she will not turn the fair side to you.

Apropos to London! To the mental vision of the ideal student, London has no side that is *not* fair. What would he not give to be placed for a week amid her inexhaustible fountains of amusement and instruction, even though he were compelled to live on the plainest fare and mingle only with the poor but honest tradesman, could he only divest himself of that feeling of pride, that egotistic principle which is the basis of aristocracy, and which, in the old world, has struck its roots so deeply in the social

system. For myself, welcome the frown of the titled lord if such must be my lot, which, however, is not the case; welcome a season of homely fare, if a necessary adjunct to the tour, if by enduring these woful terrors I can indulge a ceaseless longing from the sunny days of my childhood, and revel in the mental visions that throng amid the monuments of Poet's corner, that float within the misty orb of St. Paul's glorious dome, that flutter round the rosy bowers and woodvine arbors of the "bonnie Doon," and cluster o'er the antique walls and heaven-directed spire of Stratford. It matters little whether I eat the bread of life at tables crowned with jeweled plate, where rank and title prove themselves no guard against the mere animal wants of our common nature, or at the humble board where the laborer takes his frugal meal.

I accordingly gathered what little I could, amounting to barely two hundred and fifty dollars, and started. The task before me was to make the most of my limited means; and I applied myself assiduously to the chemical experiment of extracting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from a given sum of money. In the solution of this delicate problem, I made constant improvements, till finally it seemed to resolve itself into a mass of unmingled enjoyment. As I proceeded in my experiments in this subtle and refined alchemy, I was surprised to find the vast amount of happiness or misery that lies enfolded in the sovereign Dollar. The artist may extract a portion of each in its unalloyed perfection, or, wonderful to tell, he may transmute the one entirely into the other, whereby the poison becomes manna, if he so wills, fills the mind with holy-bread, and feeds it with the choicest condiments of Literature, and the luxurious conserves of History and Science.

In England the institution of caste, which runs through all departments of society, and is the basis of every portion of the social fabric, produces one result which is favorable to the lower classes. The nobles form a society to themselves, never mingling in social life save as a matter of condescension, with those of a lower sphere. They monopolize to a great extent the wealth of the land.

They live in splendor, and when they travel, scatter gold with a profusion that would well nigh turn the heads of their humble fellow-beings, who, in the lottery of life, have drawn the prize of toil. Below them in the social scale other classes take their places, stratum below stratum;—query, in the order of their specific gravities, the lightest mounting to the top?—each separate and distinct. Everything is arranged on this principle; there must be no mixing, no mingling of the adverse elements. The rail roads run three classes of cars, hotels offer you accommodations of different grades, according to the amount of money you choose to spend, guides and porters wait upon you, and receive your donations with a bow, which is nicely graduated to the amount you give. For a penny they will return you a sudden toss of the head, intended to be courteous, but only a little on this side scorn; a sixpence limbers up their joints to no small degree, and produces considerable latitude in their motions; while a shilling is greeted with a genuflection perfectly astonishing; the foot receives a spasmodic impulse to paw the ground before you, the hand spontaneously flies to the head, and he indulges you in the special favor of a sight of his bristled crown, while a broad smile plays across his features, and he plainly says that he considers you a *gentleman*.

Hence all are respectable in their proper sphere, and while the laborer who travels makes perhaps no better appearance than at home, he is not the subject of invidious remark, as he would be with us. He takes his meals at humble houses, or carries perhaps his accustomed bread and cheese; he seeks lodgings where cleanliness and humility abide, and pays but a moderate bill, while the generosity of the government has thrown open all the great collections of art and nature to his inspection, free as the air of heaven, only asking that he be respectably clad and conduct himself with propriety. And all the chief places of resort under the control of companies vary their prices of admission on different days, to accommodate all classes. Thus the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, charges one shilling a day, except on Saturdays, when the price

is doubled, whilst the exhibitions are the same, save that the fountains play higher on that day. The Nobles are by this means enabled to enjoy their gala days in this Palace of Wonders without coming in contact with their toil-worn neighbors.

Upon starting out from Liverpool, I immediately adapted myself to circumstances. As money was the test of social merit, and I could not produce the evidence, I voluntarily took the place that would have been assigned me. Third class cars, comfortable but very plain, were my conveyance, in which the fare was invariably a penny a mile. Owing to a physical debility I was unable to travel on foot, and was under the necessity of always going by public conveyance. I was not burthened with baggage, save a hand sachel. I carried my provisions with me, adopting the Englishman's custom of little variety; a piece of bread and cheese, a little butter, an ounce or so of tea, are all he needs. When I called for lodgings, which I generally found no difficulty in obtaining clean and tidy, the landlady considered it her place to cook my supper and breakfast. I would buy a piece of meat and give it to her with my tea, and in a few minutes a repast would be placed before me sufficient to quiet the calls of hunger: and what more could Queen Victoria's banquets do? In the morning my breakfast would be prepared in the same manner, and I could either leave or carry away the fragments without remark in either case. For these accommodations, my bed included, the charge would commonly be from three to six pence; six to twelve cents.

In the principal cities, what are called Model Lodging Houses, are generally established. A description of one in London, at which I spent many weeks, may explain the system. A large house is divided longitudinally by a hall on each floor, on each side of which are small sleeping rooms, well ventilated, with a single bed in each. On the ground floor is a large reading room, with blazing fire and plentiful gas lights, furnished with seats and tables for reading, writing or eating; while in the basement is a large kitchen, with cooking utensils free to all, and a fierce fire kept up from 4 A. M. to 11.30 P. M., and in

another apartment a series of lockers for dishes and victuals, with wire gauze in the door for ventilation.

Upon applying for lodgings here, you pay half a crown, about sixty cents, for a week's accommodations. You are furnished with a key to a bed-room, in which is a bed made up clean; you receive also a key to a locker, and dishes for your own use, for which you deposit sixpence, to be refunded on returning the articles; you have free access to a large library, an unlimited supply of water, and can take a bath either cold, warm, or hot, every day at your pleasure, and are expected to make yourself perfectly at home. The daily papers are furnished in the reading room, for which you are charged an extra penny a week. You then go out and buy your provisions, bring them in, and cook them to your own liking, or hire a cook, who is always in attendance to do it for you; you have exclusive access to your room and locker, save a trusty servant who makes your bed and keeps the room in order, and whatever you deposit with the superintendent is in safe keeping. Lodgings cannot be obtained except by the week, at the close of which clean clothes are furnished the bed, whether you stay or leave. What would you desire more independent than this? You can range the city at will from four in the morning till midnight, when the doors are closed, and for the next hour you will have to pay the porter two pence for admitting you. At one the doors are finally closed till four. In this house I lived several weeks, at an expense for boarding, washing and lodging, of from two dollars to two and a quarter a week. I lived like a Prince,—by eating,—and certainly made no half hand at the business. It is the "Model Lodging House, George Street, Bloomsbury." It is convenient to the British Museum, close to Oxford Street and Holborn, not far from Charing Cross, White Hall, Westminster Abbey, and the Parliament Houses, and indeed may be considered a central position in London. You who have wealth would not be content with these accommodations; neither would I in your circumstances; but Poverty and Pride must not go hand in hand.

Thus I passed amid the countless millions of Britain,

unknowing and unknown, leading a two-penny life as to the outward, but reveling in scenes of spiritual glory and feasting at intellectual banquets, which the wealth of a Rothschild would not have enabled me to enjoy with a keener zest. What cared I that my dinner had consisted of a herring and a bun, when I was absorbed in the precious treasures of the great National Museum, when the Genius of Human Progress opened the rich casket of her jewels to my view in the halls of the Great Exhibition ; when I gazed upon the towers of Westminster Abbey, or stood in presence of the splendid majesty of Charing Cross. I ransacked many precious collections, I gathered a gem here and there from the multitude of street stands, where second-hand books are sold at merely nominal prices ; I rambled along Oxford Street, where fashionable shops supply the wants of the fair nobility, and visited the splendid stores, flashing with finery and flaming with flounces and furbelows, with as high a head and as independent an air as though I had set out to represent all Yankeedom.

Young man, I have told thee the simple truth. My journey will not arrest the gaze of a wondering world ; such was not its design. The finger of scorn may often be pointed at my humble tour ; I regard it not. If I have succeeded in telling my story in such a manner as to interest thee, my aim is accomplished. I could repeat the journey at even less expense, but were it possible to part with the mental treasure which this tour has given me, on conditions that I was to forego all future travel, wealth alone would be no temptation. Silver and gold are precious blessings if properly employed ; those who have them value them with an exceedingly high estimate. I should do the same ; but my inheritance does not consist in worldly goods ; it is rich only in the precious influences of domestic bliss, and the choicest memories of parental and fraternal love.

I have visited the chief localities of dreary, dismal, dripping England ; I have stood in her beauteous Parks, and my eye has surveyed her wondrous artificial landscapes, rimmed by the mist-mantled hills in the distance,

and checkered with light and shade as the sky was flecked with clouds ; I have watched her proud vessels from the hills of her rock-bound coast, wafted away on the evening breeze, and seemingly mingling with the night as it closed around them ; I have been admitted to her inexhaustible fountains of instruction, and have surveyed her congregated wonders of every age and every clime ; and the blessed privilege has filled me with a feeling of triumphant joy, has thrilled me with emotions I can never know again till I tread the classic Halls of Rome and Athens, till I stand beneath the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and amid the sombre shades of the Colosseum ; till I drink my fill of Inspiration at the sacred Fountain of Castalia, and lose myself in the sublimities, both of nature and mind, that cluster around the vale of Tempe ; till I gaze upon the minarets of St. Sophia and of Omar ; till I tread the sacred hills of Jerusalem, and repose amid the palm-groves of Damascus.





